Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
FEBRUARY 1989

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

SEX AIDS SURVEY:
WE TEST THOSE LOTIONS AND POTIONS

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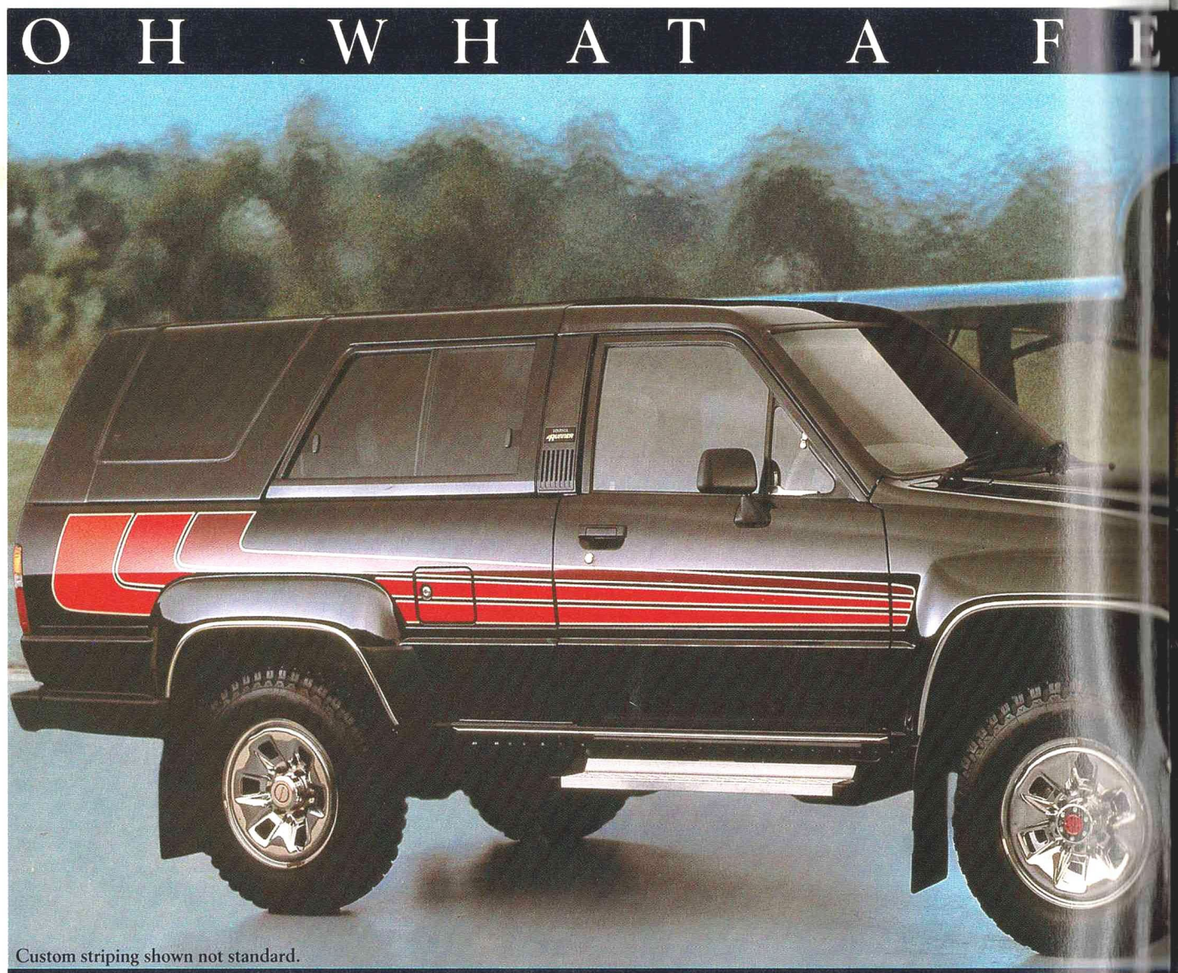

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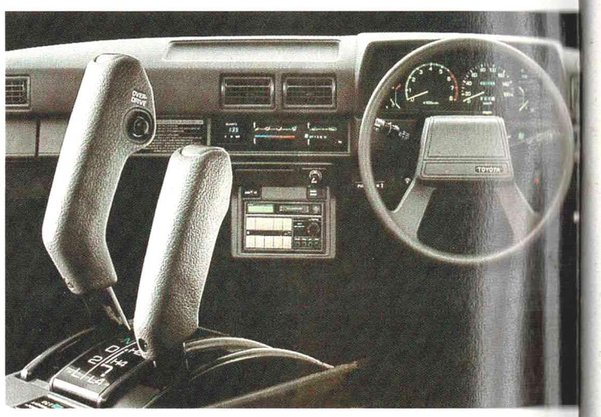

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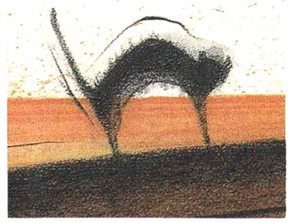
DFS/THI/992

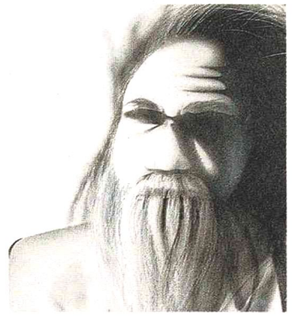
Australian PENTHOUSE

Black Label Edition

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 10 No 2/February 1989



Alarming Business



Down And Out

Pet Of The Month

REGULARS

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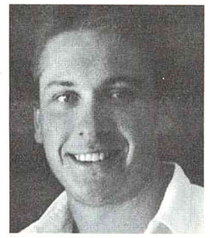
FEBRUARY

GREG HUNTER

GLENN A. BAKER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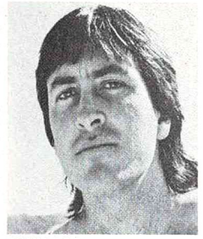
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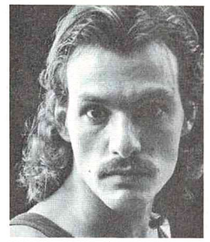

WAYNE MILES

HOUSECALL

DOWN AND OUT
For every boxer who's side-stepped skid row by pulling on the gloves, there have been hundreds of others who went down for the count permanently. Among them are some of the most talented fighters Australia has ever produced. **Grantlee Kieza**, co-author of the highly successful biography of Jeff Fenech, documents the greatest tragedies in the sordid and corrupt history of Australian boxing. The illustration on page 34 is by **John Scott**.

49 WOMEN WE LOVE AND HATE
We at *Penthouse* don't know everything about women, but we know what we like — and what we don't. And we're not scared to damn well say so. Why 49, you ask? Well, we took one out for legal reasons . . . and we're not scared to damn well say so. Anyway, they're all there on page 53: the brainy and the beautiful, the boring and the bucolic. All decisions by the judges are final and no correspondence will be entered into.

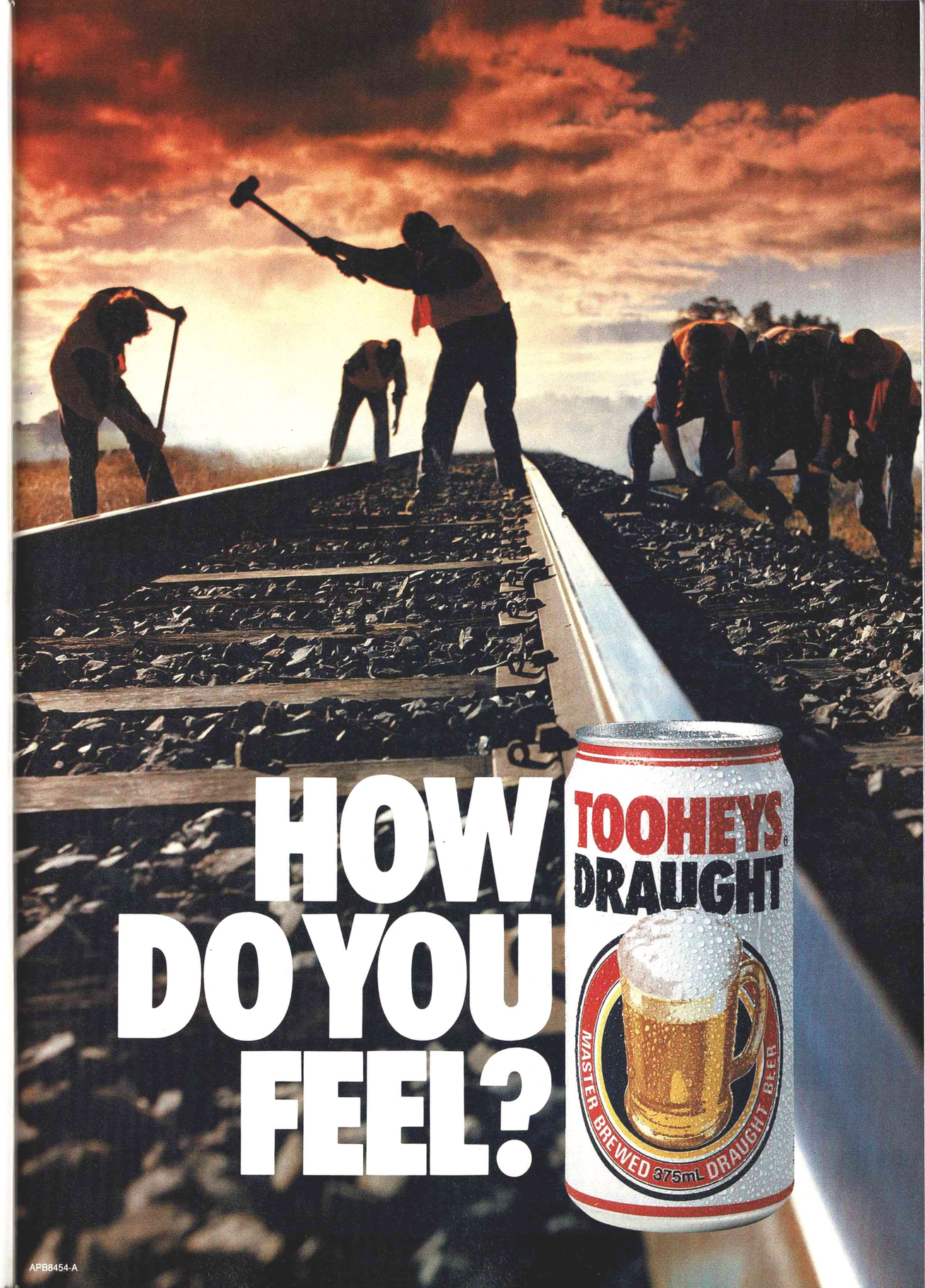
ALARMING BUSINESS
Last year 135,000 cars were stolen around Australia. If yours wasn't one of them, maybe you're living on borrowed time. The answer: a car alarm. But which one? They range in price from $300 to more than $1500 and the choice of features and options is mind-boggling, as is the number of potential problems. **Tony Michael's** sound advice on how to select a car alarm system starts on page 50 with an illustration by **Frants Kantor.**

SEX AIDS SURVEY
Ever wondered what all those lotions and potions flogged by sex shops in the name of increased virility actually contain? Curiosity got the better of us so we decided to subject the entire range to chemical analysis. The results are faithfully recorded by Senior Editor **Greg Hunter**. Is there a genie in any of these bottles? Find out on page 74. The illustration was contributed by **John Mitchell**.

COUNTRY DEMENTIA
Peel away the sickeningly wholesome facade that surrounds country music and you'll find a perverse panorama of infidelity, insanity, incest and insobriety. It's all cruelly but fairly documented by rock expert **Glenn A. Baker** on page 58, with an illustration by **Jon Berkeley.**

THE GUN CLUB
The Northern Territory is not the sort of place you'd choose to make a living from breaking and entering. Not when almost half the male population is armed and a good many of them are dangerous. When you're talking gun culture, the Territory is where it's at. Local photographer **Wayne Miles** assembled an impressive testament to this Territorian obsession while Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** played the role of an outsider looking in on a land where happiness is a cold beer and a warm gun. Turn to page 78.

UNDER THE INFLUENCE
Can you imagine the perfect bank job? It would have to be one where the teller can't remember they've been robbed and the weapon used was a figment of the imagination. **Roger Raftery** mixes greed, lust and hocus-pocus into a potent fictional brew, then plays it all for laughs. **John Scott's** illustration is on page 94. ○+



PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The Spider's Web

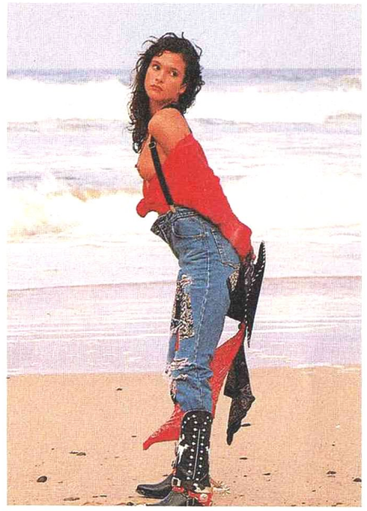
As the head of the Victoria Police Delta Task Force, which operated from 1982 to 1984, I feel obliged to comment on your article The Spider's Web in the October 1988 edition.

Your writer has presented, overall, a very accurate scenario of the pedophile problem. In particular, I was impressed with his comments about the "predatory" behavior of pedophiles and the "puerile nonsense" perpetrated by the extremists in our society who support pedophile activity. Unfortunately, there are a number of so-called academics who flaunt their qualifications in an attempt to justify pedophile behavior. Without exception, the professional practitioners who deal with the child victims of pedophiles challenge these pro-pedophile views as not only nonsense but as quite dangerous propaganda.

During the operations of Delta, the Task Force received considerable assistance from the larger gay community, who displayed a revulsion for sexual activity with young children. Without this assistance and support, our action against the members of the Australian Pedophile Support Group (APSG) would not have been possible. It is fair, in my view, to state that support for pedophile activity is restricted to a very small left-wing extremist element of the gay community.

It is also necessary to understand that the members of the APSG are almost exclusively pederasts ("boy lovers") and have little or no attraction to the opposite sex of any age. Their arguments should be viewed in this light and not confused with the overall pedophile problem wherein children of both sexes are at risk. It is for this reason that the APSG and their very few but very vocal supporters attack heterosexual child abuse in an attempt to downplay their own foul deeds.

During our investigations we encountered numerous children of both sexes who had been psychologically scarred by sexual abuse. Pedophiles, and especially pederasts, are a very devious and cunning sub-culture. They are prepared to spend lengthy periods developing a relationship with a child before sexually abusing the child. This relationship, combined with the wedge the pedophile drives between the child victim and his/her parents, has only one aim — long term sexual abuse in a situation where the child is unable or unlikely to reveal the activity to his/her parents. The psychological damage inflicted by this exploitation quite often manifests itself in the child victim being unable to later in life engage in "normal" sexual behavior. Despite the overall accuracy of your article, there are some matters which require correction. The Delta Task Force was established several months before the existence of the APSG was discovered and not as a response to this group. The Task Force was originally charged with the investigation of child exploitation in the St Kilda area of Melbourne and worked extensively with a group of young people known as "street kids." It was during our activities against this problem that the spectre of organised child sexual abuse emerged. The Task Force was not disbanded as a consequence of finalising actions against members of the APSG. A decision was made to put in place a permanent investigative group to combat child exploitation in place of the temporary Task Force. This permanent Child Exploitation Unit still operates in Victoria.



Wild Dominique

The members of the APSG were all charged with the very rarely used Common Law offence of "conspiracy to corrupt public morals" only because there was no statutory offence applicable to the conspiratorial activities of these men. Although the dismissal of these charges was a disappointment, it was not a real surprise to Delta members as we were aware of similar legal problems existing in the UK and USA. Unfortunately, in the five years that have passed since these events, no definite action has been taken to legislate against persons engaging in this type of activity. Although prosecutions can be, and have been, successful against those who physically engage in sexual activity with children, it seems that our legislators, even in the light of the Delta experience, cannot come to grips with effective legislation to combat those who agree to encourage and support pedophile activity.

Finally, I cannot agree with your writer's assertion that there was a "failure of the Delta Task Force." Overall the Task Force achieved a high degree of success, clearly indicated by the following evidence:

— Before the activities of Delta became public in 1982, there was no appreciation in the Australian community of the gravity and extent of child sexual abuse;

— A substantial number of adult offenders were successfully prosecuted for serious criminal offences involving child exploitation;

— The existence of the insidious APSG and the identity of its members became public knowledge;

— As a consequence of enhanced public knowledge of the facts relating to child exploitation, there is now a higher level of alertness by parents and professionals. — *Neil Comrie, Detective Chief Inspector, Victorian Police*

Show us your smile

A few words of praise of your November centrefold, Dominique. I was fortunate enough to catch her act at a North Sydney club a few weeks ago — she's in a very sexy dance troupe with three other *Penthouse* Pets — and let me tell you, she is the wildest thing on two legs I've ever seen, as you implied in the magazine. One question, though. In all the shots of her she appears as a dark, sombre, brooding sort. . .not once does she have a smile on her face. This might sound a bit weird, but I want to see some teeth!—*Peter Jacobs, Neutral Bay, NSW*

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Intractable tales

This true tale will lift a few eyebrows. Those of you who have ever worked or been on a farm may remember the good old Ferguson tractor, the petrol Model 28. This was a good old standby for getting the cows in as it was small and quick. Well, at the time of my story we had a land girl working with us who was at times rather daring towards me but would never quite let herself go. For instance, when we were out on the farm and one of us wanted a pee, I would just hang my tool out and she would squat down — this alone was nice and exciting.

On this particular day, it was her job to go and bring the cows home. They were down at the back of the farm. Pam, as I will call her, did not know where I was working that day but soon found out, for I saw her drive down and into a patch of scrub and stop the tractor — well, not stop it completely, as she left the engine running.

I wandered through to see why and there in front of me was the most gorgeous sight a man could ever lay eyes on. Pam had her panties pulled a little way down her slightly parted legs and she was leaning over the steering wheel in a slightly squatting position with the — believe me or not — the steering lever knob selector pushed against the first gear, not engaged but just rubbing against the cogs. Pam had the actual knob resting against her fanny, which was vibrating merrily away as she moved the knob up and down the front of her pussy.

I found my tool was instantly hard, and taking it out of my shorts, I gave it a few encouraging pats and rubs whispering, "Stay." I walked up behind her and climbed on to the tractor, gently placing my feet on each wheel brake either side of the seat. I gently pushed my fingers against her arse and whispered, "Don't move."

By this time my cock was really dripping, so placing it close to her hole I rubbed the juices gently around, then eased it into her tight target to my full length. Pam suddenly pushed hard back to me and at the same time the selector knob found itself right inside her steaming hot fanny and I could feel it vibrating next to my own knob as I pumped my cock. It wasn't long before we both came in one hell of an orgasm.

Pam relaxed and sank down on to the bonnet of the tractor while I pulled out and she eased the knob from her snatch to get her breath. While she did this I put my still rock-hard tool into her fanny and just pumped gently a bit more, bringing her down on to the knob again while at the same time I reached over and pulled the throttle down, thus speeding the engine up some more. I stopped pumping as I felt her pussy inside contracting, and letting the tractor do the work I waited till Pam was just about to come again. Then I let fly with a stream of piss that sent her towards heaven; she screamed, bucked wildly and pushed back so hard that the gear lever slid inside her along with my tool.

What a lovely feeling, with piss and come running down everywhere. We both came together in an experience that is hard to describe. Pam suddenly realised that the cows would just about be home, so wiping herself with a towel that was kept on the tractor she took off for home. Since then we have often had sex in this way — and I often on my own; by holding my tool on top of the lever knob with my hand I can come in a very short time. I have driven many tractors, but most have syncro-mesh gearboxes and will not rub against the gear like the Fergie will. It was a bit hard on the old runabout but boy did we have some fun. — *Name and address withheld*

Losing it

This is an event that took place one night and we woud like to share it with you — the night we lost it . . .

We left the party very drunk (and horny) and were stumbling along the street when a hot sports Celica screeched to a halt in front of us, containing two even hotter Italians. We jumped in the back seat, looked at the guys, then at each other, and knew tonight was the night we had been waiting for . . . it.

We sat in the back seat and knew immediately who was going to fuck whom.

We started talking to them really dirty, as alcohol has that effect on us. We started kissing their necks from behind. We were now in the mood . . . Next stop was an "ethnic" night club at Kingsford.

They bought us drinks and we got to know them a bit better. Soon we were engaged in some pretty heavy petting in a darkened corner of the disco. My God, I was practically stuck to the chair. I could feel his hard penis pressing into my stomach and I knew I wanted him — *now*.

Next stop was the bottle shop. Paul and Jas quaffed alcohol in the front while Jade and George started "playing" in the back seat. Who said sports cars were too small? All I could hear were sucking sounds and I knew they were growling out on each other. Shit I was *sooo* horny.

Soon we pulled into a small motel where they paid for a room. Once inside I was bit put off by the fact that there was only one double bed with a divan right next to it. I quickly jumped on to the double bed as I thought if I was going to lose it to a stranger I might as well go out in style.

Paul slowly undressed me, licking and sucking at parts I never knew I owned. Fuck, he was driving me crazy. I groped for his penis and nearly shit myself at the size of it; I'd heard of Italian stallions but this guy was hung like a bull. We started on one of the hottest 69ers I've ever had up to this day. I was entered from on top. It hurt

like crazy, but when we got our rhythm synchronised it was pure bliss. I started moaning and trying to get more of him into me, then he came whilst grabbing my breasts — hot, pulsating bursts of warm fluid. This made me grab his tight, muscled arse and push him into me and I experienced a warm sensation over and over again, making my legs shudder and shake. I'd had my very first orgasm. I just released his arse and lay there panting. I was now a woman.

I looked over to Jade only to find them making out like two wild animals in the moonlight. Paul turned on the light and I was a bit embarrassed, but Jade only looked up and grinned, threw off the sheets and cried out she was going to come. This made George even hornier and he rolled over so that she was on top of him. I was shocked as I'd only seen this stuff on TV — not right next to me with my very best friend involved. As he moaned and closed his eyes he pushed her off and made her pull his hard, throbbing, red cock. In seconds Jade was covered in a milky, thick, sticky, white substance. She just squealed in delight and started to smear it all over her tits and face. I was quite thrilled to see such sexual action so close to me. This, as well as the sight of the three naked bodies, was enough to give me a practically non-stimulated orgasm. I wanted more . . .

I dreamily closed my eyes just for a moment only to open them to see Paul, Jade and George engrossed in a raunchy threesome. I was overwhelmed with lust and desire. I had to join them. (It was hard to imagine this, as only an hour ago Jade and Jasmine were two little virgins.)

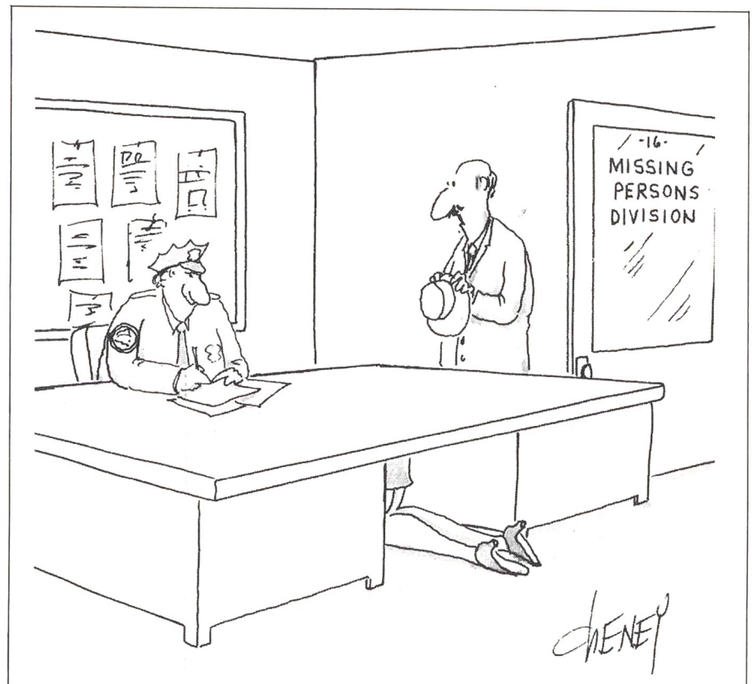
I jumped on the divan and decided to see what George had to offer — while Jade and Paul had started screwing. I took George's throbbing penis into my mouth. I just wanted to suck and suck. All of a sudden I felt three fingers deep inside my wet, warm cunt — it was Paul. I heard moaning as Jade and Paul were climaxing simultaneously.

Somehow I disengaged myself from this orgy and went to the toilet. My God, I was sore. My fanny felt like it was on fire. I looked up only to see an enlarged, purple "head" in my face. All I could say was, "Fuck, not again." I told him to go wait on the bed. Jade came into the room and we started to compare notes. We were laughing and giggling and saying how glad we were to have made our new discovery — *sex*.

We entered the bedroom to see Paul emerging from the shower with his penis still erect. We gasped at the size. We sat down and smoked. We tiredly dressed and gave them our phone numbers. Both Jade and I *thought it was true love*. The only dampener to the night was that they then dropped us off up the road and said, "Behave, school kiddies," and laughed and zoomed off up the road and out of our lives.

We have never seen them since but it started us both on a sexual rampage we won't ever be able to stop.

So Paul and George, if you are out there, thanks. — *Name and address withheld*



"Why, yes . . . how did you know that my wife has had her tonsils out?"

Extra studies

I'm a student at a college near a major metropolitan hospital and I never thought it could happen to me or that I would be writing to you.

Last week I had an important final exam and I knew that I would have to study for it. After class that afternoon I decided to retire to the college library with my books and a coffee and get down to the task at hand. After an hour and a half the library was empty except for me and Linda, the librarian.

While I was reading a passage from one of my texts I had an overwhelming sense that I was being watched; as I looked up there was Linda behind her desk staring at me and sucking one of her fingers.

I somehow sensed that my studying was about to come to an abrupt halt. I watched as she walked slowly and provocatively towards me with one hand gently massaging and caressing her left breast, her other hand alternating between her by now hot quim and her mouth.

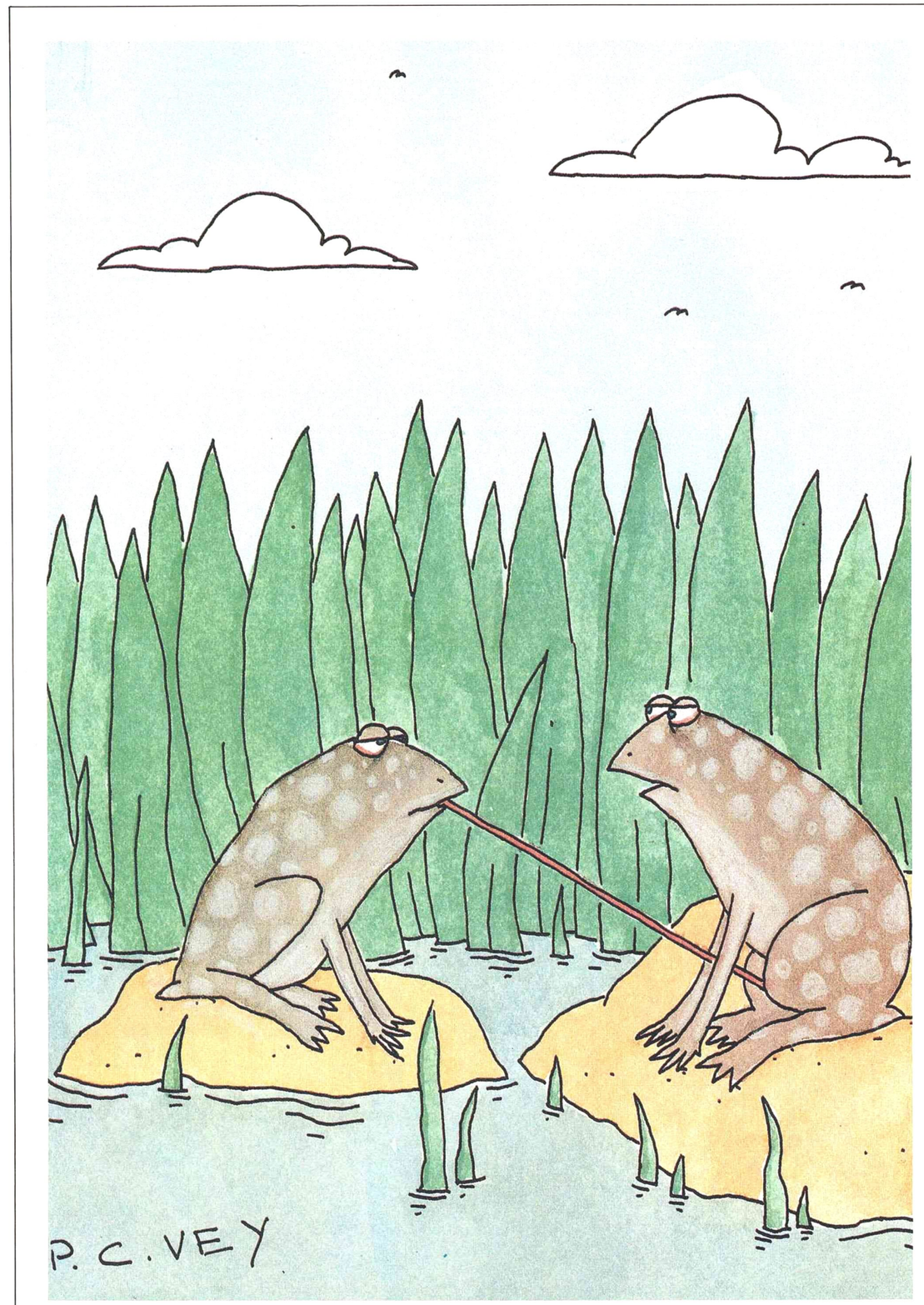
She stood in front of me and told me to strip down as fast as I could. Well, I didn't need to be told twice and within seconds I was in the buff. She then pulled up her uniform to expose her musky black cum-bucket. Almost immediately I buried my face into her soaked snatch as her pelvis began to gyrate orgasmically. I ever so slowly licked and sucked the love sap from her blood-engorged labia.

By this stage my throbbing python of love was beyond blue veiner, and itching for twat. I turned her around roughly and she gave a little gasp as I plunged my love pump to the hilt into her dripping hot pudenda, thrusting it violently in and out while I toyed and tickled her sphincter with my cunt-greased index finger.

She squirmed and screamed as she came, shuddering in climactic wave after wave; her thighs looked like a waterfall of love as the juices from her love pouch cascaded down over her knees.

She turned around to face me and I gently suckled on her right breast and kneaded her arse-cheeks while she dribbled on my neck and shoulder. She then smiled as her hand slid slowly to my slug, massaging the length of it, up and down, in slow strokes.

She cradled my love luggage in the palm of one hand and kneaded it ever so gently while her other hand continued to stroke my pulsating heat-seeking moisture missile. Then she got down on to her



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TECHNICAL DATA

SIZE	235/75 R15	255/75 R15	205 R16	215/80 R16
TREAD PATTERN	LT 20	LT 20	FD 44	FD 44
Load Index	105	109	104	107
Speed Symbol	Q	Q	S	Q
Tread depth (mm)	12.5	13.0	11.5	12.0
Section width (mm)	240	269	210	219
Overall diameter (mm)	748	776	739	754
Rolling circumference (mm)	2265	2350	2230	2275
Revs/Km	442	426	448	440
Loaded radius (mm)	342	354	334	340
Recommended rim	7 to 8 (7.5)	7 to 9 (8)	5.5 to 6.5 (6)	5.5 to 6.5 (6)
Max. load capacity per wheel (Kg)	925	1030	900	975

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knees and moved her head to the top of my incredible male cruelty, the head of which by this stage was almost as big as her fist. She sucked and licked the head of my monster organ as I leaned back with my eyes closed and smiled.

Then she began to alternate long licks up and down the underside with wet slurps over the head. My hips started to grind up and down rhythmically and I could feel the pressure rising to a crescendo deep in my loins. She must have sensed that I was ready to erupt and that my love lava would soon spew forth because she then quickened her pace as a moan came from deep within her throat. I started to moan and that quickly became a scream as I could no longer contain the forces of nature. Then my whole body stiffened as my beast of burden shot what must have been a litre of love junket down her gurgling throat.

Studying has never been the same. — *Name and address withheld*

In the swing

For some time I have been a fan of Forum. I was a little surprised when I found reading about some of the sexual exploits turned my wife on too, and even more surprised when Ann told me she would kind of like to get fucked by another man, especially if I was there to watch him put it to her. We talked about it quite a bit, but then it reached the point where we were planning, not just talking.

We both knew the chances were high that it would be just a one-time thing, so we agreed to make the most of it. There was no real hurry and we wanted to set it up right. We both agreed the man would have to be very well hung, and it would be one night of sex where anything goes. When I suggested a gang bang, Ann jumped on the idea. She decided she would like to have five to ten men taking turns on her.

Then we came to the problem of selection. I picked up a couple of swinger's magazines. It didn't take us long to come to the conclusion that we wouldn't find what we were looking for by answering ads; we would have to place our own. We also agreed to place a picture with the ads. I had a ball taking pictures of Ann naked except for a suspender belt and stockings in various sexy poses; then we took a few close-up shots of her sucking my cock. It was our first attempt at sexy pictures, but the results were quite good.

In the end we sent an ad in to three different magazines. We selected a picture of Ann just slipping her panties off and the best shot of her sucking my cock. The ad specified men with at least eight inches who were willing to join in a gang bang. About three weeks later the ads came out. It was a terrific turn-on for us both just to see my wife's pictures in print.

About a week later the responses began to pour in. A lot were just out of the question, but within a week we had at least ten possibles, and Ann had spent hours feeling herself up while she went through the letters. At the end of a couple of weeks we had selected eight men for the gang bang, and about 30 others that Ann thought she would like to put out to if we went beyond the first encounter. We selected a quiet motel. The men were to arrive at seven.

We went to the motel early to get ready. I think I was more nervous than she was. Ann slipped into a black suspender belt, black stockings, high heels and a sheer, white negligee. By 7.15 the men had all arrived.

We spent a few minutes having a drink and going over the rules. The men could have anything they wanted from Ann, so long as they didn't hurt her. I would take pictures that didn't show the men's faces.

Ann slipped her negligee off and lay back on the bed feeling herself up while she watched the men undress. The men joined my wife on the bed, one sucking each tit, taking turns feeling her up and eating her. Although she was just giving them a short blow job, before long they were all so worked up three of the men shot their loads in Ann's mouth.

Then Ann took the biggest stud between her legs. She was so hot she was begging him to put it in her. The other men moved away and I took pictures as he shoved his cock all the way up my wife's pussy. Ann locked her legs around him and started fucking herself on his cock. In only a few strokes she was coming. He was ramming it to her as hard as he could and she was begging for more.

Ann took on one man after the other. Most of the time she was sucking one cock while another man fucked her. After they had all screwed her Ann sat astride me. Her pussy was full of the load eight men had shot in her. While Ann fucked herself on my cock she sucked each cock again, but this time made sure each man came in her mouth.

Ann took a well deserved break. We had a drink and talked about what the guys wanted to do to her. Ann wanted all eight cocks in or on her at the same time.

I watched my wife straddle one man. As soon as she had his cock in her pussy she guided a second cock into her arse and a third into her mouth. She had a man stroking his cock over each tit. There wasn't room for the other three men to get to her, but she didn't seem to mind. A little later Ann had two cocks in her pussy at the same time.

One of the men drew my wife across his lap and stuffed his cock up her cunt, then started to spank her. Each time he slapped her arse, Ann's body jerked

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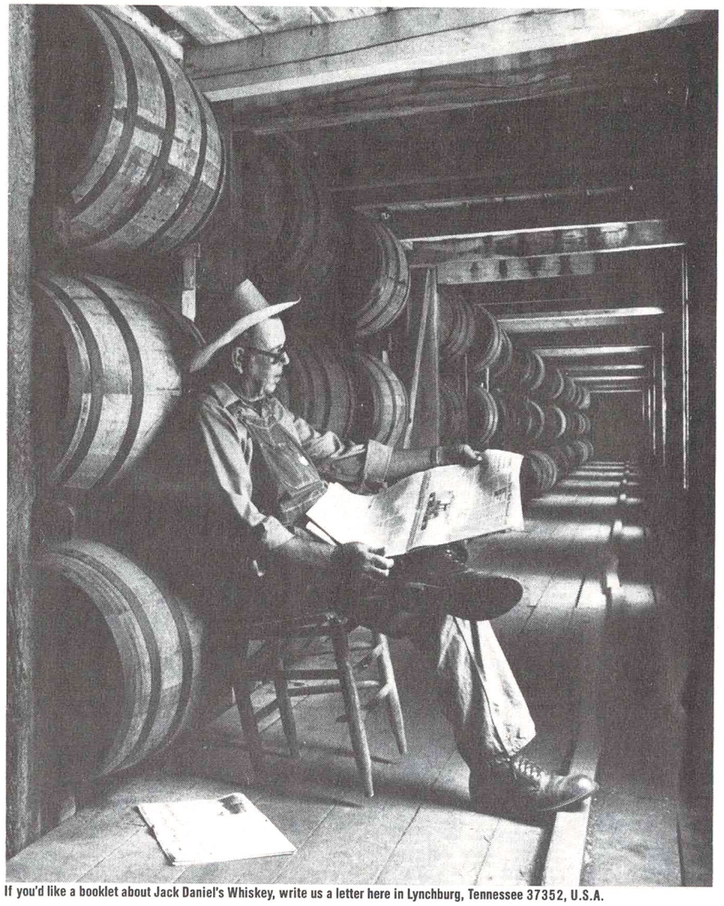

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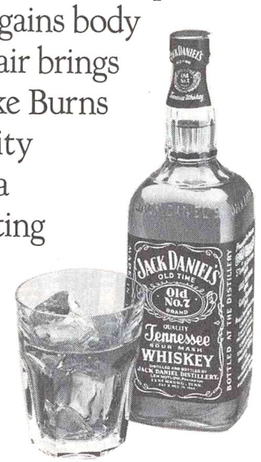

JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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FORUM

down, driving his cock up her pussy, then he would slip almost out of her when her arse rose for the next blow. It started out fairly gentle, but Ann kept begging for him to give it to her harder.

They took turns fucking my wife for hours. I had pictures of men coming all over her face and tits, and screwing her in every position we could imagine. Ann took everything they could give her, and wanted more.

The next day, with my consent, Ann called one of the other men who had written to her and made arrangements for him to screw her on her own. It was almost as exciting just knowing she was being fucked. She came in around two in the morning with a grin on her face and a very wet pussy. Ann described everything he had done to her while she fucked herself on my cock.

My wife has been putting our fairly often since then, but we both by far prefer the excitement of a gang bang. I have now had the pleasure of watching Ann indulge in lesbian sex with a few very attractive women. She enjoys sharing her girl friends with me just as I enjoy sharing her with other men. — *Name and address withheld*

Scenes

Ron kissed me softly as he gently pushed me on to the bed, pinning me between him and the red sheets. He slid his hands up my thighs just enough to excite and tease me. I started to undo my blouse and skirt to reveal my lacy white underwear. He sat on the bed and watched like a little boy at Christmas time, as I released my heaving breasts from their delicate enclosures. His hand slid my skirt upward to reveal a freshly shaved pussy trembling with excitement. He couldn't believe his eyes.

Without a word, he grabbed me around the waist and plunged his tongue into the pink cleft. He instantly found my clit, which drove me wild. His cock was near bursting out of his trousers. He couldn't get enough of it, filling me with his tongue as far as it would go and teasing my clit until I came like waves crashing on a beach.

He threw me on my back and pushed two fingers high inside me while he passionately kissed me and caressed my firm breasts. He stood up and let his pants drop to the floor to reveal his angry cock, hot and throbbing. I had to have it all!

I grabbed his balls and gently squeezed him as the head gently pushed against the back of my throat. He threw his head back as he held my head tight between trembling hands. I sucked him for what seemed like hours as he held back on his load. He wanted to come all over me.

I lay back on the bed spread-eagled with

Continued on page 123

Sins

ANGER

A Bad Case Of V.D.

One of the more frightening things to happen last year occurred on the night of October 31. Happen to me, anyway, though I don't doubt that many other hackles rose that night after experiences similar to mine.

The wiser and more attuned might note that October 31, of all dates, is the one upon which ghastly goings on are supposed to occur. Not this turkey — it was just another Monday night to me, unaware as I was that the gruesome American tradition of celebrating Halloween had sunk its evil roots into our fair soil.

Just another Monday night with dinner in the oven and the telly on when there came an insistent rap-rapping upon my front door. I was down the stairs in a flash, straightening the coiffure in the faint hope that it was the man from Lotto, and flinging open the portal with a lusty "Y-e-e-s?"

But there was no-one there. I looked left, right, up, down — not a sausage. It was when I went to close the door that two small green hobgoblins leaped from the hydrangeas, yowling like banshees.

"Trick or treat, trick or treat, give us something nice to eat!" they shrilled, painted faces upturned, grubby, grasping little hands outstretched.

At that moment I learned what it meant to be taken aback. *This couldn't be real.* I was on the set of some particularly awful American sitcom starring two putrefying Punky Brewsters.

"Trick or treat, trick or treat, give us something nice to eat!" they repeated their foul chant, more menacingly this time.

"What do you want?" I stammered.

"We want lollies!" they whined.

"I'm afraid I haven't got any lollies," I said, trying hard to sound like a kind, patronising lady.

"Then give us money!" they demanded.

At that moment I was rescued by a voice from behind me, the voice of a man dragged from his TV to investigate the noise. The voice sent the two kids scurrying like piggies from the Big Bad Wolf when it growled: "We'll give you a kick up the khyber, that's what we'll give you."

The sweet satisfaction of telling two particularly obnoxious children to piss off didn't last 24 hours. The following day we got home to find that someone had pegged a lemon through the front window and in the next few weeks we were fo find alternatively clumps of dirt and dog turds on the welcome mat. At least we thought they were dog turds. We were being held to ransom by a pair of snot-nosed brats.

And so the months roll by and October 31 is now but an unpleasant memory and a distant speck on the new calendar. February is upon us. A fine month it is too, save for the fact that it is besmirched by that other meaningless and irritating invention of the Americans. I speak of course, of Valentine's Day, saccharine city, a syrupy celebration that is now as entrenched on these shores as the ailment that shares its initials.

Saint Valentine, the chap they named the day after, was a martyr back there in the Third Century AD. He did a bit of a stretch in jail for protecting Christians from persecution, cured some little girl of blindness and then when they let him out of the hoosegow he went and got himself stoned. With rocks. It's a pretty sad story but what no-one has ever been able to work out is what he has to do with expensive long-stemmed roses, heart-shaped silver foil balloons, Milk Tray chocolates and the most emetic array of greeting cards to grace the shelves all year. There is absolutely no connection and nobody even knows when all the lovey-dovey stuff surrounding Valetine's Day got started. But ours is not to reason why. Ours, it seems, is to sit by and watch as this American tradition gathers momentum with each passing Australian year.

And ours is also to observe this tradition. For should you not give unto your loved one a bunch of flowers and a card depicting two cartoon cats hugging one another *when all the other girls* are getting flowers and cat cards, you're in trouble. You face the figurative dog turd on your welcome mat of a sulking loved one. The old cold shoulder. It is a fact of life that no woman can cheerfully face a bloomless, cardless Valentine's Day when all about

Illustration by Skye Rogers

her are taking twittering delivery of megabouquets and cute cards.

Yeah, we've got to go with the flow. What's next? Thanksgiving? Yes please, that sounds really keen, and I hope y'all have a nice day. Buy up big this Valentine's Day and remember to have the lollies ready come October 31. I will. Might even invite the little rascals in to bob for apples. A peachy idea like that could fair take a little kid's breath away. Here's hoping. — *C.J.Mackay*

AVARICE

Debt Wish

Last year a mob of international businessmen had a look at the so-called Third World debt problem for the United Nations. (I call it a so-called Third World problem because, as far as I can see, they've got the money and we're the ones who want it back — it's our problem, a First World problem.)

Anyway, the multinationals had a look at the $US410 billion owed by Latin America, the $62 billion owed by poor African countries, and the few score billion owed by the non-oil producing Middle East and Asian nations. This is all money lent by stupid American banks and bleeding heart governments when they thought they'd be clever and recycle all the Arab oil revenues through to the poor nations, picking up a margin on the way.

Well, it was a dud idea and there are banks like Bank of America (once Number One in the world, now not even near the top ten) and Mannie Hannie (Manufacturers Hanover) who are too frightened to write down their brumb loans because such writedowns would leave them with shareholders' funds of precisely nothing. So the businessmen had a dekko at the problem and concluded, in the way of hard-nosed bizoids, that it would be a good idea if countries could go broke, ie go bankrupt.

Fascinating idea. When a person goes bust a receiver takes over all the assets, sells what he can and distributes the proceeds to the creditors, wipes the slate clean and off the person goes again.

Can you imagine Coopers & Lybrand moving in on, say, Sierra Leone, which has got a couple of nationalised gold mines, a few old buses and maybe a palace or two? C & L sells them off and then maybe indentures a few hundred thousand workers to, say, the US cotton industry and bingo, Sierra Leone is back in business.

Of course this doesn't do much for the people of Sierra Leone, but then again their own governments haven't done much for them either. Apart from the desk-bound dreamers there are few of us who can say the world's poor have had their lot markedly improved by the decolonising of the postwar era. Africa would, in all probability, be quite well off if it were still ruled by Oxbridge graduates in plumed hats with orders from Whitehall.

However, if the Walt Wristons of the world would have their way many of the debtor nations could find themselves recolonised — officially, not half-heartedly, as happens already — by accountants.

Maybe this might not be such a bad thing at that. If Stalin can starve half a nation for the sake of a political ideal and the Durg starve an entire nation — Ethiopia — in pursuit of the same ideal, then surely an accountant deciding to hive off half the population because they're not profitable has at least the benefit of logic.

And even the most hard-hearted accountant would baulk at the activities of some of these leaders of the people. It's a while since I had the auditors in but I don't recall them ever seeking the assistance of electrodes to the balls or the strappado in order to get some answers out of me.

I can just hear the arty-farties and basket-weavers complaining that accountants have no souls, that life and nations cannot be boiled down to a matter of dollars and cents; that there is more to life than just having a positive bank balance. And these extras of life are just the things dour calculator-carrying accountants are unable to supply.

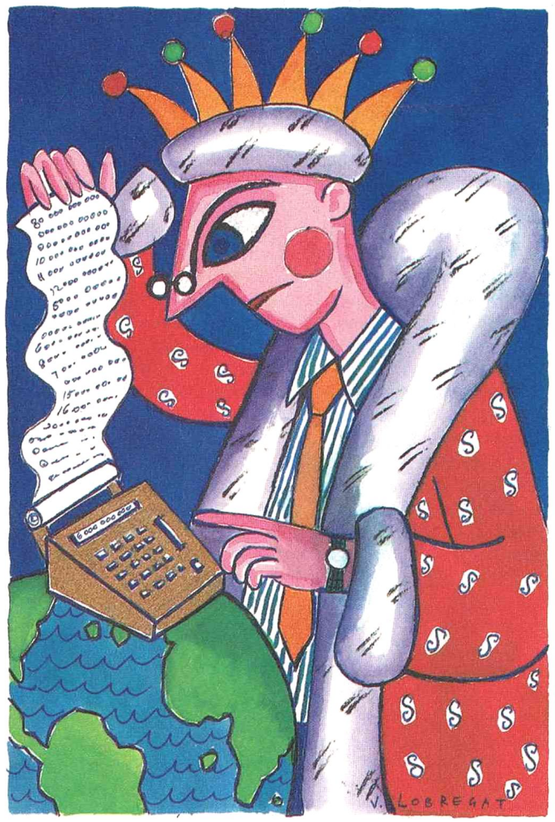

Illustration by Vicki Lobregat

Perhaps they are right. Perhaps accountants would put a stop to those extras which, some people believe, make life worth living.

Morocco, for example, is a debtor nation. Its interest bill alone is a couple of billion a year. Being a kingdom — with the King a descendant of Mohammed — Morocco has priorities that differ from those any decent accountant would have. This poor North African, somewhat war-torn, state is building the world's biggest mosque, at a cost of over $300 million. Just what the starving *fellaheen* need.

But at least the world's biggest mosque is something which will stick around. "Baby" Doc Duvalier reportedly ripped off most of the American aid given to his tiny impoverished nation of Haiti. Ferdinand Marcos is alleged to have stashed a couple of billion dollars of aid money and foreign loans in private accounts in Switzerland, besides ensuring his cronies and family had control of nearly every other foreign dollar. The now dethroned Emperor-for-Life Bokass spent much of his country's foreign debt on grand palaces where he beheaded children. Mexico, which owes more than $100 billion despite having oil revenues, has just had another fixed election, which the Institutional Revolutionary Party (now there's a juxtaposition of ideas) won for the 60th year in a row, and jailed a few more people who argue against institutionalised corruption and government-created poverty.

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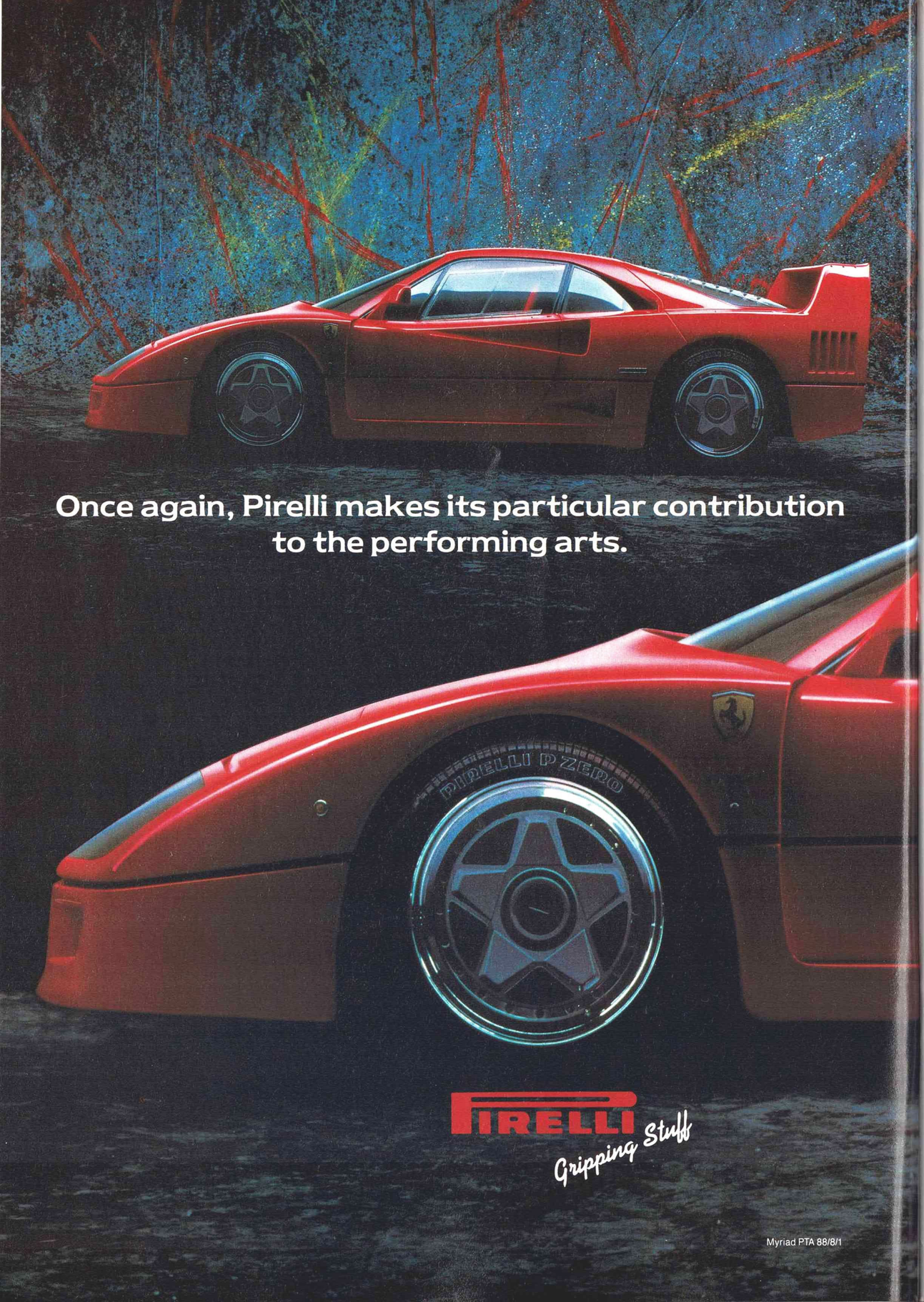
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Sins

Such are the little extras of life the accountants wouldn't countenance: corruption, murder, torture, amazing profligacy in the face of dying children.

The fact that the $US1000 billion international debt exists is bad enough. But what is especially putrid is that the recipient nations have precious little to show for it all — besides, of course, presidential palaces and fancy new weaponry.

The Japs, now the second biggest providers of foreign aid, are suggesting they have a say in how their aid money is spent. There will be loud opposition to this but, being pragmatic, the Japs are right. It's not simply stupid to keep doling out money that is misspent — it's also harmful, to the borrower peasantry and to ourselves.

Sooner or later these nations will go broke and so will Bank of America and half a dozen others. And we'll all suffer. International debt is a problem for us, not them. We're the bunnies who lent the money in the first place and we're the bunnies who'll end up being dudded. Thank you, Third World.

The ghastly joke is that we haven't learned.

How are we getting out of the mess? Lending them more money to pay off the old debts. Beautiful. I love it. Groucho Marx couldn't have invented it. — *David Quicksilver*

ENVY

The Possible Dream

There comes a time in every man's life when he dreams of greater things. As the remnants of the third schooner tickle the back of the throat and the drug begins its ego-liberating journey to the frontal lobes, the possibilities, for a while at least, seem endless. The familiar panoply of bosses, wives, kids, bank managers and tax accountants fades from focus, giving way to more splendid vistas: of far-away places jam-packed with adventure, romance and intrigue, all merely awaiting our triumphant arrival. We can't help it. It's the boy in us. It manifests in a gnawing desire to perform some grand feat, to take part in some adventure of heroic proportions, to make our mark on the honor roll of humanity before we begin the long decline to oblivion. And the urgency mounts. What's the use of taking on the world if you haven't got all your teeth, most of your hair, and a better than even chance of getting your pecker up when the critical moment arrives? If the thing is going to be done, it needs to be done in prime time. *Now.*

It's usually half a dozen more belts of hooligan soup before the first foul wave of envy washes in to snuff out the fires of imagination. Other bastards might get to cross oceans in rowboats, explore underground labyrinths, circumnavigate the globe in everything from helicopters to bicycles, seek the meaning of life in Tibetan monasteries or Bangkok opium dens, and get the girl at the end of the day (Who was the wise man who said: "Everybody does everything in order to get laid?") . . . but what about *me*? What about the second mortgage, the bill for Jimmy's orthodontist, the payments on the Falcon and the cost of a decent shrink, if indeed there is one?

If that's where you're at, then what you need is a bit of inspiration. *Penthouse* sent letters to a selection of Australia's high achievers, in which we posed this question: "Dick Bass, an extremely successful but strung-out American business executive, decided to put his 'normal' life on hold while he climbed the highest mountain on each of the seven continents of the world. (He had never even climbed a ladder beforehand.) Imagine that you find yourself in a position to do something similar. All responsibilities no longer apply; all commitments are taken care of and all bets are off. What challenge would you set yourself? What achievement would provide you with the ultimate satisfaction?"

A selection of responses is faithfully recorded below. If you fail to find in any of these the spark that sets the universe alight, fear not. There's nothing wrong with settling for a textbook case of arthritis and a guaranteed guernsey in the carbon cycle.

Graham Kennedy: "I'm afraid I can't help you. If there's one thing I can't abide, it's a challenge."

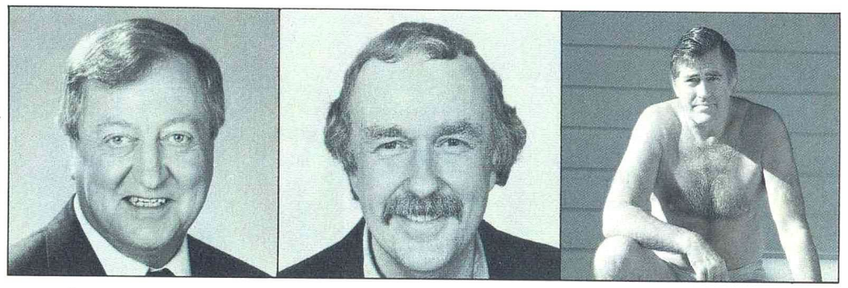
Mike Gibson: "I don't want to jump out of aeroplanes or sail around the world. I can't sail, anyway. But I'd love to get myself in shape so I could knock out Mike Tyson. I'd just play around with him for a couple of rounds, cut him up a bit around the face, and then go 'bang.' Also, I'd really love to know the answer to that one tantalising question: Where do you go when you die? Then I could spread the word and tell everyone it's going to be okay. What's Heaven like? At the moment we're just going on hearsay. Maybe when I get to Heaven, North Sydney will be winning games and the hot dogs will be hot. Maybe when I get to Heaven, I *will* knock out Mike Tyson."

Harry M. Miller: "I would like to spend four days a week getting tuition in polo so I could finally receive a handicap of two. More importantly, I would like to have the time and the influence to cause the Australian Government to instantly pass legislation, identical to the US and Canadian legislation, in regard to fluorocarbons, so that we as a country, and the world at large, would not be threatened by the hole in the ozone layer."

Dick Johnson: "I'd like to get in an F-18 and go for a trot. I've got a few contacts and I've let go the odd hint, but the penny hasn't dropped yet. I'm obviously into speed, plus I'd be interested to see how I'd handle such massive G forces. I'd be interested to see how much weight I could lose in one ride."

John Meillon: "The greatest thrill for me would be to go down in a diving bell with Jacques Cousteau and walk on the bottom of the Earth. To me, Cousteau is one of the greatest men of all time. We've got all these people exploring space when the whole base of the Earth is underwater. I admire Cousteau because he has gone down and endeavored to discover what is there."

Rex Mossop: "The only thing for me would be a test of courage in a situation where my life was actually on the line. I've satisfied myself that I had plenty of courage on the football field as a Rugby Union and Rugby League international. But I've always wondered how I'd go under fire. It's been a real thing of mine over the years, like a cancer inside me. How would I go when the mortars



Graham Kennedy *Mike Gibson* *Rex Mossop*

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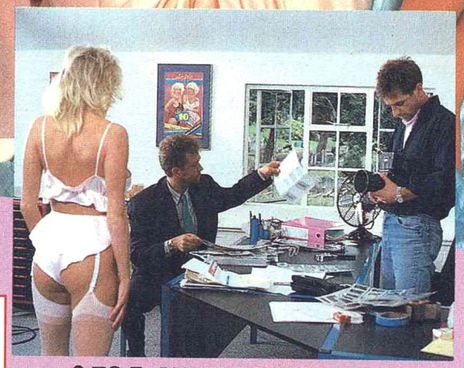

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were firing and the bullets flying all around me? Would I dive into a hole and stay there? I was too young for World War II and I'm too old to get involved in that sort of thing now, but I feel as though I've done it all and I've got nothing left to prove — except this one thing. My wife keeps telling me not to be so bloody stupid. But I was once in a London museum reading the full citations of the men who got VCs, and their stories are so dramatic and so wonderful. I was in a hell of a state when I finished."

Alan Jones: "That's easy. I always wanted to be an opera singer. Someone once told me they could make me the best tenor in Australia in six years. The role of Alfredo in *La Traviata* would be my choice. Alfredo doesn't make it, in spite of melodic overtures, so that would be appropriate."

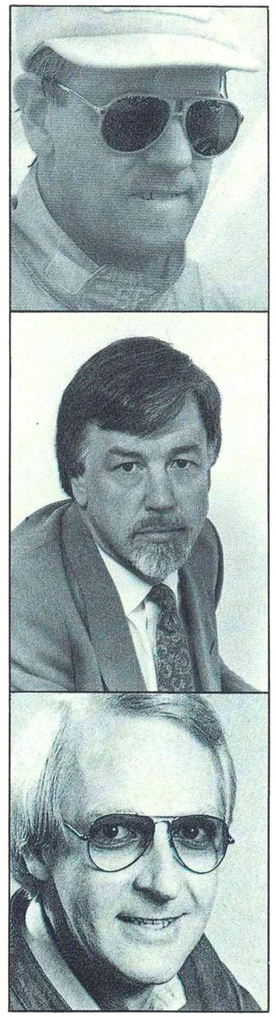
Kamahl: "Knowing my musical limitations causes great frustration. I dream of being able to compose a concerto, conduct it, and at the same time feature myself on piano. There would be a 300-piece orchestra with a choir four times the size of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, and everything would be on video so it would be on the pop charts. I wouldn't want to give vent to any other fantasies that might seem more appropriate to *Penthouse*. My mountains are more in my mind than in the physical substance of the Earth. As a boy I was never allowed to look at girls and I never saw a photo of a naked lady until I was 17. That left me with all sorts of inhibitions and guilt, so when you pose a question like that, the mind boggles."

Mark Day: "I would like to be free. The first part of my dream would be met by the conditions you set: no more responsibilities to employers or employees; no more commitments to anyone, especially banks. And then I would learn to fly a Pitts Special and climb as high as I could and belt around in an uncrowded sky, tumbling, turning, looping, rolling, barrelling, stalling, fluttering like a leaf . . . If that didn't work, I would like to win Le Mans and drink only Chateau Lafite (or possibly Latour). You have made me realise I am selfish."

Greg Chappell: "I would simply play golf, *exclusively*. My handicap was 14 when I finished playing cricket. I've got myself down to eight now, but I'd like to get it as low as possible."

Cliff Young: "What I'd like to do is reclaim a few hectares of land that have been completely devastated by human mismanagement, and return this land to its former glory by planting it with trees, grasses and other suitable vegetation. If we all do something like that before we pass on, this world of ours will be in top shape again in no time at all."

Top to bottom: Dick Johnson, Mark Day, John Blackman



Bobby Limb: "I've always been a great fan of Lord Nelson. He was a great hero and had the most exciting life I've ever read about. For instance, he killed a polar bear with the butt of a rifle when he was 19 and lost an eye and arm fighting hand-to-hand in longboats — the only officer who did so. I've always wondered why he wore full battle dress at Trafalgar — a scarlet and gold uniform among all that blue. It made him a sitting duck for a sniper. Did he deliberately knock himself off by wearing that regalia? Anyway, I'd like to have been Lord Nelson, lived his life, and not worn that uniform at Trafalgar. And I'd like to see how his life would have turned out."

John Blackman: "I have no desire to put myself in any danger. Life in my business is dangerous enough. I have a blind 14-year-old daughter. I'd love to figure out some mechanical means that would enable her to see — or at least, I'd like to provide the money for research along that path. I know the Japanese are working on a tiny camera which is implanted in the eye and which, as far as I can tell, creates a matrix on a screen inside the skull. My challenge would be to help increase the quality of life for people in that position."

Jeremy Cordeaux: "I'd find myself a schooner — two masts, maybe — and get myself an all-girl crew. Or I'd go to Europe and learn how to paint at some high-faluting school."

Dick Smith: "I do what I want to do. I don't dream about it. I'm the first man to fly a helicopter solo around the world, and the first to fly a helicopter to the North Pole. I don't have the physical ability to climb every mountain, but I am a great proponent of the spirit of adventure."

Clive Robertson: "I have no desire to do anything, even if given the chance." — *Greg Hunter*

GLUTTONY

Cheap Thrills

I was at a fashion parade recently with Wolf Blass. Someone who had obviously learnt the art of whispering in a sawmill confided: "Look at Wolfie pretending to be interested in the clothes." Blass' interest in women is almost as legendary as his expertise in wine-making and marketing. They're the three reasons the man in the bow-tie keeps himself fit and looking a decade younger than his 54 years.

If Wolf Blass made wine like cat's piss, it would still sell. He doesn't. When the Big Reckoning comes, Blass will be remembered as one of the greatest winemakers to have worked in Australia this century, spoken of in the same breath as Max Schubert, the inventor of Grange Hermitage. What many purists dislike about Blass has been his ability to convey to the public that his wines are somehow boutique. But you don't get to be a multi-millionaire selling a few cases of handmade wines. What Blass has done is to make exceptionally well-made wines available to the public at very reasonable prices. When you buy a Wolf Blass wine you know it will be good, even if you have parted with only seven dollars and have the viticultural knowledge of a buffalo.

Blass' latest venture is Eaglehawk, a rejuvenation of the old Quelltaler Estate. The name has spawned somewhat self-conscious advertising and sales slogans like "Reach For The Sky" and "Introducing The Perfect Blend To Really Help Feather Your Nest." Blass bought the Quelltaler property in November 1987 for $6.6 million, partly to source his own grapes and partly to make concrete an already acknowledged fact — Wolf Blass is one of the biggest buyers of Clare Valley fruit. Eaglehawk is the single largest project undertaken by Wolf Blass Wines in a decade.

Considering that he's still in

Sins

bed, as it were, with the Quelltaler's former owners — Remy Martin — in the form of the distributing company Remy Blass, Blass is quite scathing about the former regime's running of the historic property. He's spent millions renovating the winery complex — "It was filthy." He's reorganised former winemaker Michel Dietrich's pseudo-European plantings. He dropped the name Quelltaler — only preserving the former name in connection with the vineyards — because it had all the consumer appeal of a serious road accident.

Blass is still sensitive to criticism about the name change but marketing is marketing. The Eaglehawk brand will be heavily targeted toward the export market, particularly the US, where Blass has commenced a major campaign. In the first year, the production target is an ambitious 30,000 cases. Within three years, Blass hopes to be selling 120,000 cases. "Or we have failed."

The winemaker at Eaglehawk is Stephen John, formerly of Seppelts, formerly of Blass Bilyara Vineyards. Blass gave him 48 hours to make up his mind about the job. Currently, his main aims are to "fiddle around" with a new blend of Granfiesta sherry, produce a port under the historic Treloar name (the original founder of the Quelltaler vineyard), revamp the wine we all grew up with — Quelltaler Hock — and produce a big, powerful Bordeaux-style red out of step with the usual Blass style.

The trio of Eaglehawk wines — Fume Blanc, Rhine Riesling and Shiraz/Merlot/Cabernet Sauvignon — have already produced a clutch of medals from the Brisbane, Melbourne, Bristol, Lyubljana and Perth wine shows. The label is . . . well . . . gaudy. Even a visually impaired person, as the Canadians say, would have no trouble finding a single bottle in a liquor store the size of a barn.

Eighty percent of Australian wines are drunk within 32 minutes of purchase. With the Eaglehawk Fume Blanc, John has decided to cue in with the predominant trend. "The Fume Blanc is designed as a wine to grab from the retail fridge, take home and drink that night. I believe the general public demands a wine they can drink without thinking about the flavor as it goes down. They do not want a high-powered wine they have to think about — the big flavor of chardonnay or the high spice of Rhine riesling."

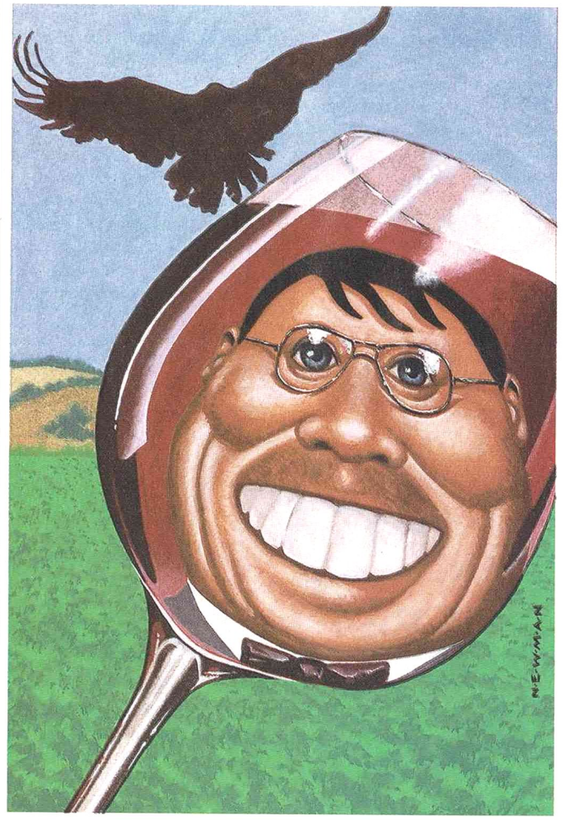


Illustration by Paul Newman

So you're not getting a classic wine, but you are getting a very flavorsome wine — slightly smoky, with the depth of flavor only a hefty chunk of sauvignon blanc can provide. The other two varietals in the mix are semillon — a palate filler — and trebbiano, usually reserved for fortified wines, but here offering a great depth of character and flavor. Wolf Blass believes that the Eaglehawk Fume Blanc will also be the brand to put the name on Everyman's lips. At $7.99 a bottle, he may be right.

The Eaglehawk Rhine Riesling is designed to be a classic. This varietal has been on the verge of more fashion comebacks than Frank Sinatra, and wines like this will only help the "cause." Stephen John ranks this wine as a "great" — a pretty hefty commitment from a winemaker.

The Clare Valley is reckoned to be one of the places in Australia for producing Rhine riesling. The grapes for the Eaglehawk Rhine Riesling were selected from Quelltaler's Carlsfield Vineyard, which has resulted in a wine of high fruit intensity. According to John, "As juice the flavor tasted just like lime juice." The finished wine is big and full with a great length of finish and a generous, soft palate. If you can hang on to it for that long, the wine will be at its peak in 1993. At $7.99, a sow's ear price for a silk purse.

Wolf Blass' greatest expertise lies in the red wine area. The belief is that the Clare Valley, which has never yet produced a "decent" red wine, has the potential to yield a wine of the same structure as Grange Hermitage. The 1986 Eaglehawk Shiraz/Merlot/Cabernet Sauvignon isn't it, but it's a good effort nonetheless.

The shiraz and merlot components come from the Clare Valley; the cabernet is courtesy of Coonawarra. The wine has "legs", that is structure on the finish and the soft character typically provided by merlot. Stephen John thinks that it is an "up front" red — berry-like on the nose with a firm tannin finish — with a shade more acid than the usual Blass reds. Again, well priced at $8.75 a bottle.

In 1988, Wolf Blass Wine achieved a show success that was almost indecent. Last September, Wolf Blass (as a label, not the man) celebrated 25 years of Australian winemaking with a track record of 2000 show awards. To mark the anniversary, Blass released 1000 cases each of a 1985 Margaret River Cabernet Sauvignon and a 1987 Clare Valley Chardonnay. If you can still get a bottle, do so. And pull the cork to Wolf Blass, who has now cornered 18 percent of the Australian premium wine market. Deservedly so. — *Elisabeth King*

LUST

AIDS: Back To Square One

In 1972, the World Health Organisation (WHO) published a report stating that scientists were actually attempting to produce a virus to selectively attack and destroy T-cells, the components of the human immune system. Thus a virus that was being looked into back in 1972 — one that might impair the immune response — could be what we call AIDS today. It is

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possible that the AIDS-causing virus was quietly unleashed via vaccination research and subsequent testing.

On May 11, 1987 the London *Times* ran an article titled "Smallpox Vaccine 'Triggered AIDS Virus'," by Science Editor Pearce Wright. It charged that "the AIDS epidemic may have been triggered by the mass vaccination campaign which eradicated smallpox." The smallpox vaccine theory would account for the fact that seven Central African countries top the list of the world's most affected nations as these countries had nationwide smallpox immunisation programs in the Seventies.

Dr William Holub and his wife Claudia present one of the most controversial yet plausible explanations of the cause of AIDS. They maintain that potential contamination from viruses that ended up in vaccines would not alone cause AIDS, nor would a homosexual lifestyle. The Holubs have combined these competing theories into the most terrifying of all scenarios. Just as heart disease, cancer, diabetes, and high blood pressure are all related to our lifestyles and environment, so too could AIDS.

Holub and his wife contend that many theories regarding the causes of AIDS are not based on true scientific and exhaustive evaluation of the data. Most of the "accepted knowledge" actually represents unanswered questions. They suggest, then, "The true nature of the AIDS crisis may have been wrongly identified by the mass media and the medical establishment."

According to Holub, "In 1980, when the AIDS panic started, it seemed scientifically unsound that something about being gay could cause men to become sick and die. Yet if we carefully examine all the original clinical work describing and creating this new entity of AIDS, we find that with virtually no scientific support, an epidemic was created overnight, along with the illogical correlation that one could acquire an 'immunodeficiency' from gay sex.

"The news was out and the damage was done. *Being gay causes a new lethal disease!* declared the medical journals, and very soon after, the mass media. Most shocking was that no-one challenged this, so it became easier and easier for others to jump into this maelstrom of prejudice. Then the reported cases began to escalate, although there was no new disease, just a new name and a new cause assigned to old diseases." Holub adds, "I don't see that there's an epidemic of this disease; the list gets longer and longer. Obviously you create the illusion that an epidemic is occurring."

Holub sees AIDS as a two-step process, neither of which is anything new. He calls the first step "abusive lifestyle. That's what gets the person sick enough to seek medical help. It is anything you do that harms your health on any level, whether it's spiritual or emotional or relates to exercise or diet, and it's going to suppress your immune system. Lack of exercise or even excessive exercise suppresses the immune system. Lack of relaxation will also suppress it." He adds, "I think sex is a factor in AIDS, but I don't see it as a causative factor. I think malnourishing sex falls in the same category as malnourishing lifestyle."

Dr Peter Duisberg is a molecular biologist at the University of California at Berkeley. In a March 1987 article in *Cancer Research*, he stated, "We may be after the wrong virus; it may not be the AIDS virus causing all the AIDS as we've been told . . . We have to look at other causes.

"I think it is virtually impossible that this virus could be the cause of AIDS. There must be another cause.

"I would not be fearful of having this AIDS virus injected into my body in a clean preparation. If somebody said to me. 'Today you tested positive in the AIDS test,' I would not worry. In fact, I would say, 'I'm okay, because my immune system is able to deal with this, and I now have antibodies.' I would respond in exactly the same way if somebody were to tell me that after having been vaccinated against polio, measles, mumps, or other viruses, my tests for these viruses were positive.

"Instead of studying this retrovirus and spending millions of dollars, and making test kits for more millions of dollars," wrote Duisberg, "we should go back to look at the patients. We should not report 'this patient had AIDS because he had antibodies to some kind of disease'; we should say what kind of disease he had. We should record whether the patient was immunodeficient when he developed the disease. What was his sexual persuasion, and what was the extent of his activity? Was he an intravenous drug user?" — *Gary Null*

Illustration by Christine Haberstock

SLOTH

A Day At The Beach

Kim's Camp? Hardly. The old row of wooden huts where "everyone" spent their school holidays on the NSW Central Coast has been turned inside out by a $2.5 million renovation. Kims On The Beach is now simple elegance and silky sand beaches for those who like it hot . . . and private.

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Sins

always has been about privacy and seclusion. Sir Robert Menzies planned election campaigns there; Vladimir Petrov hid out there; Mike Gibson and Mike Carlton just go there. The new look is sub-tropical with all the lush claustrophobia of a Brazilian rainforest populated by peacocks, cockatoos and the largest budgies in captivity.

The concept of a frame is apt, because at Kims, you often have the feeling of being inside a beautiful picture looking out at yet another beautiful picture. The sensation comes in part from the very structure of the place, the "fare bungalow" style of architecture.

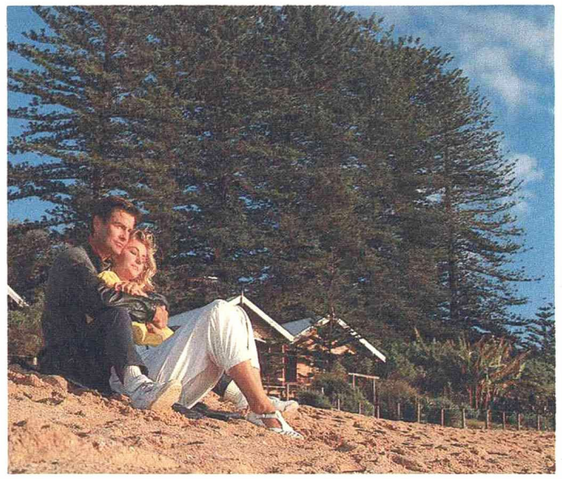
Thirty-four western red cedar bungalows weave through precision landscaped paths; underscoring everything is the sight, smell and sound of the rhythmic Towoon Bay surf — so near, it's a constant, sensuous presence.

Located less than 90 minutes drive north of Sydney, Kims has been in its present location for 100 years — literally, not figuratively. The eight pine trees strung out along the beachfront are all that remains of Captain Frans Charlson's original planting of 100 trees to screen out the real world for his guests. In those days, luxury was an alien concept at Kims. You came for the fresh air and the remoteness, lived in tents connected by duckboards and ate in the slab kitchen dining room.

The old seadog owned Kims until 1927, when he sold out to the McKimmin brothers, two Americans who were responsible for setting up the first ice-cream parlors in Sydney. The McKimmins put up a few more buildings and left their name for posterity. In 1944, Colonel Clive Loc Hughes-Hallett spotted the 1.4 hectare property while on sick leave from the army. Given his military background, Kim's Camp seemed the logical name for the still spartan getaway.

Haldane and Marie Strachan became shareholders in Kims in 1957, continuing the cosy down-home management style. In 1972, their son Andrew and his wife Maryjane took over the reins, with an eye to converting the property into an up-market, exclusive resort. In 1988, after four years of extensive and ruthless renovation, the vision splendid finally materialised.

Most of the patrons are seeking to escape the clamor of contemporary life and are happy to pay the exceptionally low to medium prices (depending on the time of year) for two simple but rare commodities that may be more endangered than whales, more precious than caviar — peace and quiet. There are even those who find the noises of nature too much. For example, some guests complain of the "racket" caused by the waves pounding the beach immediately outside the window.



Kims On The Beach — million dollar haven

From the rooms of the main complex, one or two-bedroom bungalows are scattered down to the beach. The interiors are warm with radiata pine, queen and king size beds. Some rooms have open fireplaces; others rely on electric heating. There are indoor and outdoor spas in every bungalow. The Commodore's Cabin even stretches to its own swimming pool.

Arrive in Gosford or Long Jetty, and one of Kims' limousines will meet you at the seaplane splashdown. If your car has broken down or you can't afford the plane, the chauffeurs will be just as courteous about ferrying you from Gosford Railway Station.

Kims is loaded to the Plimsoll Line because the daily tariff includes three meals. Big ones. The old Kims was renowned for its rococco buffets; the rejuvenated resort knows which side its bread is buttered on. A food stylist is employed to make sure the "spread" looks as if it awaits a visit from a glossy food magazine. If you can't find anything that suits your fancy here, you are impossible to please.

Breakfast early. The fresh air encourages early rising. There are more cereals than Mr Kellogg ever thought up, cooked meals like lamb's fry and bacon that even your Granny can't be bothered to make anymore, fruit, King Island butter, homemade bread and one of the deeply flavored jams Mrs Marie Strachan, aged 85, still finds the energy to cook up. The Tahitian lime is my odds-on favorite.

Most of the maximum 100 guests do nothing except loll around until the call comes for lunch — another test for the trencherman. But if you can't sit still, local "points of interest" include historic Kendall Cottage, Reptile Park, Towoon Bay Gallery, Old Sydney Town, Mangrove Creek Dam, Crackneck Lookout and The Fragrant Garden. The last really is the "secret garden" of the children's novel, great for retroing back to a Sixties mentality and communing with nature.

Pre-dinner is the time to explore the lattice-lined bar. The beer list is a complete run-down of what's hot in the hop world: South Pacific Special Export lager, Fremantle Steam, Red Back, Balmain Bock, Budweiser, Carlsberg Elephant, and so on. The barmaid is very proud of her range of cocktails and her routine of shaking them ought to be barred in front of men.

The wine list has been selected by Chris Hayes, of Hayes Fine Wines. Ample warning that a request for Summer Wine will be met by a negative response. Economy lovers can choose Yalumba Angas Brut Champagne from the sparkling list. But if you're out to show that Bogong moths will never find a home in your wallet, it has to be Perrier Jouet Belle Epoque Rose. The red and white wines dodge and weave through the top boutiques, "interesting" varietals and the best of the big companies. The impossibly suave can practice at home in front of a mirror for a week to order Chateau Meyney 1978 St Estephe. Fifty cents change out of $50.

Kims' dinner buffet has something for everyone from the spiffy Forex trader to the toothless grandmother. Sashimi to spotted dick (the dessert, silly), Stilton to steak and kidney pie, and more seafood than you can see at Pyrmont Fish Markets. And old favorites like Rawalpindi Curry, which has been on the menu since two-thirds of the world map was colored red.

The beauty of Kims is that you can be there a week and not even run into anyone, not even know anyone else is there. The other guests are simply part of the scenery, like the flowers, the birds and resort itself.

Regular daily rates for beach and garden bungalows, including the three meals, vary from $89.50 per person in the low season (Easter to October) to $99.50 to $170.50 during the summer months. Call (043) 321 566, or write to Kims, PO Box 1, Towoon Bay 2261. — *Elisabeth King*

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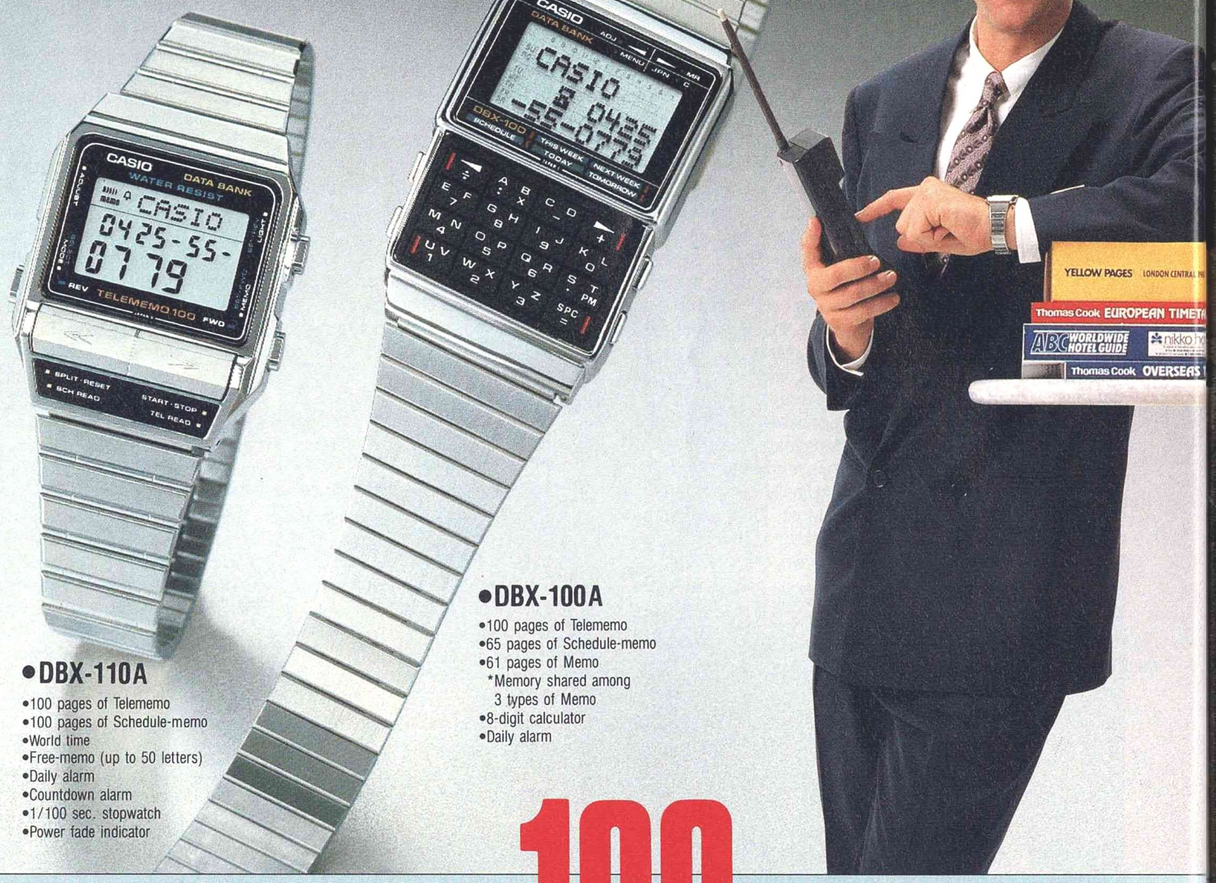

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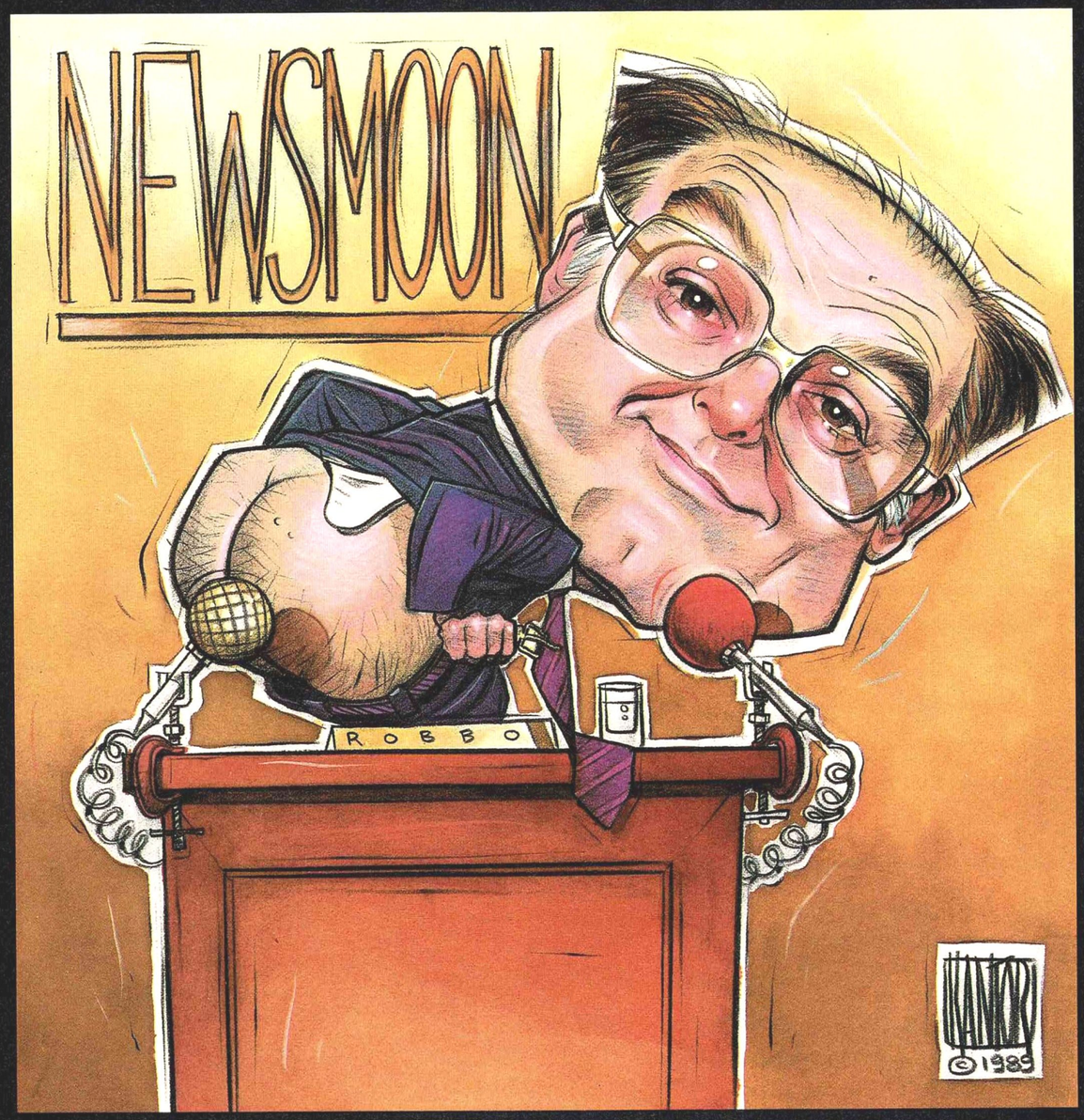
KANTOR'S GALLERY



By Frants Kantor

down and out

BY GRANTLEE KIEZA

There's not much future for a boxer after the final count

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN SCOTT

He had always been a proud man. Proud of his big right hand and the pale skin that made him look almost white.

He had also been proud, once, of his wealth and social standing — of the 30,000 pounds he had earned in the boxing ring and of the homes it bought him in middle class suburbs. He had been an Aborigine from the bush living among the neatly manicured lawns, the impressive bricks and mortar of the big smoke.

But his admirers and his investments were gone now. The poor dumb sap had nothing. He had lost his dignity to the parasites, hoons, and park bench bums of Sydney's Haymarket, who ridiculed him and spat on him and flattened him with their blows, which were now far more vigorous than his. They punched away what was left of his pride and left his pretty, pale skin bruised and bloody.

He was such an easy victim. Such a big name win.

"I just bashed Ron Richards," they would boast as though their triumph had come before 14,000 at Sydney Stadium — rather than in some grey back alley.

In 1940 Ron Richards was the middleweight, light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion of Australia, a big,

down and out

husky, good-looking Aborigine who beat the white man at the game the whites invented. He'd been in there with some of the best fighters in the world — men like Archie Moore, Gus Lesnevich and Ray Actis — and he was a legitimate contender for a world championship.

Seven years later Richards was a stumbling, bumbling derelict, old before his years. His fortune had been pissed away or prised loose by the sharks who have infested the fight game's murky waters ever since they realised there was quid in it. By 1947 Ron Richards was not only dead broke, he was just about dead.

If boxing is a poignant social and psychic drama, then its message is mostly conveyed in tragedy. The tragedy, as the song says, of poor boys who squander their resistance for a pocketful of mumbles — promises that are usually all lies and jest.

For every Jeff Fenech, rich and relatively unmarked save for a pair of arthritic hands, there are dozens, hundreds, of farm boys and wayward street kids who start boxing careers with stars in their eyes and dreams of big flash cars only to find that, for most participants, boxing is more often than not a canvas-backed nightmare of ten-counts and headaches.

Ron Richards was one of the great success stories of Australian boxing. And then one of its saddest victims.

On May 19, 1947 Richards appeared in the Sydney Central Police Court, shabby and stinking. He had been beaten up. Again. Through puffy lips he told the magistrate: "Yes Sir . . . I want to go home to my people."

Richards had lived in Sydney's best suburbs but he spent 17 of his last 20 years a virtual prisoner at the Woorabinda Aboriginal settlement in Central Queensland and the Palm Island settlement off Townsville. He returned to Sydney in 1964 and died alone of a heart attack at Dulwich Hill in 1967.

His last few months were spent hawking the old yellowing scrapbooks from his glory days around newspaper offices looking for a few bob and a write-up.

So Ron Richards, who learned to throw a punch after watching his father win a 15-round bare-knuckle contest with Darky Jones under the railway bridge at Ipswich, died poor and humbled. He might have done better had he stuck to his teenage job as a timber cutter instead of pursuing a fighting career that started in the travelling tent shows around Brisbane in the Twenties.

The path Ron Richards chose is a profession in which the great ones are seemingly devoured as quickly as they are hatched. His story is that of a poor misguided fool who was mismanaged and manhandled and who ended up with nothing but physical and mental scars after making a mint from the men who pushed him.

In his history of Australian prize-fighting, *Lords Of The Ring*, novelist Peter Corris points out that even in his prime Richards was prone to fits of depression. He drank and gambled heavily and was a party to fight fixing. Above all he allowed himself to be exploited:

"In retrospect Richards' career looks like a series of fantasies — the tent-fighting back blocks Aborigine who made good financially and overcame Americans and other foreigners. He was proof that an Aborigine could succeed in Australia and at the same time proof that Aborigines were a fatally flawed people."

Since men started hitting each other in the head back in the beginning, fist-fighting has been the cause of both outrage and passionate defence. Boxers almost always start out poor and more often than not finish that way. Even the great ones. Boxing has been portrayed as a metaphor of life itself, in which the fight for survival becomes the fight — where, just like the real world, a man must meet his fears head on if he has a will to succeed.

It has been portrayed as a social stepping stone, an opportunity for the poor, the disadvantaged and the down-trodden to fight their way from the gutters to better neighborhoods. A road for the socially deprived to find Easy Street.

And it has also been portrayed as a sick and senseless anachronism, a throw-back to darker days when a man did not have color television to amuse himself.

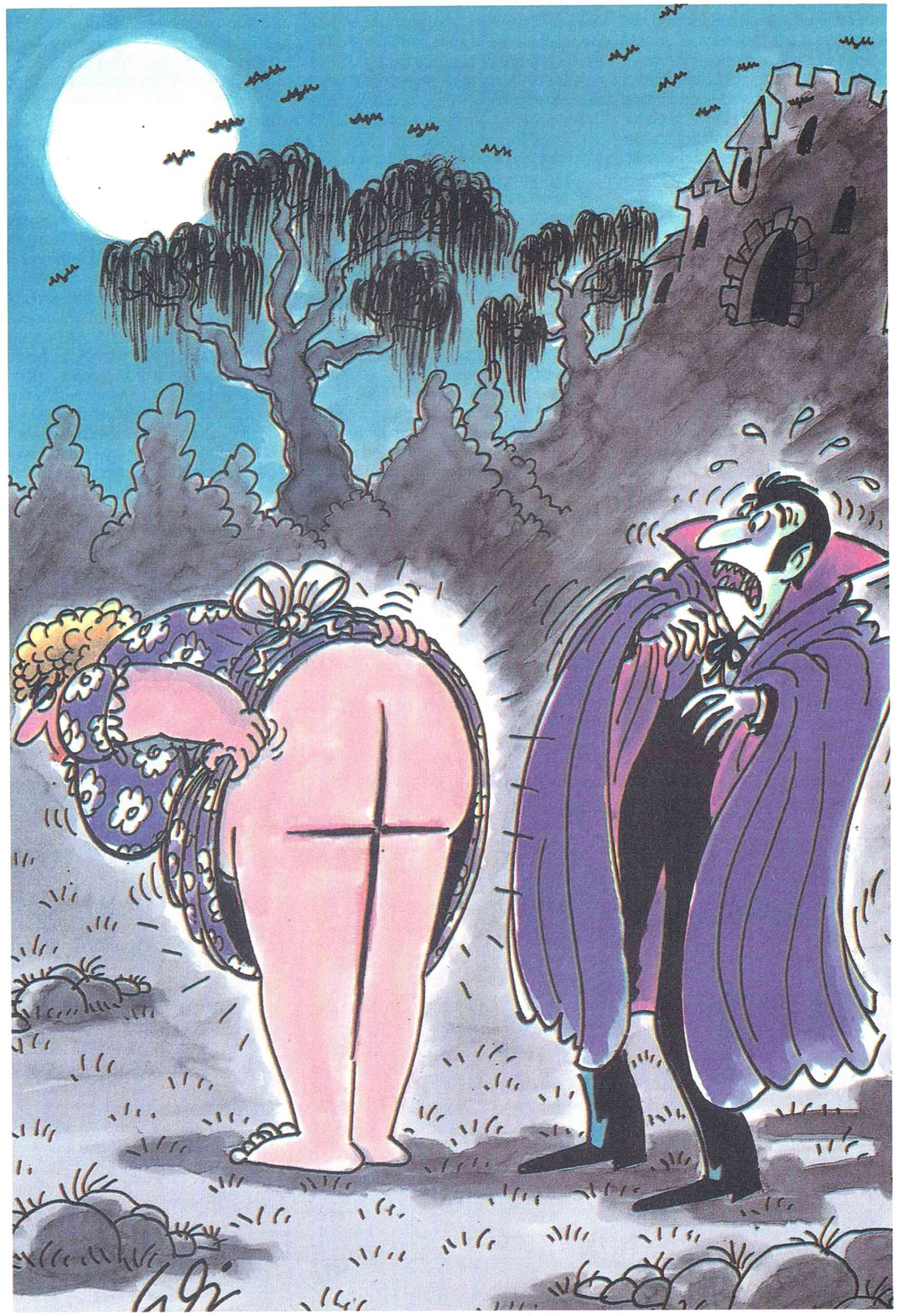
In truth, boxing is still a tough, grim business where only the most astute and strong-willed survive to become showmen and superstars. Boxing can help a street-hard businessman like Fenech but it can kill a naive man like Ron Richards. Boxing can seem senseless, corrupt and repugnant, yet the intensity of Fenech or the strength of Mike Tyson become noble characteristics in a violent vicious pantomime.

Boxers are braver, tougher and stronger than the rest of us. They stay and fight when common sense tells them to run away.

Sometimes boxing can be a magnificent, fascinating spectacle: "Even the spectator who dislikes violence in principle," wrote Joyce Carol Oates in *On Boxing*, "can come to admire highly skilled boxing — to admire it beyond all 'sane' proportions." And yet even its staunchest advocates must acknowledge its darker side.

Hang-gliding and motor racing kill more people than boxing every year. But hang-gliders do not deliberately try to render opponents unconscious. Racing drivers do not set upon a helpless, hurt rival and try to make him hurt more.

"And here, ladies, are some lovely period pieces."



down and out

When Ron Richards, disgraced and disillusioned, was sent packing off to the mission in Queensland, he became a model for other Aboriginal boxers of his time to follow. This is not to suggest that every Aborigine who has ever laced on a glove is doomed; Tony Mundine, still as lean and as wealthy as he was at his peak 15 years ago, disproved a growing theory that Aboriginal boxers were cursed. But the events surrounding the lives of three of Richards' successors — Elley Bennett, Dave Sands and Jack Hassen — illustrated that boxing in the Forties and Fifties was no place for a black kid with little education and too much trust.

Elley Bennett had idolised Ron Richards when he was growing up on an Aboriginal settlement in central Queensland. His life was to follow a similar course. Bennett might have won the world bantamweight title had it not been held by a South African, Vic Toweel, in the infant days of apartheid. Like Richards, Bennett was a huge drawcard. To repeat an old boxing joke, Bennett thought "defence" was something you put around the house; his trainers showed him little about slipping blows or weaving out of danger. They knew the biggest factor behind his appeal was that he carried a big punch and took tremendous punishment landing it. The result was always exciting.

The damage Bennett took in his fights forced him to retire in 1954 due to frequent headaches. Less than a year after quitting the sport Bennett had been convicted of drunken driving. The handwriting was on the wall of his prison cell. Bennett died broke in Bundaberg in 1981, aged 57. His last years were pitiful. His 17-year-old son, John Bennett, had already been jailed for life for the sexual assault and murder of a six-year-old girl cousin at a family party. The famous ivory smile that creased Elley Bennett's ebony face had long gone.

Trevor King, a prominent Sydney social worker and former boxing champion, remembers Elley Bennett's last days vividly. King had beaten Bennett in a fight once 30 years before, when they were both young.

King was one of the lucky ones in boxing. A polio victim as a child, he had used boxing to gain self-confidence. It turned him from a crippled kid into a man who could survive the rigors of the toughest of all sports. King won 60 out of 61 professional fights. He was knocked down once but never knocked out. He retired after two car accidents and a bout of hepatitis. But he could never forget the ones who weren't so lucky.

As a social worker he has dealt with many old and demented fighters who were his boyhood heroes, but not even the old men with broken teeth and vacant stares who coulda been contenders, who coulda been somebodies instead of bums, didn't harden him completely. After 20 years he was totally unprepared for a reunion with Elley Bennett.

The little Aborigine was in a Brisbane lockup in 1978 on his 60th charge of drunkenness and had given King's name as a reference.

"I'll never forget it," King told journalist Peter Muszkat. "There was this pathetic little man, his mind all jumbled and dribbling at the mouth. When they let me in to see him, he put his arms around me and cried like a baby.

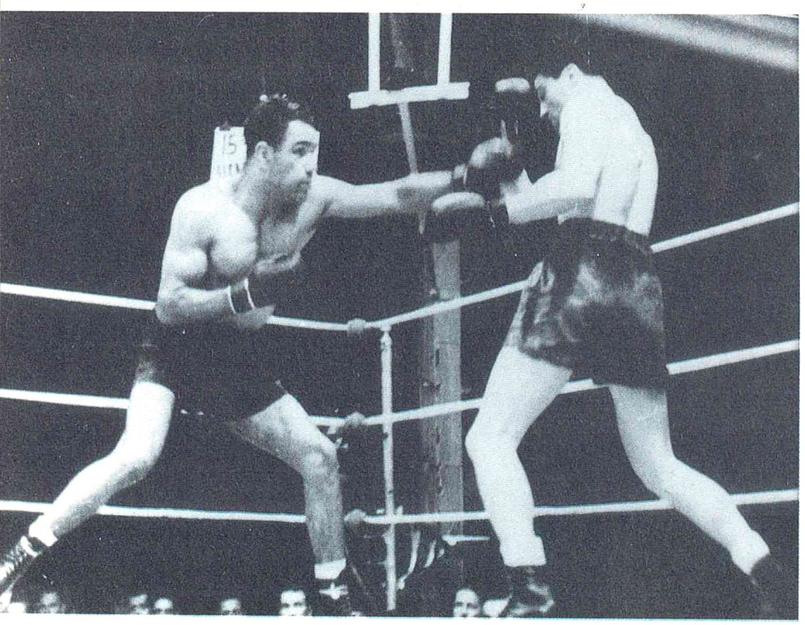
"It wasn't long afterwards that Elley died. He died a bum. Where's the fairness in that? A man who had given all that pleasure to so many people died a bum. And no-one seemed to care."

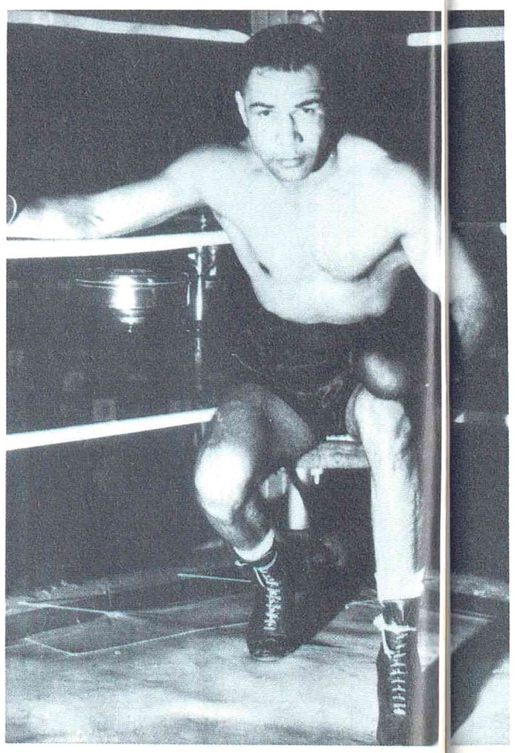
A great many people cared, though, on August 11, 1952 when another Aborigine, Dave Sands, died. The truck he was driving failed to take a bend and crashed on a back road near Dungog, north of Newcastle, NSW. Sands had taken the truck, laden with 13 relatives, on a timber cutting jaunt to relieve the monotony of training. At the time of his death Sands held the Australian and British Empire middleweight titles. He had twice beaten the bigamous and balding Bobo Olson, who in 1954 became the world middleweight champ.

Like the two great Australian middleweights who preceded him — Ron Richards and Les Darcy — Dave Sands died in tragic circumstances. The fact he was the only one of 14 people on the truck to be killed gave rise to speculation that he was part of some fateful hat-trick.

Like Darcy, Sands died at his peak and his legend, like the stories of his prowess, has been getting better with time. Sands

Left to right: Ron Richards on the offensive against Fred Henneberry, at his peak; Ron Richards — one of the great Australian boxing success stories, and one of the saddest victims; Elley Bennett (left) carried a big punch and took shocking punishment landing it, here with Ray Coleman.





died while negotiations were underway for a world title bout against either Sugar Ray Robinson or Britain's Randy Turpin. According to loyalist reports of the time both fighters were running scared from the big-hitting bush boy.

Ironically, a decade later Turpin, who once made $500,000 in a single fight with Robinson in 1951, was destitute. He shot himself in 1966. Robinson, once dazzling and dapper, lost his millions and was still fighting at the age of 44. He is now dying of Alzheimer's Disease.

Australian fight fans lapped up the story of Dave Sands, the most talented member of a big fighting family. The legend says Sands would surely have been world champ had it not been for a simple twist of fate.

Few realise that Dave Sands made 20,000 pounds from boxing in Australia, New Zealand, England and America, yet he was penniless when he died, crushed by a steering wheel.

"The hard facts are that the Sands were exploited from the start," wrote Peter Corris. "The older brothers lived in Newcastle dossing down among the equipment at the stadium, eating the 1940s version of junk food and fighting on demand."

The Newcastle trainer Tom Maguire, who managed all the Sands brothers, arranged an incredible and hazardous 22 fights for the teenage Dave in 1943. "Dave Sands was overmatched against men much heavier than himself when still a teenager," Corris wrote, "and though he invariably beat them, there is no knowing what toll this sort of youthful fighting could have taken on him if he had lived longer.

"Boxing historian Ray Mitchell has documented fully Tom Maguire's mishandling of Sands' affairs. Mitchell also tells the story of the exploitation of Alfie Sands who was permitted, even encouraged, to go on binges after fights, the sooner to work through his money and be ready to fight again."

Dave Sands passed into sporting folklore, as did Jack Hassen, a quiet little old guy who lives in La Perouse, Sydney and drinks non-alcoholic brew at the local club. Jack killed a man in a fight in 1949 and never got over it. He was an orphan who drove cattle and sheep in outback Queensland in the Thirties for a Hindu master he called the Galloping Ghan. At Sydney Stadium his slam-bang style made him rich and famous.

In 1949 Hassen fought Archie Kemp, the clever part-Chinese, at Sydney Stadium. In the first eight rounds Kemp, who held the Australian lighweight title, outboxed the crude Hassen but tasted enough hard punches to slow a little going into the ninth. By the 11th, Hassen had taken control. Kemp was helpless and stuck on the ropes. Hassen hit him with three lefts to the body and looked to referee Joe Wallis to stop the fight — but Wallis told him to keep going. Hassen hit Kemp again with two more rights and a left to the jaw. Kemp staggered and fell on to his back, out cold with blood oozing from his mouth. He died the next morning.

Hassen was the new Australian champion but he was finished as a fighter, haunted by the ghostly face bleached all the whiter by the glaring lights above the ring. It took Hassen eight months of soul searching before he could fight again but he was effectively finished. He was afraid to hit his opponents hard and lost six of his last seven fights. Hassen finished his boxing career as part of Jimmy Sharman's travelling boxing show, taking on all comers at country fairs. A round or two for a pound or two. Later he found a job on the Sydney wharves where he could take home a weekly pay cheque in anonymity.

Even now when he recalls the Kemp fight, Hassen's lips quiver a little and his eyes water. He cannot bring himself to say Kemp's name.

"Some blokes are strong, I'm not," he once told me. "What happened in that fight shook me to pieces. I've never been able to forget it. I had nothing against him. His wife sent me a telegram saying it wasn't my fault, but it's always been hard to get it out of my mind."

Joe Wallis, who hesitated in stopping the Hassen-Kemp fight, was also the third man in the ring when George Mendies, a superb flyweight, died in a fight with his friend, the bantamweight Harry Gordon, in Sydney in 1924. Gordon did not want to fight Mendies but Mendies had a family and a pregnant wife and he needed the money. So they went at it. In the 15th round, with Mendies ahead on points, Gordon landed a hard right and Mendies fell dead with a fractured skull.

There was a great outcry; there is nothing so stark and beastly as a boxing death. The intention of boxing, after all, is to render an opponent helpless or unconscious. To keep hitting him until he falls. Sometimes the wounded don't get up.

There have been more than 300 deaths worldwide in amateur and professional boxing since 1918, most of them occurring in the period between 1946 and 1964 when boxing had its greatest number of participants. More have died in sports like motor racing, but it's the method of death that makes a boxing fatality a cause for editorial writers to unite in their condemnation of the boxing business. Young men beaten to death; they died violently. Therein is the ready-made argument for boxing abolitionists. The very motives of

Continued on page 106

Perfect Catch

"I haven't been meeting the right kind of people," says the scintillating Rosie Reidman. "I was hoping that by breaking into modelling I might widen my social horizons." It's a story that at first seems tough to swallow — that a woman with her looks should have trouble filling her diary . . . "Not so," she protests.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND

"It seems strange to me that people don't seem to believe me — as if good looks mean that the world's an open ticket. Believe me, it doesn't work that way."

"I guess it's the same thing as people thinking photos like these magically appear," says Rosie "without realising that it's 90 percent perspiration and about 10 percent inspiration."

Rosie would like to meet as many different people as soon as she can. "A few things have happened to me lately that have made me realise that I've got a lot more living to do."

Does a potential mate figure in this expansion? "You can bet your bottom dollar," she smiles.

BY TONY MICHAEL

ALARMING BUSINESS

Car alarms can cost big bucks, but are they doing their job?

It's 6.00am on a Saturday morning in a quiet street in Sydney's inner west. Your correspondent and his wife are asleep in the upstairs bedroom of their humble abode, the cat's out of it in his favorite chair, the Commodore's parked out front and all's peaceful.

All of a sudden the wail of the Commodore's alarm drills into the subconscious of the sleeping scribe; then his eyes open and he realises it's not a dream.

"Shit," he mutters, as he jumps out of bed. "It's never gone off accidentally before."

Opening the curtains, he looks out and realises it's no accident. A thief, in a blind panic (having been surprised by the alarm as much as everyone else asleep in the neighborhood), is frantically collecting his hardware. His mate, parked beside the Commodore in a red Toyota Corolla Twin Cam, has freaked out. He flings open the front passenger door of the Toyota, the thief jumps in, and they take off, leaving their target screaming in the dawn and its owner rubbing his bleary eyes — wondering what the hell's happened.

Damage to the car was minimal. The thief had used a hammer and punch to belt the barrel lock into the driver's door, but he'd had trouble getting in because of the Commodore's central locking. As soon as he'd jumped in — before he got to the ignition — the ultrasonic detectors picked up his movement and the voltage drop sensor registered the activation of the interior light, so our man was out of business. Of course he probably could have got the car started and taken off if he'd been prepared to put up with racket for another ten seconds or so, but he decided not to stick around.

He may not have bothered to try flogging the car had the alarm's flashing console light been working, but it had always been temperamental and, on that Saturday morning, had decided to go out. It had been a cold night, and condensation clouded all the windows, so he couldn't see the ultrasonic detectors — and there was no sticker on the car warning thieves that an alarm was fitted.

This thief had no way of knowing that he was jumping into a trap. It was a very satisfying feeling to realise that he had, even though the lock cost $300 to refit. Tough luck, arsehole.

Car alarms are now big business, as more people take measures to avoid, among other things, rude awakenings on Saturday mornings in circumstances similar to the above.

It's not hard to see why: an estimated 135,000 motor vehicle thefts were reported across Australia in 1988. Of these, around 55,000 were in the Sydney metropolitan area.

Whereas the theft rate per thousand vehicles in 1975 was approximately 10.1, it has now more than doubled to 21.2 — and bear in mind that there are a lot more cars around today than there were then.

Of more concern is the clear-up rate for motor vehicle theft. In 1986-87 the NSW Police, for example,

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

ALARMING BUSINESS

"cleared up" (ie charged somebody or received information leading to a charge) only 1.74 percent of those reported cases in Sydney, although this figure is artificially low because "clear-ups" in the first seven months of the period were "unintentionally redirected" into the "Stealing/general crime" category. No explanation for this, or adjustment of the figures to give the true "clear-up" rate, is given in the official statistics.

The recovery rate was 86.7 percent, but a "recovered" vehicle means that they found it, or a couple of identifiable parts, or a burned out shell. If your car's pinched, its rarely found washed and polished with a full tank of juice and a thank you note.

So fitting a car alarm makes good sense. But, as car theft has increased rapidly, so has the alarm business. Alarms can be extremely basic, or very sophisticated, and getting the right one for your car — not to mention having it installed properly — is a matter of choosing from a multitude of options and suppliers.

The first thing to get straight is that no alarm will stop a determined thief from pinching your car if he wants it badly enough. Professional theft (for parts, stripping or resale) comprises about 25 percent of the total, and these blokes aren't necessarily deterred from their task by an alarm.

The smart ones know how to beat most alarms. And if the alarm can't be neutralised before it sounds, a quick five seconds will have the bonnet open and the battery leads off. And if the alarm's got a back-up battery in the siren, a couple of thumps with a nine-pound hammer will fix that too.

A bloke who has worked selling and installing alarms for ten years, and doesn't want to be named, recalled a case where one of his customers had her car broken into, along with four others, in a suburban Sydney railway station car park. All the cars had alarms, and they all went off. The culprits — a bunch of 15-year-olds — were collared by the stationmaster as they rampaged through the carpark, apparently keen to see how many alarms they could set off before deciding which vehicle to nick. Passers-by, as usual, weren't interested in interfering.

The same person has sold alarms to customers who have later been caught stealing cars — they obviously bought the alarm to learn how it works so they could disarm vehicles fitted with that model.

But fitting an alarm is a strong deterrent to most thieves. In NSW, the state government's insurance company, the GIO, has acknowledged this by offering policyholders who fit an alarm a discount off their premium and a subsidy on the cost of the alarm as well. In addition, policyholders without an alarm cop an extra excess if their car's stolen, so the benefits of alarms, when acknowledged by those who bear the cost of car theft, are certain.

The alarm salesman claims to have fitted them to all makes of car. Ford Lasers are the most popular — they're easy to steal — but if your car's worth more than the cost of the alarm it's probably worth protecting because someone, somewhere, will probably want it.

The cost of an alarm can range from less than $300 to well over $1500 for the most sophisticated, and the list of features and options is great.

All alarms incorporate a power source, a control module, a means of activation, a trigger, and a siren. The power sources can either be the car's battery and/or a back-up battery in the siren. When activated, the alarm, and especially the indicator light, draws a small amount of current from the car battery, but if the thief disconnects this, a back-up battery in the siren will ensure that he still gets the message.

Problems can occur for several reasons. If your car isn't driven often, or is left for, say, a couple of weeks, the alarm can flatten the battery. If it goes completely flat, or suffers a drop in voltage due to cold temperatures, and the alarm has a back-up battery in the siren, the control module can "think" that someone's trying to disconnect the car battery and trigger the alarm. It's very important that the battery leads and all electrical connections in your car are in good condition and properly insulated. If they're not, a short can trigger the alarm.

Activating the alarm can be done manually, by turning off the ignition or using a switch inside the car (or a combination of both) or by remote control. This is usually a battery-operated unit, small enough to go on your keyring, with a button which you push while pointing the unit at the car. It sends a signal which is picked up by the control module and activates the alarm.

A manually-activated alarm has a delay which allows you — and the thief — seven seconds or so to get in the car and turn it off, whereas a remotely-activated alarm sounds as soon as the car is interfered with or entered, depending upon the triggers.

The remote is generally the way to go; however it's not foolproof. The small sender unit can put out a pretty powerful signal to activate or deactivate the alarm, and although they're supposed to be individually coded, many sender units put out a signal of similar strength and frequency. A bloke with a remote alarm recently parked next to me, and when he turned his on mine was also activated. So it would be quite possible for him to deactivate it as well. The sender unit battery generally lasts for a few months, and the sender unit

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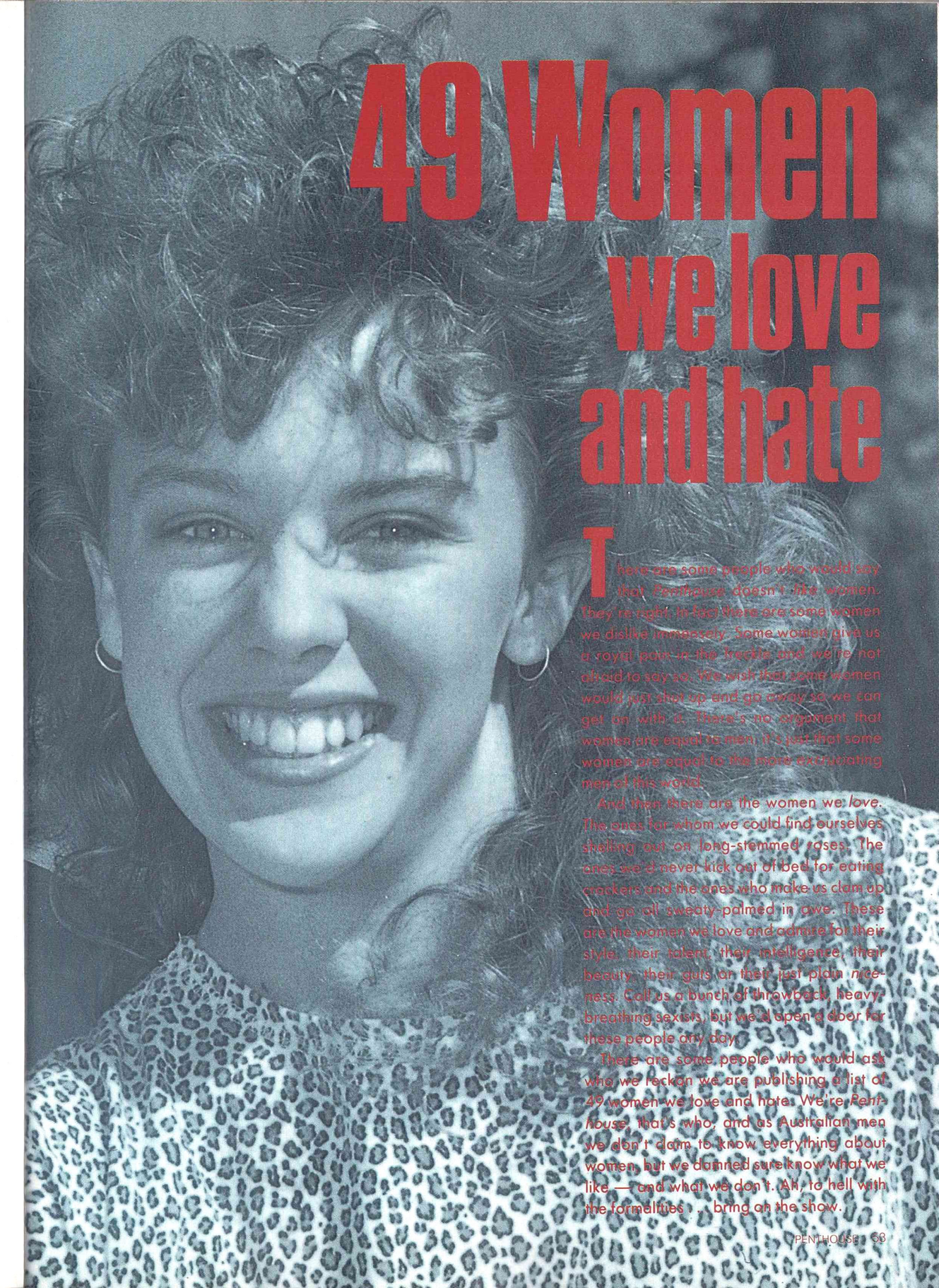
"I'm going to Xerox my dick at the office today— do you want a copy?"



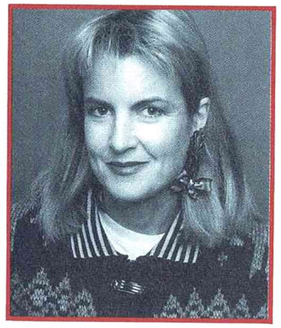
49 Women we love and hate

There are some people who would say that *Penthouse* doesn't like women. They're right. In fact there are some women we dislike immensely. Some women give us a royal pain in the freckle and we're not afraid to say so. We wish that some women would just shut up and go away so we can get on with it. There's no argument that women are equal to men, it's just that some women are equal to the more excruciating men of this world.

And then there are the women we *love*. The ones for whom we could find ourselves shelling out on long-stemmed roses. The ones we'd never kick out of bed for eating crackers and the ones who make us clam up and go all sweaty-palmed in awe. These are the women we love and admire for their style, their talent, their intelligence, their beauty, their guts or their just plain niceness. Call us a bunch of throwback, heavy, breathing sexists, but we'd open a door for these people any day.

There are some people who would ask who we reckon we are publishing a list of 49 women we love and hate. We're *Penthouse*, that's who, and as Australian men we don't claim to know everything about women, but we damned sure know what we like — and what we don't. Ah, to hell with the formalities . . . bring on the show.

Women we love



GILLIAN ARMSTRONG

Film Director

She puts stars in our eyes

KIRI TE KANAWA

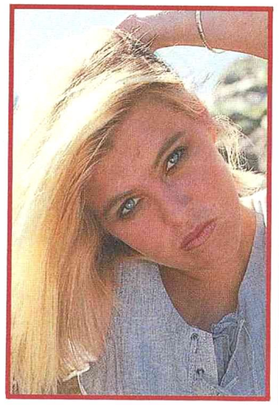
Diva

Every move you make, every breath you take

WENDY BACON

Journalist

We dig that you dig



PAM BURRIDGE

Professional Surfer

We're available to mind your' towel

WENDY HUGHES

Actress

You're too good to be true, can't take our eyes off of you

KYLIE MOLE

Spunkrat

She goes, she goes, she goes to our heads

HELEN WELLINGS

Someone To Watch Over Us

She can poke her nose in our business any time

DEBRA CONWAY

Lead Singer Do-Re-Mi

All together now . . . We want more! We want more!

PATRICE NEWELL

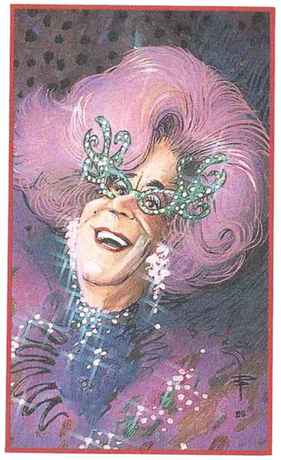
Former Tooth Model

Come on, show us your smile

HAZEL HAWKE

National Asset

You're too good for him, dear



DAME EDNA EVERAGE

Old Boiler

The dame's got balls

JACKIE WEAVER

Actress

Despite her taste in husbands

KYLIE MINOGUE

The Face That Launched A Thousand *TV Weeks*

Platonically, of course.

ELIZABETH HAYES

***Today* Show Host**

We respect her every morning

GERALDINE DOOGUE

Newsreader

She's always good news

ALYCE PLATT

Salesgirl

She puts the great temptation back into *Sale Of The Century*

JACKIE McDONALD

Queenslander

Beautiful one day, perfect the next

KATE CEBERANO

Songstress

No question, she's got the best lungs in the business

TRISH GODDARD

***7.30* Reporter**

Aunty, we love this one of your nieces to pieces

JENNY MORRIS

Singer/Songwriter

Okay, okay, so she's a Kiwi, but what's a little Tasman between friends?

DEBORAH HUTTON

Model

Cool beauty, hot property

KERRIE FRIEND

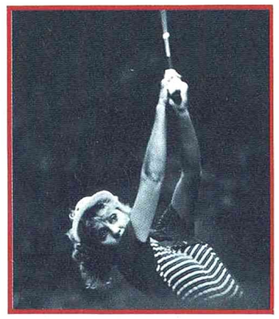
Perfect Matchmaker

How would you react to a blatant proposition?

LISA FORREST

Swim Champ Turned TV Personality

We've gone off the deep end over you



JAN STEPHENSON

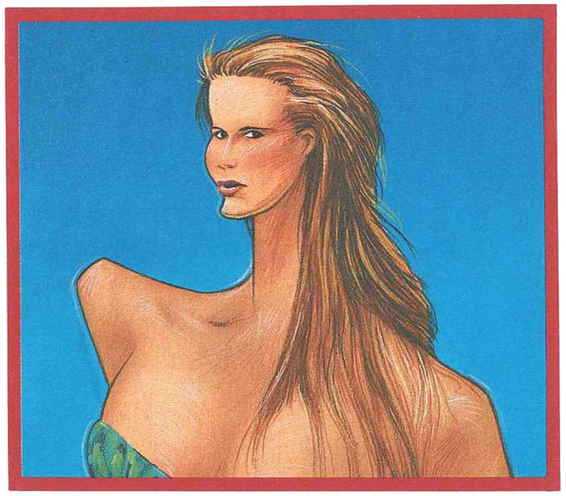
Golfer

She's got legs, knows how to use them

DAWN FRASER

A True Independent

We've been loving you too long, it's too late to stop now



ELLE McPHERSON

Goddess

If we said you had a beautiful body would you hold it against us? Aw, go on, please.

Women we hate

PAMELA STEPHENSON

Comedienne

A pain in the farce

FIONA McDONALD

Dumb Brunette

The vacant lot in *Burke's Backyard*

KATHY LETTE

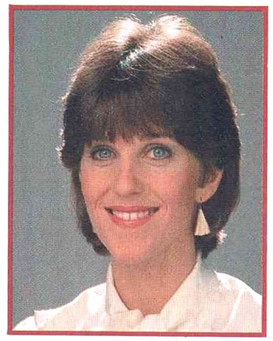
Professional Pun In The Arts

Surfie chick locked in panel van since 1975!

KERRY ANN KENNERLEY

Cue Card Reader

A good reason to sleep in



VICTORIA NICHOLLS

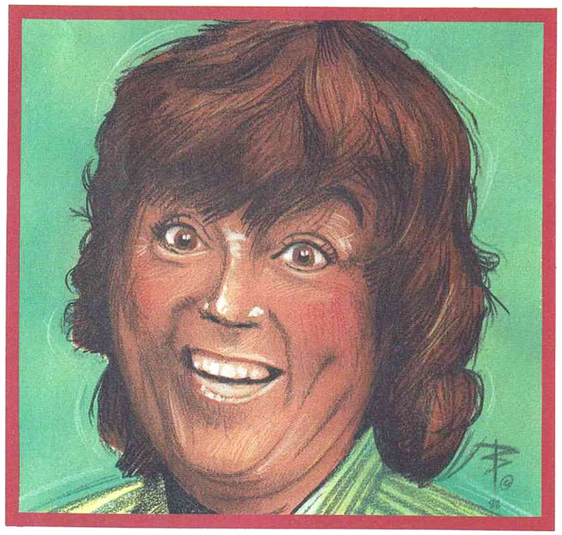
Electrical Goods Salesperson

Prickly pear had nothing on the National pest

JUDY DAVIS

Thespian

Must we suffer for her art?



RITA THE ETA EATER

Margarine Pedlar

As Marlon Brando once said, "Pass the butter."

THE RANCAN SISTERS

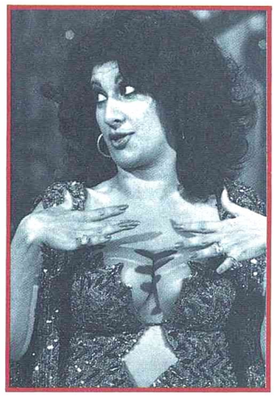
Gym Mistresses

All pain, no gain

ROSE HANCOCK

Millionaire's Wife

By any other name, the same . . .



MARIA VENUTI

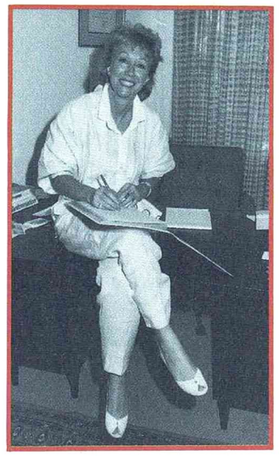
Club Singer

A living example of boob as double entendre

EILEEN BOND

Millionaire's Wife

Shame about the boat race



JAN MURRAY

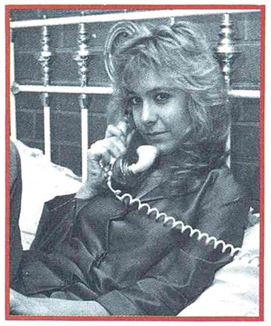
Exponent Of Public Relations

An attachment you screw on the desk to maximise publicity

SUSAN RENOUF

Husband Collector

Love is a many-tended thing



LEANNE EDELSTEN

Former *Rugby League Week* Pin-Up

Watch this space

DEBBIE NEWSOME

Bimbo In Limbo

Where did you go, Debbie? And how much do we have to pay you to stay there?

LINDA KOZLOWSKI

Crocodile Fancier

Celluliter Alligator

ANDIEE PAVOIUR

Wild And Crazy Chick

Live At Five's social commentator puts the idiot into idiot box

LILLIAN FRANK

Society Hairdresser

An ill wind that blowdries nobody any good

DI FISHER

Socialite

Bubbles gets up our noses

KAREN MOREGOLD

TV Astrologist

Don't tell us . . . you're an air sign

SONIA HUMPHREY

Probing Personality

Okay, so Big Sister is watching us but do we really have to watch Big Sister?

COLLEEN McCULLOUGH

Famous Norfolk Island Landmark

We can't fight this feeling, it's bigger than both of us

JEANNIE LITTLE

Unclassifiable

Mike Walsh has a lot to answer for

BY GLENN A. BAKER

Those good old country and western sounds aren't all saccharine and sentiment

COUNTRY DEMENTIA

Country music, its purveyors and protectors would have us believe, is the last bastion of decency in a decadent world. Peel away the twanging steel guitars, fiddles and banjos and the moral message is as plain as a Sunday School lesson — mother, country, sweaty brows, respect for elders, church-going and apple pie.

Keep peeling away the layers and the morality becomes a little muddy. Scratch the gleaming surface and there emerges, from behind an artfully maintained facade of wholesomeness, a perverse panorama of infidelity, insanity, incest and insobriety that leaves rock'n'rollers looking remarkably tame.

As it cuts to the bone, country music adopts the same lame justification as the tabloid press. Nashville sets great store by its affinity with the "common man" and his daily trials, be they divorce, drunkenness or debauchery. Country songs, we are assured, are earthy and real: picture postcards from life's scrapbook.

Nobody subscribes to this spurious theory more passionately than the millions who quite literally worship the founding fathers, enduring legends and new sensations of country music with a single-minded devotion which tolerates no other form of creative expression. Rock performers are dismissed and despised by this singular breed as

ILLUSTRATION BY JON BERKELEY

seditious satanists leading the young astray.

The truth of the matter is that the loudest, rudest and most menacing rock ensembles could learn a trick or two by studying the lyrics to a song like Fiddlin' Frenchie Burke's "Mama's Picture." As this woeful whiner opens, a man well past his prime, whose pregnant wife left him years before, is checking out the action in a singles bar. After a few smooth words he latches on to a sweet young thing who "wants to become a woman of the world." Although he is bothered by the fact that ". . . of a woman I once knew she brought back memories", he carts his piece of fluff off home and has his evil way with her.

The following morning, finding her side of the bed empty, our protagonist makes his way to the hall and stumbles over her corpse, under which is a note bearing the words: "My God forgive what we have done, that's my mama's picture hanging on the wall. Looks like I met dear old daddy after all." It is then revealed that this tale is being related under trying circumstances. "I'm growing weaker and you ask why," moans Burke. "I shot myself and want so much to die. If time allows I'll try to explain." The final tally of this potboiler is one count each of fornication and incest and two of suicide. Not a bad innings, even for a country song.

It needs to be said, before we go any further, that country music, like blues (and unlike, say, detached modern jazz), is a warm, passionate and extremely human form of expression which tends to demand a strong emotional commitment on the part of the listener. At its best and most pure, it is true folk art. At its worst and most calculated, it is offensive dross. But what makes it particularly irritating, for those who don't live below the Mason-Dixon line, is its pompous projection of unimpeachable morality.

In 1977, controversial American writer Nick Tosches turned out a lusty, gutsy book about the saints and sinners, murderers and messiahs of country music which was described by *Rolling Stone* as "a superbly detailed assault on everything country music honors as most holy" and by *High Fidelity* as "tales of drug abuse, murder, racism and brawling . . . with the numbing fumes of alcohol rising from every page."

Within the 258 scathing pages of *Country — The Biggest Music In America*, Tosches demolished the myth that country music stars spend most of their free time saluting flags and endowing orphanages. Although his rural version of *Hollywood Babylon* was not short on juicy fan-numbing scandal, from song-stealing to wife torture and murder, the real meat was the peccadillos he only hinted at.

"Gee, I don't know, Binky—there's still lots of shit left out there from yesterday's walk."

He told how Nashville's Country Music Foundation taped two interviews with legendary country music promoter Oscar Davis (the man who introduced Colonel Tom Parker to Elvis Presley) shortly before his death. "He had nothing to lose so he told it all: a great, glorious, scandalous *who fucked who* of country music, full of homosexuality, pedophilia and motel drunks. The CMF allows absolutely no access to those tapes." Not that one needs secret tapes; commercially released records are sufficient to tarnish the pious.

The great Jimmie Rodgers, the first man elected to the Country Music Hall of Fame, was acknowledged as the master of the wet metaphor, as exemplified by his late-Twenties recording "Pistol Packin' Papa," in which he sang, "And if you don't wanna smell my smoke, don't monkey with my gun." Gene Autry, America's beloved singing cowboy who made the world weep in 1931 with "Silver Haired Daddy Of Mine," had only just stopped recording smut when he enjoyed that hit. His early Thirties recordings include "She's A Hum-Dum-Dinger," in which his sweet one's pelvic prowess is likened to "a mowin' machine," and "Do Right Daddy Blues" which offers the lines, "Now you can feel my legs and you can feel my thighs. But if you feel my legs you gotta ride me high." Autry's own label, Republic, also carried such gems as Ted West's "She Bent My Pole."

In 1948, the failed Republican candidate for Governor of Tennessee was Roy Acuff, "The King Of Country Music", the man who, in the words of famed banjo picker Earl Scruggs, "thinks he invented country music." Acuff began recording for Vocalion in 1936 under the pseudonym of The Bang Boys. The first song he cut was "When Lulu's Gone", which featured the refrain:

"Oh Lordy, bang away my Lulu,
Bang away good and strong;
What're I gonna done for bangin'
When Lulu's gone?"

Another deified pioneer, Cliff Carlisle, a yodelling peer of Gene Autry who has collected more than 60 prestigious country awards, had a nice line in songs about defloration in the early Thirties, a fine example being "Mouse's Ear Blues" ("Gonna use my old straight eight cuz it's long and wide"). In 1934 he cut "That Nasty Swing" for RCA's Bluebird label:

"Wind my motor honey, I've got a double spring;
Place the needle in that hole and do that nasty swing;
Yodelayeeyodelayeeyodelayee."

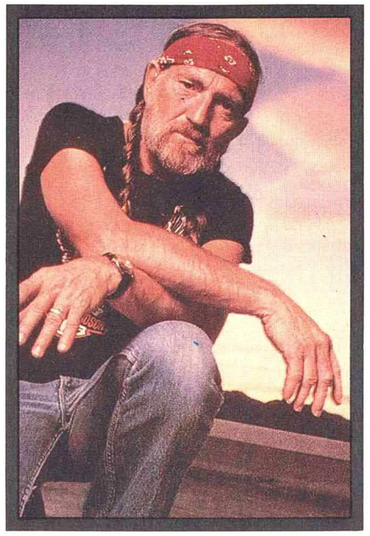
All these icons managed to effectively bury their salty pasts and go on to cloak themselves in irreproachable respectability. However, one of their number found himself oft reminded of his salacious origins. Jimmie Davis served two terms as Governor of Tennessee (winning on a segregationist platform), starred in a number of B-grade Hollywood movies (such as *Strictly In The Groove, Frontier Fury* and *Louisiana*), and wrote the most valuable copyright in country music — "You Are My Sunshine." In 1976, when asked during a magazine interview about his tastes in music, he nominated country and gospel, with the stern qualification: "But I don't like country music if it's vulgar." It's a wonder the current gospel music star could keep a straight face when he said it.

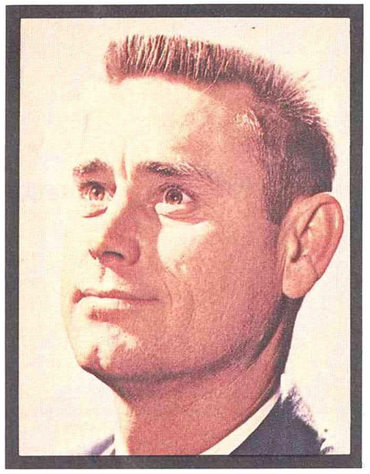
Davis, a university graduate who came to music via stints as a college lecturer and court clerk, was the unchallenged king of dirty country music, with a rich and wide catalogue of recordings dealing with such delicate subject areas as nymphomania, lust and inter-racial ravishings. In 1932 he recorded "Tom Cat And Pussy Blues" and "Organ Grinder Blues", in which his sexual metaphors were so blatantly applied that he might as well have not bothered employing them. Then he discovered "dark meat" and lasciviously crooned:

"When I get to Mexico, gonna get me a big, big brown;
No matter how big she is, I'm the man can hold her down;
Gonna telephone to heaven to send me an angel down;
If you haven't got an angel St Peter,
Send me a high steppin' brown.
. . . It ain't your fancy walk gal, it ain't your vampin' ways;
It's just the way you do, just before the break of day."

During the Cold War Fifties and early Sixties, country music cleaned up its act considerably and went off hunting commies. Overtly sexual songs were boarded up in a communal closet and replaced by heart-rending tales of alcohol abuse, broken families and endemic infidelity. From out of that same closet soon came tumbling the likes of George Jones' painfully personal laments "(A Man Can Be A Drunk But) A Drunk Can't Be A Man" and "Stand On My Own Two Knees." Country music had become a purgative, for performer and consumer alike.

As Martha Hume, author of *You're So Cold I'm Turning Blue*, sees it: "While Northern men are not supposed to show emotion, Southern men are allowed to express their feelings in public in two places — in church and in a country song. Having a long drunken cry is as refreshing to [country music] fans as a good long session with a psychotherapist." Yep, corn shuckin', straw suckin' farm boys can weep and wail with the best of them. And to trigger their cathartic cascades are literally hundreds of maudlin, sentimental, self-pitying songs which will willingly invoke any human tragedy, from child death to amputation, insanity to blindness, so as to blatantly tweak unsophisticated emotions. Sometimes the titles say it all: "If I Lay Down The Bottle Would You Lay Back Down With Me?"; "You're The One That Taught Me How To Swing"; "Pregnant Again"; "Misery And Gin"; "Born To Lose" and "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry." Others require a cursory examination of the lyrics.





Top to bottom: Willie Nelson, who addressed country music casualties in "Committed To Parkview"; George Jones — out of the Cold War closet with painfully personal laments; Gene Autry stopped recording smut long enough to post his first hit.

In "Golden Guitar", "Whispering" Bill Anderson wanders into a New Orleans honky tonk and admires a guitar on the wall inlaid with jewels and festooned with gold tuning pegs. For the price of a drink a barfly gives forth with a tale about a talented young man who returns from WWII and is soon invited to play his ornate instrument on the Grand Ol' Opry stage. The tale teller relates how he drove the budding star to Nashville in the rain:

"The signal flashed and the whistle screamed,
But I swear mister, I never saw that train;
I heard the doctor tell him, just after he'd used his knife,
'You're lucky son, it's just your arm,
It could have been your life'."

During the night, the pared-down picker lost his will to live. But, as the barfly insisted:

"This world's loss is heaven's gain,
And tonight he's still a star;
He's playing with a band of angels,
That's my son's golden guitar."

Now that, like "Old Shep", is pretty straightforward slop. But turn over the genre and poke around the underbelly a bit and you find some sublimely strange pieces. For instance, there's the "Corpses As Fertiliser" sub-group, led by George Jones' "Where Grass Won't Grow." In this weird weeple, George lives on a 12-acre farm on a ridge in South Tennessee where the "dirt is clay the color of blood in the vein." He and his hard working wife Jane sweat and toil, "trying to grow corn and cotton on ground so poor that grass won't grow." To cut a short story even shorter, Jane is despatched "the year death was going round" and buried on the farm. And yep, you've guessed it:

"Over the grave where Janie lies,
There's a beautiful sight to behold;
Why there's flowers growing on ground
So poor that grass won't grow."

Internment also features in the traditional mountain song "Pretty Polly", which concerns Willie taking Polly riding in the mountains, where she spies a freshly dug grave with a spade by the side. In what is generally believed to be a particularly severe form of frontier abortion, Willie "stabbed her to her heart and her heart's blood did flow, and into the grave Pretty Polly did go." A similar scenario unfolds in "Knoxville Girl" by the Wilburn Brothers. This villain of the piece is again a psychopath called Willie, though he has swapped his knife for a blunt stick. The Knoxville Girl puts up a little more resistance than Polly and pleads for her life between blows. But Willie is unmoved:

DEMENTIA

"Little attention did I pay, I beat her more and more;
I beat her till the blood run down,
Her hair was yellow as gold."

These vintage pieces undoubtedly provided the inspiration for Jack Clement's "Miller's Caves", a 1964 hit for Bobby Bare (who once uttered the transparent absurdity: "In country music we want wet eyes, not wet crotches"). Here we have a cheatin' girl in Waycross, Georgia whose carry-on with Big Dave is more than her boyfriend can bear:

"They laughed at me and then I shot 'em,
And took their cheatin', schemin' bones to Miller's Cave."

In the Dickey Lee version, a jubilant choral group embellishes this joyous ditty with a lilting background chant of "dark old cave," so that it sounds like a Perry Como hit.

Of course the short-lived "Teenage Death" pop genre stole all its best lines from country songs such as Conway Twitty's "The Sound Of An Angel's Wings", which charts the demise of a clumsy broad called Jenny and the subsequent suicide of the singer:

"She died beneath the wheels of a midnight train,
Trying to find her high school ring.
I ran down to the sea so deep and wide,
I just had to be by my darlin' Jenny's side;
I cried, 'Oh Jenny please wait for me!'
Then jumped in to the angry sea;
And the last thing I heard was the sound of my angel's wings."

Suicide also figures strongly in a song rendered by the absolute queen of country dementia. Buxom Dolly Parton has deftly propelled herself from a Tennessee mountain urchin to global country superstar. Along the way she wrote some superb country songs, including "Coat Of Many Colors" and "Jolene." Yet few of her current admirers have any idea of the revolting *yeecht* on which she built her early fame, much of it recorded with stony faced, mournful-voiced Porter Wagoner.

In "Gypsy Joe & Me", Dolly is drifting the highways and byways with her dog (Gypsy) and her man (Joe). The former gets taken by the back wheels of a speeding car, the latter by a winter chill. Inevitably, the loneliness proves too much to handle: "Somewhere in the distance I can hear them calling me," she sings. "Tonight we'll be together again — Gypsy, Joe and me."

That is actually fairly tame early Dolly. Her real forte is the particularly unpalatable area of child death, a time-honored country subject ("Don't Make Me Go To Bed And I'll Be Good", "Our Baby's Book", "The Drunken Driver", "Put My Little Shoes Away", "Teddy Bear", "The Funeral"). She has two dubious classics in this vein, both unsettling and downright spooky. In "Me And Little Andy", which she sings in both an adult and child's voice, a stormy night brings ragged Sandy and her puppy Andy to Dolly's door. "My mommy's run away again, I wonder if you'd let us stay with you," Sandy pleads, before launching into the truly chilling couplet: "London Bridge is falling down, My daddy's drunk again in town."

During the dark and blustery night, "The angels took them both to heaven. Now Sandy and her puppy dog won't ever be alone."

In "Jeannie's Afraid Of The Dark", death also takes a little girl, one who is terrified of gloom and freaks out at graveyards. This little poppet tells her parents: "When I die please don't bury me, 'cause Jeannie's afraid of the dark." Unfortunately, she doesn't get her wish, although Porter Wagoner soothingly assures us that "on Jeannie's grave we placed an eternal flame and on the darkest night there's always a light because [all together now] Jeannie's afraid of the dark." Frankly, I'm afraid of the song.

> Only the damn fools touch on: art, politics, gourmet food, high fashion, books, Women's Lib, abortion, taxes, Communists . . .

Just about anyone is fair game in country songs . . . except for mamas. Although one dies in the Everly Brothers' "Lightning Express" and there's a deaf one (with a blind, guitar-picking husband) in Merle Haggard's "Daddy Frank", they are mostly too sacred to touch. As Martha Hume puts it: "It's possible to have a ne'er do well for a daddy, but never for mama. Mama's are all perfect." Hume also believes that country fans are "made uneasy by the foreign or unknown" and that there is an unwritten set of rules which all smart stars abide by. For instance, during interviews they will freely talk about: illness, Mama, Hank, ESP, diets, gardening, fishing, poverty, their fans (favorable comments only), divorce, their kids, ghosts, any dead country singer, mama, mama and mama.

Only the damn fools touch on: art, politics, gourmet food, college, maths, science, world history, economics, high fashion, books, the Equal Rights Amendment, Women's Lib, abortion, taxes, Communists, socialists, ethnic groups, welfare, foreign policy, Israel, the Third World, the United Nations or any suspicious color like puce (blue is safest).

Her words couldn't be truer in 1988. I recently received in the mail, from Music City USA, a cassette and biography which proves that the ruse lives on. The pitch was for an extremely ordinary new country performer called Dow Jones (& The Nashville Stock Exchange) and the dreary tape was full of the likes of "Tears On The Jukebox." But the biog was a perfect piece of contemporary country kitch. I was particularly taken by its early assertion that young Dow was "raised on a farm and learned early in life what it means to be 'country.' You earned your living from the land, Hank & Lefty meant radio, Dad drove a Ford, Mom made sure the family went to church every Sunday, and 'Yes Sir' and 'No Sir' indicated the respect you had for your fellow man."

In the wake of Johnny Cash's endless monomaniacal rantings about his "time in jail" (48 hours to be precise), it is now acceptable for country stars to speak openly about cracking up, drying out and serving time. "Outlaw" country performer David Allen Coe went so far as to fabricate a background which had him consigned to death row for taking the life of another convict by battering him with the wringer of a mop bucket (he was actually locked up for possession of burglary tools).

Jail songs are so common as to be uneventful but there is a rather interesting cluster of lunatic asylum sagas, led by Porter Wagoner's "Rubber Room." My favorite nutter number is "Committed To Parkview" by Johnny Cash & Willie Nelson, which deals with country music casualities and could well be an alternative anthem for an industry as rich in deceit as it is in bared emotions:

"There's a man across the hall who sits staring at the floor,
He thinks he's Hank Williams, hear him singing through the door;
There's a girl in 203 who used to visit me,
And she talks about her songs and the star that she should be;
There's a girl in 307 coming down on Thorazine,
And a superstar's ex-drummer trying to kick Benzadrine;
There's a writer and a singer who has tried and tried,
They just brought him in this morning — an attempted suicide;
There are those who never made it,
Those who did and now are through,
Some came of their own good choosing, some committed to Parkview."

kathy

NO limits

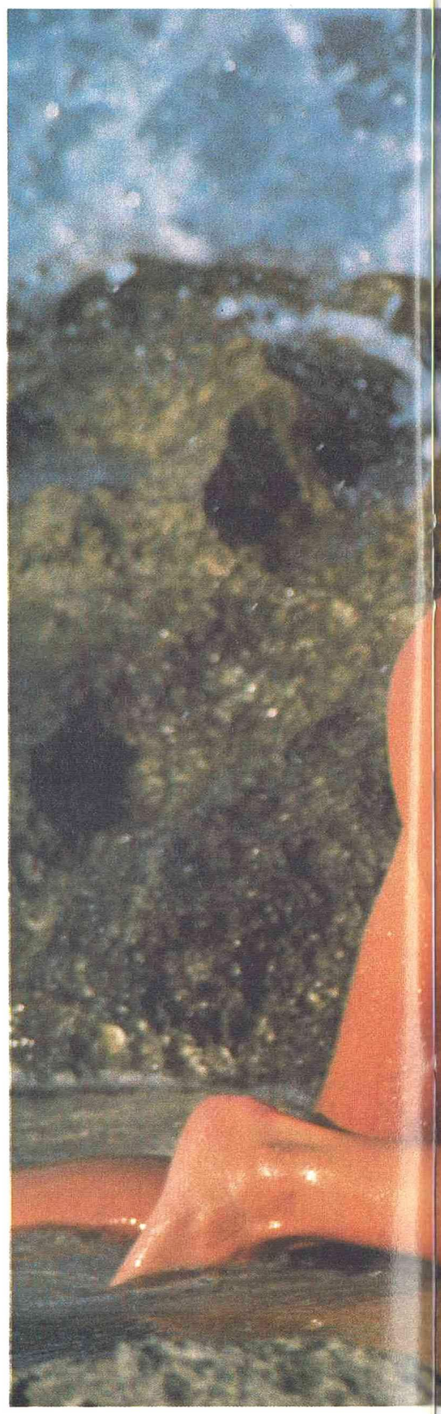
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND

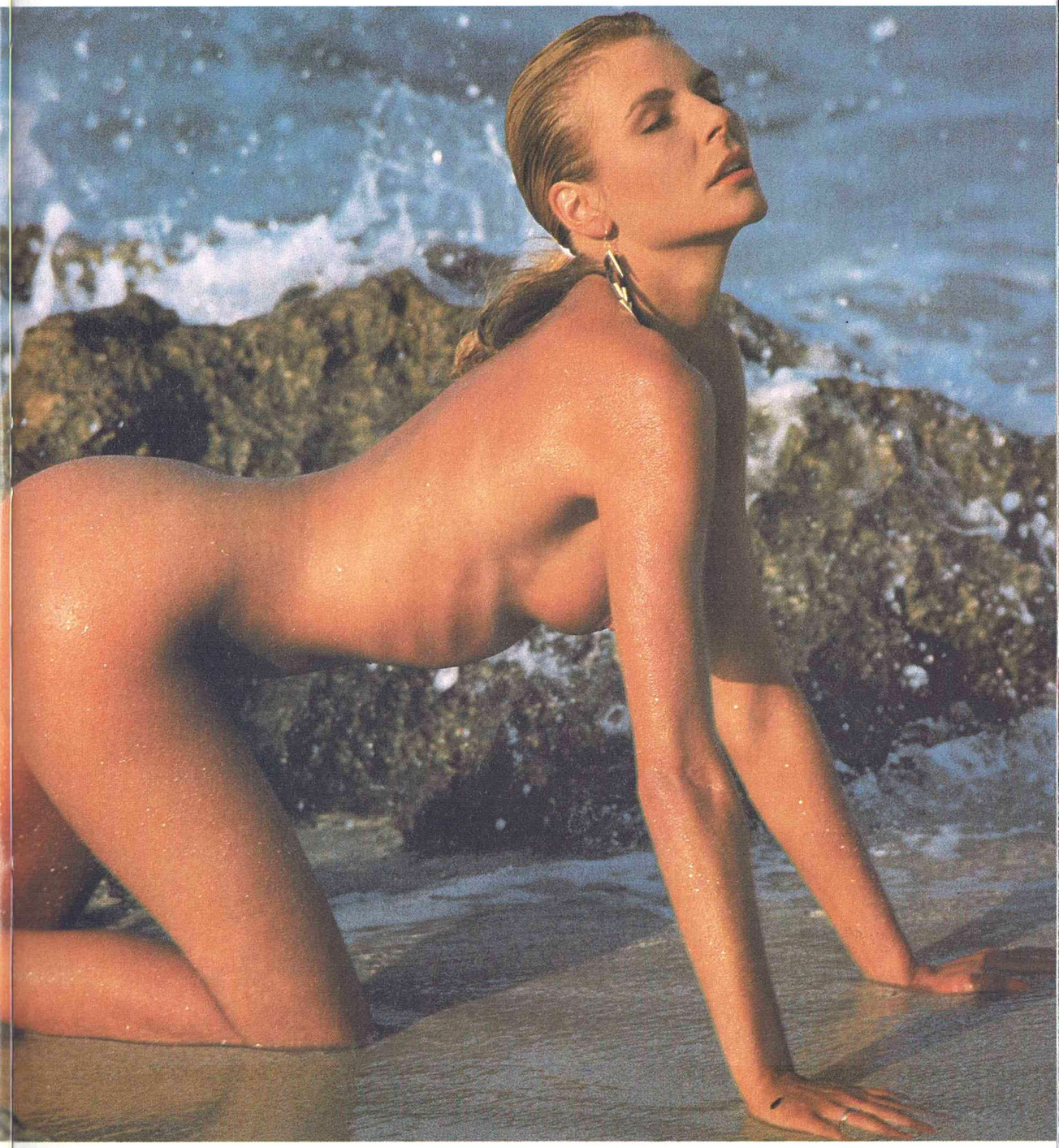
Constraints have rarely held down the sizzling energy level of Kathy Quinn. "Even in school I was always the really naughty one — the leader of the pack. I could never stand being dominated by people — teachers — who I couldn't respect. I'm still the same. I love to shake people up."

Kathy believes this appearance in *Penthouse* will shake up a few — but ultimately she says her reasons are far more personal. "I like to admire and be admired."

"I'm not out on some crusade, though it might have seemed that way when I was younger. I was always pushing as far as I could go."

"I've always been especially aware of men — I've always been an incredible tease, I know it. I don't mean any harm. It just fascinates me. There seems to be this message around now that if you use sex appeal to get ahead in life that somehow you're cheating. That sounds like sour grapes to me."





BY GREG HUNTER

Will that array of sex shop lotions and potions turn ordinary intercourse into supersex?

sex aids SURVEY

If you've ever walked into a sex shop, peeled your eyeballs off the wall-to-wall smut and addressed your attention to the shelves and cabinets presided over by the fat man with the shades, you'll have noticed an assortment of tablets, creams, gels, sprays and fluids sitting there next to the double-headed donger of death, the electro-squirmy rooter, the vibrators and rubber dolls and other paraphernalia of passion. If you've looked closely at the labels on these items you'll have realised that in this mini-pharmacy of potions and lotions there seems to be a panacea for every kind of sexual ailment — premature ejaculation, lack of libido, impotence, and so on — and a variety of goodies designed to turn ordinary intercourse into supersex. And it may have occurred to you that if all these things actually worked, you'd know a lot more about them by now. You might even surmise that they'd render superfluous the whole business of sex therapy. Who needs all those expensive touchy-feely psychotherapeutic programs when the answer can be found in a bottle?

The same thing occurred to us here at *Penthouse*. So we subjected as many potions and lotions as we could

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN MITCHELL

sex aids SURVEY

find to chemical analysis by the Australian Government Analytical Laboratories (AGAL). We wanted to find out precisely what these products contained and precisely what effect those contents would have on the business of human sexuality.

The results were not too encouraging. In fact, it would be fair to say that we're looking at a generally unscrupulous industry in which a wide range of chemically innocuous products are sold at exorbitant prices to naive, desperate or just plain stupid customers. There oughta be a law against it. In some cases there is — but nobody is bothering to enforce it. Seems the authorities are happy to regard these products as "novelties" which don't do any harm and might have a placebo effect — in other words, if you *think* that chugging a glass spiked with so-called "Spanish Fly" will make you hornier than a rhino in heat, or squirting a bit of "Maximus" spray on your tool will result in a frighteningly large erection, then maybe it will. So it's all a bit of a joke. When you check out the price tags on this largely phony pharmacopoeia, it's not hard to see who's getting the biggest laugh out of it.

THE POTIONS

The fact is that men in all cultures have always been obsessed with the search for substances that would enhance virility, improve sexual prowess and make seduction of women a foregone conclusion. Folk medicine around the world has come up with numerous "aphrodisiacs" which, according to Western science, have no effect at all on libido. They include potatoes, onions, oysters, asparagus, mint, garlic, radishes, pepper, fish, caviar, chocolate, eggs, powdered Rhino horns and the furry covering on reindeer or stag antlers.

Then there are the folk aphrodisiacs that are chemically active and do have some sort of effect on human sexuality. The best-known of these is Spanish Fly or cantharides. It's a urethral irritant which causes priapism in men — "licentiousness; persistent erection of the penis" — and apparently transforms all women into raving nymphomaniacs. The trouble with Spanish Fly is that it's extremely toxic; the difference between an effective dose and a lethal one is very slim, and any man stupid or desperate enough to try and tread that fine line is likely to end up permanently stiff from head to toe. Any product which actually contains the active ingredient, cantharadin, is a prohibited import under the Customs (Prohibited Imports) Regulations.

Another of these is yohimbine, an extract from a West African tree, which apparently enhances erections by causing the blood vessels to dilate and may also stimulate sexual desire. It's not as toxic as cantharides but it has nasty side-effects. According to leading sex therapist Dr Derek Richardson, yohimbine is widely available in the US and Asia as a virility stimulant, and was available in Australia until a few years ago. The Commonwealth Government decided not to allow clinical trials and yohimbine is now on the Poisons list. So is belladonna ("deadly nightshade"), which is moderately toxic and is used in some ointments. It causes dilation of the pupils — enhancing the attractiveness of men and women — and stimulates the parasympathetic nervous system, which is where erections spring from. Another on the Poisons list is strychnine, a general stimulant used in various tonics.

In Asian countries, where control over pharmaceuticals is pretty slack, you'd probably be able to get your hands on any of these exotic substances. If they're available in Australia it's in prescription-only preparations, and anyone flogging a product over the counter as a sexual aid which claimed to or actually did contain any of those substances would be liable to prosecution. There's a certain irony here: that is, if there *was* anything you could swallow to improve your sexual desire or performance, you wouldn't be allowed to anyway.

How do the sleazy purveyors of potency potions get around that? Generally they don't. **Inverma Spanish Fly**, a clear yellow liquid in a glass bottle, is a German import "for increasing the desire and readiness to make love." It has no list of ingredients but the label advises users to take "no more than 15 drops daily." According to the laboratory analysis, "The product consists of a water solution containing sorbitol (a sugar used in confectionery) and minor proportions of other components including sugar derivatives. Cantharadin (Spanish Fly) was not detected in this product." The price? A neat $20.

Then there's **Spanish Liquid**, a pink fluid in a plastic bottle with a large drawing of a fly on the label — a fairly unsubtle hint at the supposed contents. The product is labelled as containing "glycerphosphates and feriphosphates — 20ml." Pathetically, there aren't even any instructions on how much to take. Can you imagine what would happen if you guzzled a whole bottle of this stuff and it really was Spanish Fly? The lab result: "The product consists of a water solution containing phosphoric acid derivative compounds. This is consistent with the labelled composition. Cantharadin was not detected in this product." Phosphoric acid is the stuff they put in coca-cola to make it fizz. It won't make your dick do the same, but at least it won't kill you either. Spanish Liquid costs $12.50 a bottle.

Now, both these products are being illegally marketed, according to the Chief Food Inspector for the NSW Department of Health, Des Sibraa. If they did contain Spanish Fly they'd be prohibited, and you can't go calling something "Spanish Fly" if

"They got me for making obscene prophecies."

NAME OF PRODUCT	CLAIMED EFFECT	ACTIVE INGREDIENT	ACTUAL EFFECT
Inverma Spanish Fly	"For increasing the desire and readiness to make love."	None	None
Spanish Liquid	None	None	None
Hornmin Tablets	Increased virility (traditionally)	Reindeer horn (possible)	Possible increased virility in some men
Instant Korean Ginseng	Increased virility (traditionally)	Ginseng (possibly)	Possible increased virility in some men
Hot Love Erection Cream	"Assists men to achieve and maintain an erection."	None	None
Long Lasting Love	"For men to delay ejaculation."	None	None
Sta-hard	"Helps prevent premature ejaculation."	None	None
Maximus	"Helps promote a large, firm, full organ imparting a warm, surging effect."	None	None
Supercool	"Helps prevent premature ejaculation and boost sexual confidence."	None	None
Ladies Cream	None	None	None
Feminine Stimulating Cream	"A gently warming cream."	None	None
Lotion D'Amour	"Warms to touch and breath."	Glycerol	Warms to touch and breath
Prolong Creme	"Numbs as lightly as a cool summer breeze. Designed to please and lengthen pleasure."	Benzocaine; Imidazolidinyl urea	May delay ejaculation; may increase blood flow to penis

it isn't. Nor can you fail to list the ingredients. And calling something "Spanish Liquid" is no good either, unless you label it "confectionery" or "soft drink", which the manufacturers are clearly not willing to do. They ought to be strung up by the balls.

The other potions tested were **Hornmin** — 100 tablets of reindeer horn — and **Instant Korean Ginseng**. Hornmin makes no actual claims of sexual renaissance on its label but sex shops sell it for $20 a bottle, owing to its supposed aphrodisiac qualities. You're told to use 3 to 4 tablets daily as a dietary mineral supplement, and the stated composition of reindeer horn powder (66.7 percent), microcrystalline cellulose (28.3 percent) and glycerol fatty acids (5.0 percent) is consistent with the lab analysis: "The 'bone' or 'horn' content of the product lies in the range of 61 percent to 78 percent." Now, Western medicine doesn't recognise reindeer horn as being good for anything other than a wall trophy. But according to the Chinese Herbal Medicine *Materia Medica*, the velvet covering on young deer horns can be used to treat "systemic exhaustion" and is therefore a remedy for impotence, premature ejaculation and diminished libido. John Masters, the acupuncturist and Chinese medicine expert who wrote the recent *Penthouse* series The Tao Of Sex, says reindeer horn "tonifies the Yang" — that is, the masculine energy — "and is useful for those who are weak, cold, old and frail, but dangerous for the wrong sort of person. It speeds up the heart rate and blood pressure and shouldn't be given to fat people and those who are 'running hot' — red-faced and prone to sweating profusely."

All the above comments apply equally to ginseng, according to Masters. But it's a bit more interesting because Western medicine also recognises ginseng as a genuine stimulant, although the literature is very scant. The bible of pharmacists, *Martindale The Extra Pharmacopoeia*, says this: "Ginseng has been claimed to enhance the natural resistance and recuperative power of the body, and to have both a stimulant and sedative activity. Studies in animals show a wide range of pharmacological activities, but their possible significance has not been elucidated by controlled studies in man." The bottle contains five capsules for $3.50 and the recommended dose is 1 to 3 capsules a day. The label shows a crew-cutted Marine type giving a sly wink as he embraces his girl. Maybe he does know something you and I don't. Unfortunately, the lab analysis was unable to establish whether or not the "dispersion of natural plant material powder in a natural vegetable oil" was in fact ginseng. The stuff is distributed by Lola Promotions of Potts Point, NSW. Use your intuition on that one.

THE LOTIONS

What a pathetic line-up of ludicrous ripoffs these turn out to be. Of the nine creams, sprays and gels tested, only two have active ingredients which might be capable of producing the results they claim. And even though you're expected to lovingly massage them on or around your partner's genitals, or spray them di-

Continued on page 108

BY GREG HUNTER

THE GUN CLUB

In the Northern Territory, happiness is a cold beer and a warm gun

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WAYNE MILES

The lads up in the Northern Territory regard their guns with the sort of atavistic fondness that Southerners reserve for Lamborghini Countachs and Rolex watches. The love affair goes back a long way. People came to this part of Australia to shoot things: mostly, to seek their fortunes in the hides of buffalo and crocodiles. They lived off the land, they ventured into places where there was no law but the firepower in a man's hand, and even as late as the Thirties they occasionally got into full-scale battles with tribal Aborigines. They were wedded to their weaponry.

Things haven't changed all that much. Ten minutes out of Darwin and you're into the bush. There still isn't a great deal to do other than shoot things: pigs, buffalo, kangaroos and sometimes wild horses for sport; ducks, geese, rabbits and maybe a "killer" — a domestic cow — for tucker; targets for practice.

And sometimes people. Territorians murder each other five times more frequently than the national average. In a land where men drink beer as others drink water under a ferocious tropical sun, minds can spin out of control. This is a land of extremes. You name it, and you can bet the Territory has more of it per head of population than anywhere else: suicide, rape, domestic violence, serious assault, road deaths, whatever. There's almost a comic horror about some aspects of life in the Top End. Last year, for instance, several people were killed when they were run over after falling into a drunken sleep by the side of the road or under trailers and trucks. The papers politely referred to these incidents as "traffic accidents."

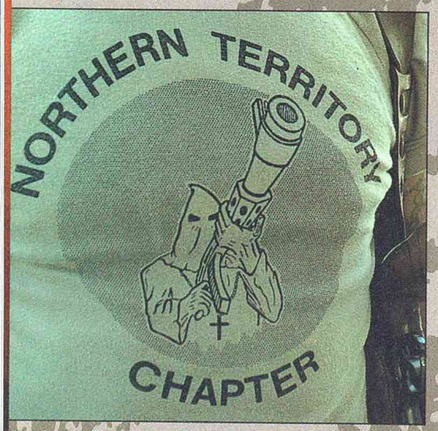
Hardly surprising, then, that there should be more guns up here than anywhere else. In a total population of around 160,000 there are more than 17,000 holders of shooter's licences and about 46,000 registered firearms. The number of unregistered guns is anybody's guess, but looking only at the figures for registered weapons the Territory Sporting Shooters Council estimates there could be a gun in more than 40 percent of households. This is not the sort of place you would choose to make a living from breaking and entering. There's some solid rivalry from Tasmania, but when you're talking gun culture, gun-o-mania — a potent enduring affection, almost an obsession, with precision killing instruments — the Northern Territory is where it's at.

A lot of Territorians still earn their crust from shooting. The great croc hunters passed into legend back in 1971 when that industry was outlawed, but professional shooters are employed to eradicate vast numbers of feral animals. Aside from them, your average Territorian shooter would pack an arsenal consisting of a big-bore repeating rifle — probably a .303, maybe a .308 or a .30 -'06 — for big game hunting; possibly a handgun — usually a .357 Magnum or occasionally a .44 Magnum — as a back-up weapon for hunting or for playing silly buggers out in the scrub; a .22 rifle for knocking off kangaroos to feed the dogs; and a pump-action shotgun for bringing down ducks and geese. That's stock standard stuff. Then there are the thousands of shooters with an inordinate fondness for a particular type of gun — muzzle-loading black powder rifles and pistols, lever action rifles, modern handguns or whatever. There are eight gun clubs in Darwin alone catering for them. And then there are the collectors — blokes licensed to keep private arsenals that include handguns and semi-automatic anti-personnel weapons. Some of these characters are sitting on enough firepower to hold off a tribe of Hell's Angels.

Local people reckon the tenor of the place has been refined somewhat in the past decade. One long-time resident of Darwin said this: "Up till the mid-Seventies, *everybody* had a gun. The most famous of all poachers, Roy Wright, used to come into town and walk into the Darwin Hotel with his rifle and sit it beside his swag, and no-one would look twice. It was nothing to see a bloke get out of a car with a gun in his hand. Guns were a way of life because people who lived in the Territory were nearly all bushmen — drillers, road workers, buff shooters, croc shooters, barramundi fishermen . . . You had to be a tough bastard or you didn't survive, more or less. But Darwin was blown away in '74, it took a year and a half to rebuild it, and the mentality started to change. It started to become a city. Before that it was a hick town."

And when it comes to gun control, it's far from being a case of anything goes these days. The Territory's gun laws are tougher than those of all other states except Victoria and Western Australia. Just about any adult with a clean criminal record can get a B-class licence and own a five or six-shot semi-automatic or repeating rifle and an automatic or pump-action shotgun. To get a handgun you need a C-class licence, which means you need to be a *bona fide* member of a pistol club or have some professional need for such a weapon. D-class licences are for anti-personnel weapons — defined as "a semi-automatic centre-fire rifle with a magazine capacity of more than five." This is the sort of gun that did the damage in the Queen Street and Hoddle Street massacres and in Joseph Schwabb's rampage across the Top End. It's very, very difficult to legally get hold of one in the Territory. Every gun that's sold has to be registered with the police, there's a computerised cross-referencing system, and moves are afoot to tighten the laws even further — much to the chagrin of local shooters, who believe to a man that the Territory's gun legislation as it stands is the best and the fairest in Australia.

The gun lobby has cranked up its publicity machine and the debates have been long and heated. Territorians are arguably the most politically conservative people in the country; many of them came here to be free at last from the petty restrictions and bureaucratic procedures that clog and clutter the lives of Southerners, and they embrace the ethos of freedom as they would a covenant. They're people who refuse to be pushed around. On the question of proposed uniform national gun legislation (now apparently on the backburner) under the auspices of a Federal Labor Government, you could travel the length and breadth of the Territory and be hard pressed to find a man, woman or child in favor. That's the way it is. Happiness is a cold beer and a warm gun.

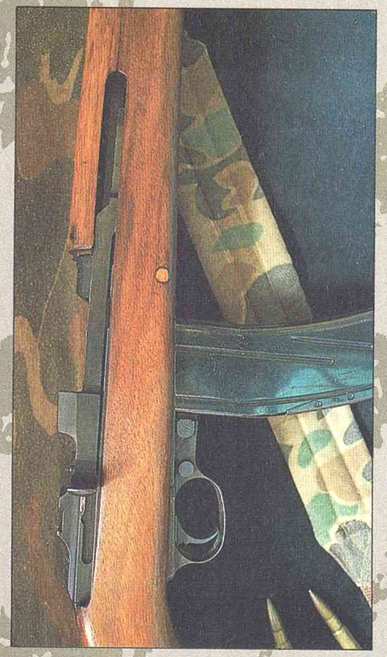


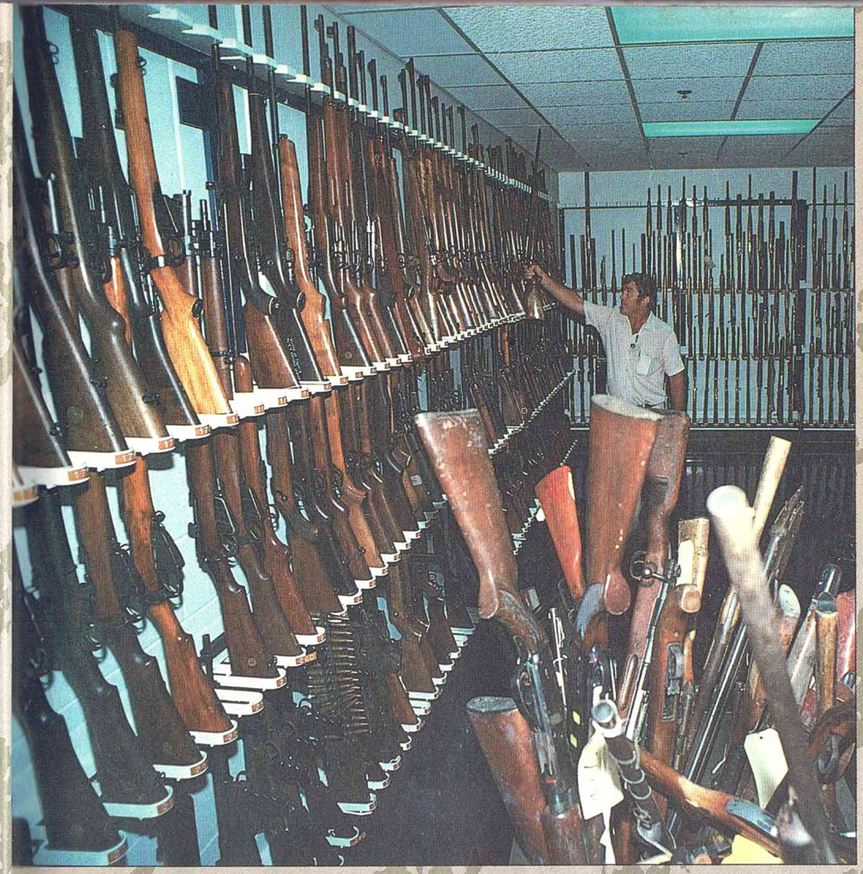
WAR GAMES

Isolation breeds fear. Throw in a stack of gung-ho American magazines that fuel the paranoia of the isolated gun fanatic and you get a form of survivalism that to outsiders seems irrational at best. Peter (not his real name), a survivalist, told *Penthouse*: "I reckon the Indonesians could be a problem. They've got the map of the Territory turned upside down and to them it's Southern Irian Jaya. The Indonesians are land-grabbing, unforgiving little mercenaries . . . But I think the Aboriginal problem is bigger because it's internal. You always get defeated internally. We could have a civil war with the blackfellas if the government keeps giving them land just because they were here before us. There's a silent majority in the Territory who are really up in arms about it. People from South don't really know what's going on — but don't worry, it's strong." The photos here are no put-up job for the benefit of *Penthouse* cameras. These guys are serious. There are groups of men from all walks of life who regularly get out into the bush to prepare themselves for an invasion or armed insurrection. "We try to simulate the conditions of war as accurately as we can," Peter explained. "We take out rations, compasses, cammo gear, detailed maps . . . We have simulated villages and we practice with dummy targets painted black. We used to use fully automatic weapons but we gave them away because of trouble with the mechanisms, so now we use mainly semi-automatic M1s." These are D-class guns obtained on the black market. Working in teams of four — a tracker-spotter, a sniper, a front or rear scout and a leader — and using whatever knowledge they've gleaned from books and magazines, the survivalists conduct their bizarre missions in secret. Each must be a licensed pistol and rifle shooter with high attendance and accuracy records at gun club meetings. They need expertise in weapons ranging from automatic 9mm handguns to telescopically sighted .308 calibre rifles capable of delivering hits beyond 1500 metres. Most are locals whose hunting and gathering skills would enable them to live off the land for months, even years if properly equpped. The "game" they play on weekends provides camaraderie and personal gratification, but is nonetheless a reflection of an infinitely darker Territorian reality. If it ever comes down to the day of reckoning, they'll be out there.

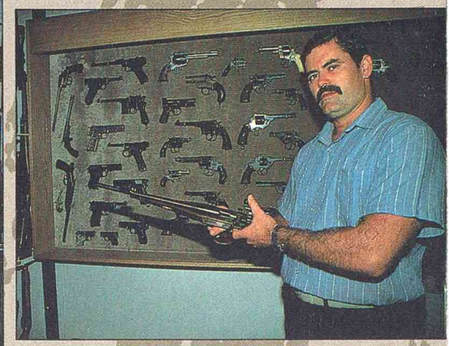
THE BLACK MARKET

It's pretty much like anywhere else: if you've got the bucks and the contacts you can get the gun you want without the police knowing all about it. These weapons are all imported from South, or stolen in raids on local houses, for select clientele: people who can't get the required licenses because of their records or lack of a valid reason, or people who are planning a particular crime. The bulk of the trade is in 9mm handguns. Your .357 Magnums and .44 Magnums usually go for between $500 and $700. The semi-automatic M1 rifle (below) used in the Victorian massacres is a military issue weapon no longer in service; a lot of them have found their way on to the black market around Australia and they're one of the cheapest and most effective killing machines around. In the Territory only station owners with eradication programs in mind can get large-magazine semi-automatic rifles legally; they are not, however, as rare a sight in Territorian households as the police would hope.





THE GUN CLUB



THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS

Confiscated weapons and those handed over during occasional amnesties end up in this room: a heavily secured vault in Darwin's Berrimah Police Station. There are 62 different kinds of handguns and around 2000 rifles, some fitted with steel bayonets and most in excellent working order. The collection contains a substantial array of exotic killing machines, including Russian and Chinese Army assault rifles, .50 calibre machine guns and any number of heavy-calibre pistols. A microcosm of Territory gun culture.

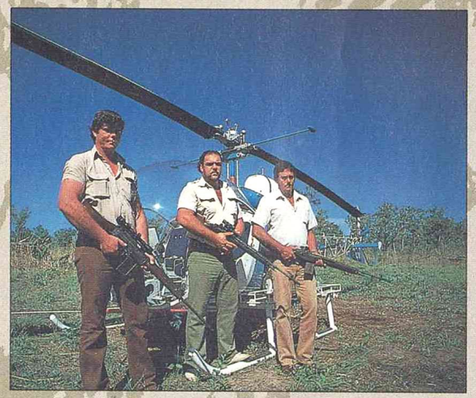
DEAD MEAT

Some Territory hoons shoot these animals for fun. Others will bring down a brumby and use it for dog meat. A hell of a lot are shot by professionals paid by the government, the aim being to stem the tide of environmental destruction. And these brumbies were shot by pet meaters using semi-automatic weapons. In the space of a couple of minutes on this shoot they brought down 20 horses, then dragged them into a pack, skinned them, quarterised them and loaded the meat into a large freezer in the back of a Toyota truck. Don't imagine the Territory brumbies are scrawny-looking good-for-nothing mongrel beasts. Most are beautiful wild white horses — an inspiring sight when running in herds of 40 or more with a big stallion at the front of the pack. Now they're dead meat.

THE GUN CLUB

THE KILLING FIELDS

These are the professionals. Using semi-automatic .308 military issue Springfield and SLR rifles, and shooting from helicopters that provide a stable platform, the expert marksmen bring down thousands upon thousands of large ferals — buffalo, horses, pigs and donkeys — in a single clean-up campaign. The mass slaughter began five years ago under the nationwide Brucellosis and Tuberculosis Eradication Campaign. The diseases threaten the Territory's main industry, beef cattle, and the buffalo have also made a hell of a mess of the ecologically sensitive flood plains — breeding areas for native fauna. The shooters regard themselves as conservationists doing an unpleasant but necessary job. BTEC is, however, an extremely controversial issue in the Top End. Apart from allegations from international animal welfare groups that animals are routinely wounded and left to die an agonising death — a charge denied by the Conservation Commission — the majority of locals seem conviced that BTEC 's aim of total eradication by 1992 is impossible. One told *Penthouse:* "Once the buffalo go into a paperbark swamp there's no way you can get them out, helicopter or not. They get away. And there's no clean-up afterwards — the diseased animals are left there and other animals feed on their carcases. By 1992 they'll be saying the dingoes have to go, and then maybe after that the kangaroos. Every animal that goes into the swamp is a potential disease carrier. But this indiscriminate killing is just a total waste of good meat."

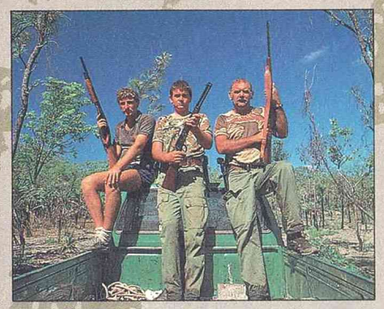


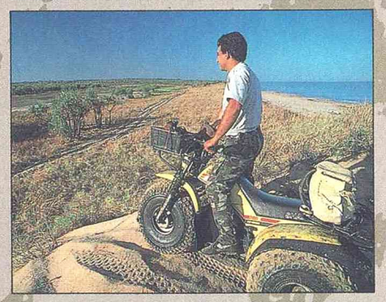
BUFFALO SOLDIERS IN THE WILD NORTH

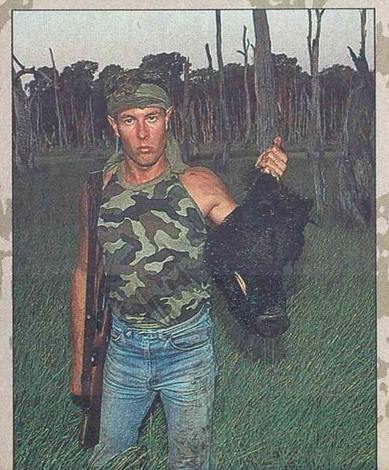
First they stalked the buffalo on foot, carrying their .577/450 Martini British Military Rifles; then they pursued them on horseback, then in four-wheel vehicles and finally in helicopters. At left, how it was done in the early 1900s. After World War II the shooters traded in their big bore rifles for the military .303 (below left), a gun not actually efficient enough for big buffalo. Men often stood side by side to knock out both knees of charging bulls to bring them down. It was some time later that the diehards changed to monstrous double-barrelled rifles (below right) and then to heavy bolt-action rifles such as the 7x61 Sharp and Hart, .300 Magnum Holland and Holland and the .308 Norma Magnum — guns introduced by the renowned rogue entrepreneur Colin Howe. Today a .308 Winchester, Remington or Brno is the standard buff destroyer, although bigger calibres are sometimes used. The animal's forehead is so tough you can bounce even a heavy-calibre bullet clean off it; preferred targets are chest shots, in behind the ear, under the shoulder or through the spine. You've got to get pretty close to take out a tonne of buff with one shot.

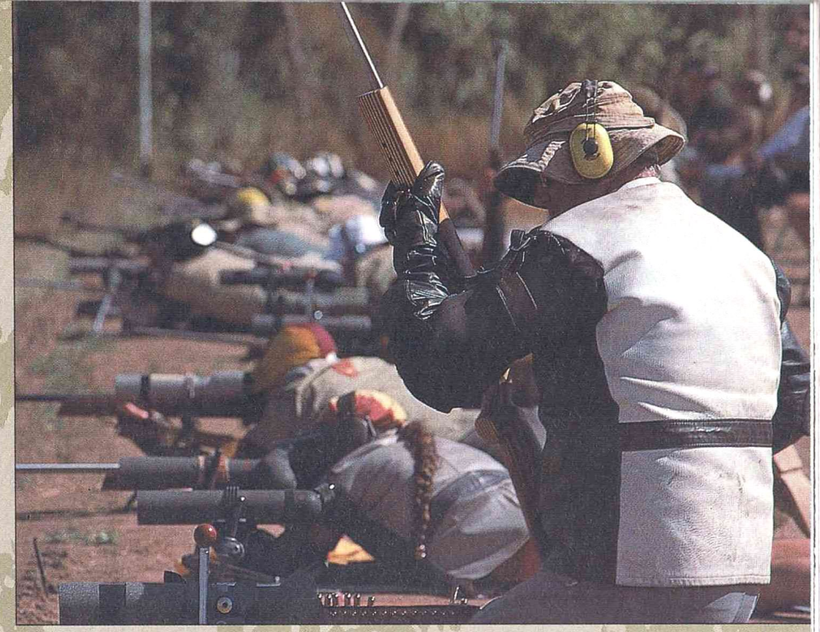
WEEKEND WARRIORS

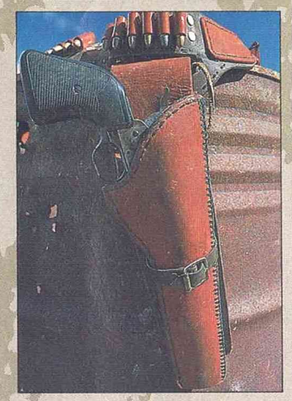
It's hard to find buffalo these days and illegal to shoot them on Crown land. To hunt them you need the permission of the landowner, who can charge whatever he likes for each trophy you take out. But anybody can shoot a pig, whether on private property or Crown land, and the ferocious disease-ridden razorback remains the favorite target of weekend Rambos. Load up the truck with booze and firepower, throw in a three-wheeler (the big balloon-like tyres let you skate over boggy ground) and mow down a couple of dozen pigs with a .303 or .308 and a handgun for back-up in case things get out of control. They often do. And there's nothing like a wild boar's head to frighten and disgust the missus.











THE GUN CLUB: HEAVY METAL MANIA

Darwin's Big Bore Rifle Championship (top) attracts those who like to shoot heavy metal — 7.62mm or .308 calibres. There are plenty of other specialist shooter's clubs, but you could argue that the real aficionados are the blokes who are into the primitive stuff — muzzle-loading black powder pistols and rifles, guns made obsolete by the invention of cartridge shells. They don't just fire them at targets — they hunt with them, and that means putting your balls on the line. A muzzle-loader's range is limited to 100 metres and depending on the type of weapon, you get one or perhaps two shots per minute. If you're hunting with a flintlock rifle — the oldest form of black powder rifle — there's a definite delay between squeezing the trigger and discharging the weapon. If you can shoot a flintlock accurately, you can shoot with anything. Ted Blacker, Secretary of the Darwin Muzzle Loading Club, hunts with a .54 calibre percussion black powder rifle. "You have to choose your shot very carefully. You only get one shot — and if you miss you could well be in trouble. So you need real hunting skills to get within good killing range, and of course the satisfaction is much greater. Also, you're hunting with a weapon that is 'environmentally suitable' — it's a different report, one that doesn't even scare animals. I've shot a lot of buffalo but there are no horns in my house — I disapprove of trophy hunting. I approve of hunting for your own needs — for food — not for the joy of killing. You'll find the same attitude in other members of the club." Like many Territorians, Ted has a superb collection of rifles ranging in vintage from 1851 to 1979, along with several antique pistols. The guns are collectively worth at least $15,000. "These weapons are works of art. Consider the man-hours that have gone into making them, the intricacy of the mechanisms . . . People pay thousands to look at paintings on the wall. I look at my weapons — but I also *use* them and enjoy them, and for years to come they will still be functioning pieces of art. Not only do they have their intrinsic value, they're working for *me*, doing what *I* want them to do." A working philosophy for gun lovers everywhere. The pictures above are of a Ruger .44 black powder pistol (left) and a flintlock black powder pistol (right).

THE GUN CLUB

PRECISION INSTRUMENTS

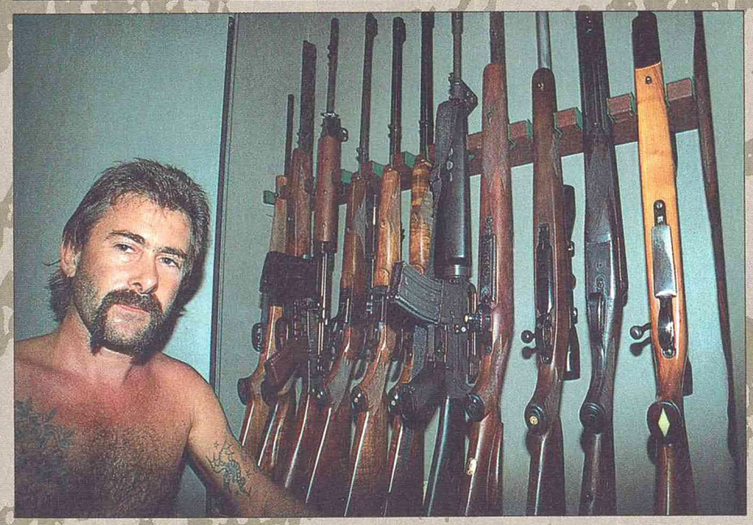
For many years Vic Pederson, one of the Territory's most respected gunsmiths, has been customising big bore rifles like the .460 Weatherby Magnum pictured below – the world's most powerful big game rifle, designed primarily for bringing down elephant, rhino and Cape buffalo. Precision adjustments are made by the gunsmith to lift these weapons to awesome levels of functional integrity. An ex-croc catcher and wildlife ranger, now buffalo shooter, Vic is a marksman of some renown. Several years ago he shot 2200 brumbies from a helicopter in a day and a half scouring the valleys of Scott Creek.

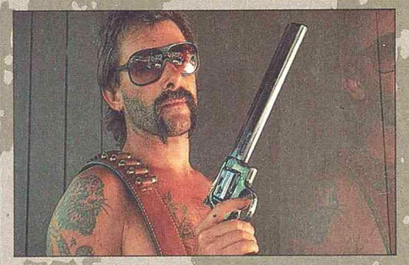
LEGAL DEALERS

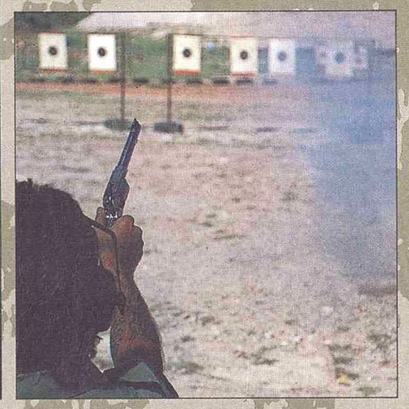
Darwin, with a population of around 100,000, has five major gun stores — aside from several private handgun dealers. At Davies Sports Department (left) downtown, Steve Hanton and Derek Williams have sold 300-odd rifles in the past 12 months. Most popular are large-calibre weapons such as .30/30s and .308s. "It's nothing to sell 30 guns a week in the dry season," the manager of another gun store in nearby Casuarina proclaimed. Darwin has a fairly transient population, which may account for the average of 5000 weapons newly registered each year. In the duck season, 12-gauge pump-action shotguns (right) go like hot cakes. At any of the recognised shooting grounds for ducks and geese — where at the height of the season the sky can be almost black with birds — it's not unusual to see two dozen shooters blasting away non-stop with double-barrelled and semi-automatic shotguns until the earth is littered with feathered bodies. Then the shitfight begins in earnest as the boys try to sort out who shot what. "It's bedlam out there," according to one local. "It's a wonder no bastard's been shot."

THE COLLECTOR: FIREPOWER TO BURN

Steve's in control of a pretty impressive array of weaponry. The pride of his rifle collection is pictured below: a .475 No 2 J. W. Jeffery's Nitro Express double-barrelled rifle — a big game weapon worth tens of thousands of dollars. There's also a Colt AR 15 semi-auto 30-shot 5.56mm assault rifle in there on the rack. At right, top to bottom, a S.A.P. semi-auto 5.56mm assault gun manufactured by Australian Automatic Arms, now banned for sale throughout Australia; a gas-operated .44 Magnum Desert Eagle semi-auto nine-shot pistol manufactured in Israel — the elite in heavy-duty handguns; a Smith and Wesson Mod 29 .44 Magnum with an 8 ⅜" barrel — the Dirty Harry original; and Steve making his own day on the range.

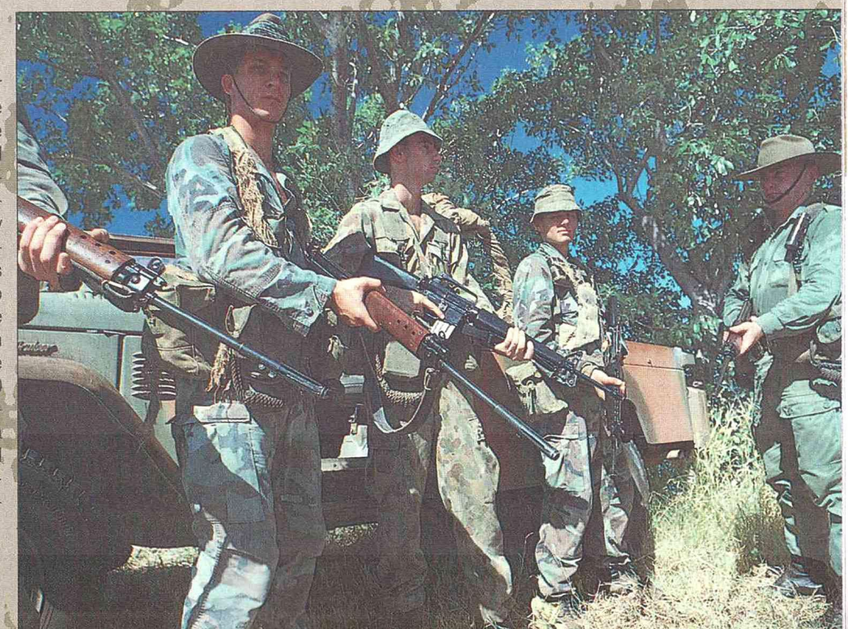






EVER VIGILANT

If the greatest fear of Territorians ever comes to pass — an invasion from the north — these are the boys who'll provide our resistance. Remember the "Old Timer" cartoon strip with a single aborigine manning the Northern Territory Defence Headquarters? That was a pretty accurate summation of our defence preparedness after World War II. Norforce is the Army Reserve established in 1981 to conduct surveillance and reconnaissance in the Territory and WA's Kimberley region — an area of operation seven times the size of Victoria. War establishment is 650 all up; in peacetime the numbers are restricted. It mightn't sound like much of a deterrent to an invading army, but it's all we've got. The weapons are fully automatic M16 rifles. The motto: "Ever vigilant." Let's keep our fingers crossed.



OPPORTUNITY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Opportunity came to Tina's door — and she grabbed it with both hands. What form did it take? "Mmm, about six feet tall, dark hair, stylish haircut, good manners . . ." In this case, it was Tina's opportunity to settle down with Mr Right. "I was beginning to lose hope that he was out there at all," she says.

"I'd just about resigned myself to the idea that I would have to get used to occupying myself. If I've learned one thing, it's not to give up."

Tina says she's always been the type to fall for a guy in a big way — "It's fantastic to have someone at last who can catch me."

When the chance to pose for *Penthouse* came up, Tina had a moment's hesitation, wondering about the reaction of her new man. "But it worked out that he was as flattered as I was."

FICTION BY ROGER RAFTERY

In this case
an improper
suggestion
was as good
as money
in the bank

UNDER THE INFLUENCE

I drive a cab in this town and even I don't know where you can get that rolling drunk at eight o'clock on a Sunday morning.

He fell into the back seat of my cab and said, "Just drive." He must have had enough of his wits left to notice me hesitate. "Plenty of money, plenty of money," he assured me. So I pulled out from the kerb and drove.

In the back he was making an effort to pull himself together. He sat up straight and I could see his weird eyes studying me in the rear-vision mirror. Those eyes and that little black vandyke were all over the town — wherever the illegal billposters had had the nerve to plaster them up — so I thought the least I could do was recognise him.

"You're De Mithras, aren't you?" I said without turning my head.

"Yes. De Mithras — The 'Great' De Mithras," he owned up with a touch of sarcasm. "*Mind over mind* — have you seen the show?"

"Er, no," I said. "I'm usually working nights. I haven't had a chance . . . "

"You're no orphan there, my boy. Here," he said, lurching towards the front seat and dropping a piece of paper over it. "You and your young lady must come to the matinee tomorrow. My compliments."

"Actually," I had to admit, speeding up to get through a red light, "I'm kind of between young ladies at the moment."

De Mithras sat up again and studied me with renewed interest in the mirror. "You might be able to help me," he said. "I'm looking for a young man."

"I can take you over to Mamie's Place," I told him quickly. "She sometimes has the odd lad . . ."

"No no. I fear you misunderstand me. I was thinking of less exotic assistance."

"Oh sorry. When you said . . ."

"Perfectly understandable."

"You looking for another stage assistant?"

"In a sense. You strike me as a chap who could use a few bob."

I glanced at his sozzled satanic image in the mirror. "You didn't really need your world famous psychic powers to work that out, did you?" I asked him.

"Perhaps not," he smirked. "But I take it you're not averse to making some easy money?"

"Like I said, I work nights. And I don't think I'd be much good running around on

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN SCOTT

a stage pretending I was a typewriter or Peter Garret."

"Not quite what I had in mind," he said. "Let me risk another psychic reading. You're a whiskey and . . . no." He rubbed his forehead. "A brandy and coke man?"

"Truly amazing," I said.

"Any chance you could book off for an hour or so and we could have a drink and a chat?"

"I can't book *off*," I told him, "but I could take a booking for an hour and we could go somewhere."

"And what would that cost me?"

"Fifty."

He showered the front seat with crumpled notes that looked to add up to somewhere near 50.

I drove him to a bottle shop and then back to his hotel. The hotel was a fleapit (it was the first time I'd ever driven anyone there unaccompanied by a harlot) but it was within walking distance of the theatre, which I suppose is something if you're a chronic pisspot. The lift had never worked since it was installed so I walked and he stumbled up the back stairs.

"I didn't think there were many of you stage hypnotists left," I said to him.

"There aren't," he said. "And come Wednesday four o'clock there's going to be one less."

"Is that right?"

"Yes, I'm afraid. No bookings — nothing on the horizon at all."

"So why do you need me?"

"Let's say it's a little retirement plan I'm working on."

He fell against the door of his "suite" and the door was pulled open. "This is my charming and beautiful assistant, Shanelle," he said.

"Get your dirty paws off me you disgusting old pervert," Shanelle said, pulling away from him.

On the posters De Mithras' assistant wore long blonde hair and an evening gown. Shanelle wore a ginger crewcut and tight white shorts that were so far up her crotch there couldn't have been any room for knickers under them, and the only thing restraining her boobs was a man's work singlet. She'd made heavy attempts to hide her freckles with sluttish makeup, but, man, I just *love* sluts!

"Get the lad a drink, my dear," De Mithras said. "He's interested in joining us in our little venture. Brandy and coke, wasn't it?"

"Never touch the stuff," I said. "Only joking — anything'll do"

She brought us a couple of brandies without a word. De Mithras sipped his reflectively. "Twenty-five years in this business," he sighed. "Toured the frigging world, and absolutely stuff-all to show for it."

"So what's the big plan?" I asked, glancing at my watch.

"First I better give you a small demonstration of my powers," he said standing up, now more or less in control of himself. "Shanelle dearest, come here a minute."

"What?" she snarled, coming out of her room.

De Mithras held up one finger, then two, then three, and then clicked his fingers. Shanelle's eyes closed and her head slumped. De Mithras reached in and pulled out one of her freckly white boobs. He pinched up a lump of the flesh and drove a thin steel skewer through it.

"Eh!" I protested. But Shanelle didn't bat an eyelid.

"She can't feel a thing," De Mithras said. "Convinced?"

"Impressed," I said. "But pierced nipples always did do something for me."

He pulled the skewer out and snapped his fingers. Shanelle woke up and immediately checked her groin area for signs of interference.

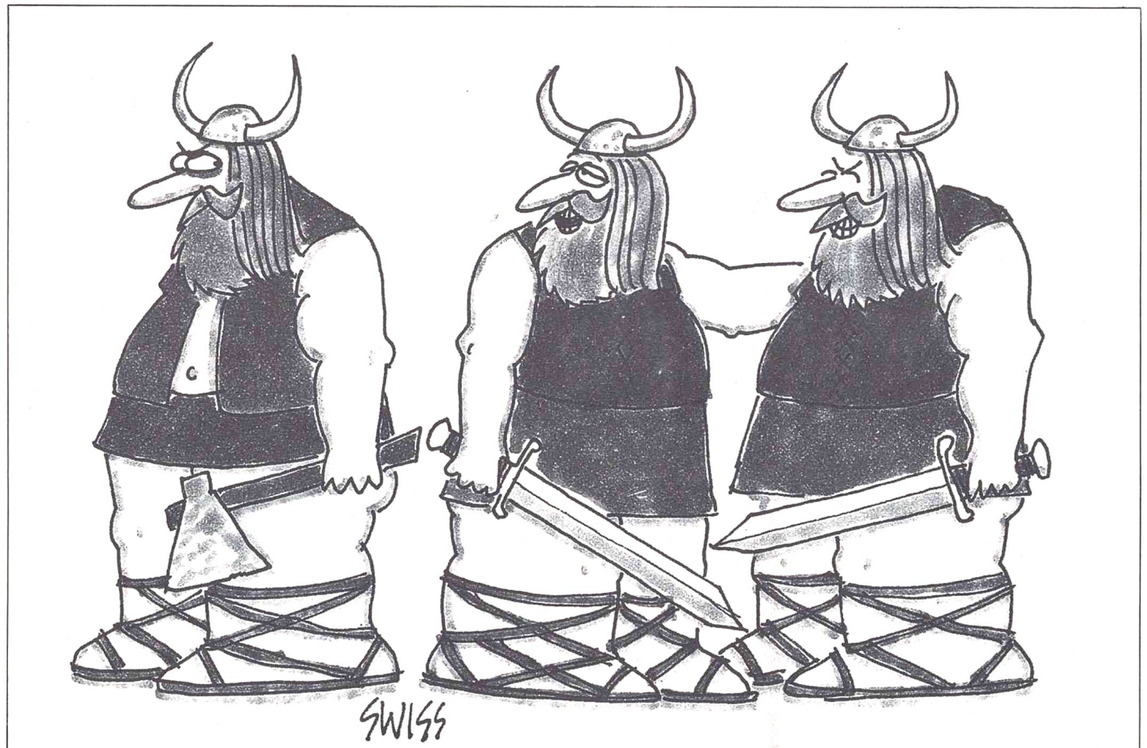
"You sure that wasn't rubber?" I asked De Mithras.

"My boy," he said, "in this world of micro-chip technology those two magnificent mammaries are among the few things that are *not* silicon. Feel for yourself."

"May I?" I asked Shanelle.

"Oh, a gentleman!" she said.

I felt the boob, which was still hanging out. It felt perfectly natural to me.



"Tell us, Olaf, is it true you lost your virginity in the back of a fjord?"

"All right!" Shanelle snapped. "You sure you don't want to take it home with you?" I let go.

"Now," De Mithras said, scrutinising me with those X-ray eyes of his. "Up the road from here there's a tiny two-person bank branch. I pass the thing every damn day. They don't have much money in there except for one Thursday a month when all these filthy factories around here have a payday. And at 12 noon the cashier goes to lunch leaving one little chickie in charge of all the loot till quarter to one!"

"I don't want nothing to do with armed robbery," I broke in.

"That's the beauty of my scheme!" he glowed. "It won't be armed robbery. What do you think of that?" he said, tossing me a kid's plastic water pistol made in the shape of a raygun.

"Looks like it came out of a Captain Whacker showbag," I said.

"Exactly. But after the world famous hypnotist has put the little bank girl under, it'll look like a Thompson submachine gun to her."

"So why would you need me at all?" I asked.

"Shanelle will sit out at the wheel of the getaway car — your cab, say. I'll put the bank girl under, then move to the door to stay at large while you're at the counter making the withdrawal, in case any other nosy customers try to come in. Or for any other eventualities that might require my special . . . talents."

"What about security cameras and stuff?"

"The branch does have a security camera," he conceded. "But the girlie's likely to be too far gone to trigger it. And even if she does, it's going to show the top of somebody's head holding up the bank with a water pistol!"

"I see . . ." I said, starting to see.

"I call in the bank every other day or so with some small transaction. I've studied the girl and done a touch of preliminary work on her — she'll go under in a flash; I'd stake my 30 years of experience on it. She'll be under post-hypnotic suggestion to forget the whole thing. It'll be like the money just evaporated."

"I can't see any flaw in it so far," I said.

"There is none!" De Mithras beamed. "You interested enough to come back tomorrow for another drink?"

"I'll think about it," I said. But I was back there the following day, and five minutes early too.

Shanelle opened the door. "De's in on his bed," she said.

"I might have come to see you," I smiled. She snorted and went back to her jigsaw puzzle.

De Mithras was lying on his bed in his underpants and singlet, not a real pretty sight but he was sober enough. "I knew you'd be back!" he said. "I knew you were a boy with an eye for a good thing."

"Yeah, well I'm prepared to discuss it a bit more," I said.

"I've just been lying here planning what to do with my share," he said. "I think I'll fly up to one of the islands and open up a hypnotherapy clinic for the well-to-do, in the sun."

"I went to one of them once," I said. "For my premature . . . smoking. But he said I couldn't be hypnotised."

"No, you wouldn't have the imagination," De Mithras muttered from the bed.

"Eh?"

"You're what we call the Concrete Headed Type in the profession," he said, sitting up. "Down to earth, in touch with the realities. Not the high-strung imaginative type. Not easily suggestible."

"No, right," I agreed.

"And what are you and Shanelle going to do with your share?"

"Me and Shanelle?"

"I kind of gained the impression you were sweet on her."

"So she's really been thinking about my welfare a bit?" "Thinks of nothing else," he said. "Except sex."

"I kind of gained the impression she didn't like me."

"Shanelle? Bullshit my boy! She just doesn't show her feelings. Take it from me: beneath that cool exterior throbs a horrendously hot little box."

"Maybe," I said. "But as far as I go . . ."

"I can always give you a little assistance if you like."

"You mean . . ."

"Shanelle," De Mithras said, "is the finest post-hypnotic subject I've ever encountered in my career. Watch." He called her in, put her under and told her that when the midday news came on the radio she would launch into the wildest striptease she was capable of. Then he woke her up; she checked herself for interference and went scowling back to her jigsaw. While we were waiting for 12 o'clock to tick around he said he reckoned he could teach a keen pupil like me the basics of hypnotism in no time flat.

The world could have been under mass attack from aliens in flying saucers for all I heard of the midday news. Not that the strip took very long — Shanelle never seemed to wear more than two garments — but when he asked her to be wild she took him at his word. She bumped, wiggled and ground like she had a live wire up her arse. I know a few strip joints that could use De Mithras as a choreographer. She was just getting to work on herself with her long artificial fingernails when De Mithras shooed her into her bedroom and tossed her apparel in after her.

"You wouldn't have a cold shower I could use, would you?" I panted.

"Yes, pliable little thing, isn't she?" De Mithras said. "Not just a pretty pussy either. She's come up with a lulu of an idea for further protecting you: we could make a home video showing me 'hypnotising' you through various sessions to 'compel' you to commit the robbery. You can keep the video somewhere safe, and then in the exceedingly unlikely event of anything going wrong you've got evidence that ought to put you in the clear. And it'd lob me in the right royal shit too, of course. But that's how confident I am. What do you say?"

I scratched my head for a moment. "Why not?" I said.

"That's my boy!" he said, shaking my hand.

"So she's really been thinking about my welfare a bit?"

"Thinks of nothing else," he said. "Except sex."

I began to spend most of my off-time over at De's hotel and even a good bit of my on-time. (I didn't own the cab and pretty soon the company was going to find out what they could do with it anyway.) I couldn't see much change in Shanelle's attitude towards me but De told me I didn't know her well enough to tell yet. He gave me a few starter tips on hypnotism and set me practising on the mirror.

"Is that . . . er, right, you know," I asked him, "what they say about people can't be made to do things under hypnotism that they er. . . wouldn't normally . . ."

"No worries there, champ," he winked. "When it comes to 'unnatural acts' they're second nature to Shanelle."

Once De had got his theatre contract behind him we really got down to business. He sent me into the bank branch for a look, and it was just like he'd said: two people — one of them a meek young chick — and one security camera way up in the corner of the high ceiling by the street door.

When I got back De made me draw a map of the bank and the area around it, then compared it with one he'd drawn and we whiled away an hour or two arguing over trivial differences.

When we got into making the video of De turning me into a zombie, Shanelle really perked up; it was the first time I'd seen her show any enthusiasm for anything (in her waking state, anyway). De

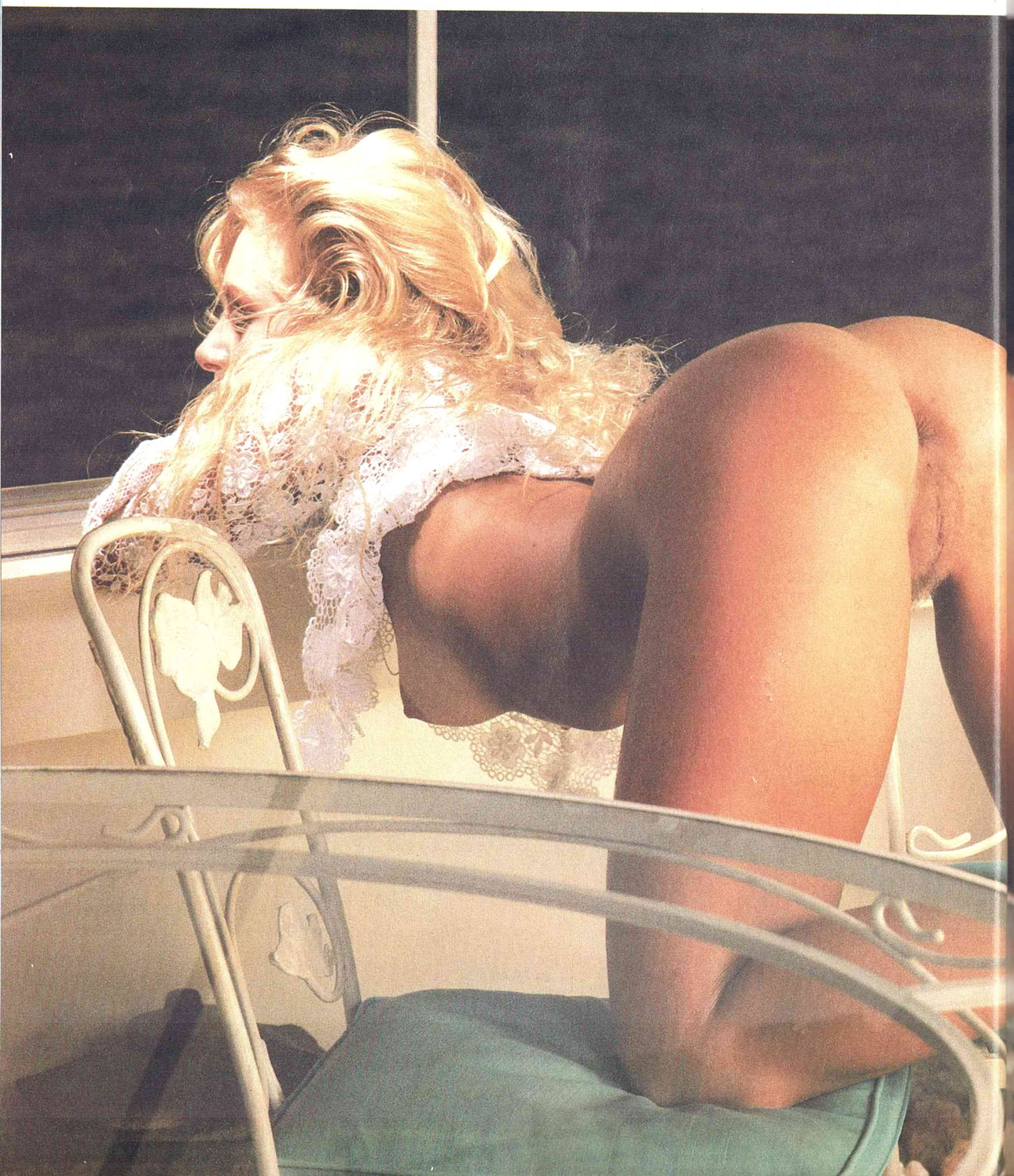
Continued on page 134

favorite things

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

"Grunting rock and roll, a waterbed beside an open window with a view out to miles of beautiful beach, staying naked all day long with a lover, having him eat his lunch off my belly — these are a few of my favorite things," smiles Cynthia Wetton.

"I could go on — but I think even I get a bit modest about my special treats in life. The only thing I think I have in common with Mary Poppins' version of the song are the packages tied up with string — but I'd say we differ a lot in what we'd like to find inside them . . ."



"Travel, new adventures, indulging my few vices, my family — especially my friends," Cynthia continues. "I think out of all of these favorite things, my friends are number one."

down and out

Continued from page 39

the sport and the primal instincts it arouses are questioned every time a fighter goes down for the final count. Boxers like Tyson and Marvin Hagler are not generally admired for their courtesy and kindness to rivals.

"Part of the appeal of Roberto Duran," wrote Joyce Carol Oates, "was that he seemed truly to want to kill his opponents."

Emile Griffith looked like he wanted to kill his opponent the night he fought Benny Paret on a spring evening at Madison Square Garden, New York in 1962. Paret was never very smart but the illiterate Cuban made the biggest blunder of his life on the morning of the bout. He called Griffith a faggot. That night Griffith beat him to death.

Griffith was goaded into the violent thrashing frenzy that killed Paret in that world welterweight title fight. While some demanded intervention, imploring Rudy Goldstein, the referee, to save the beaten man, their voices were drowned out by the roars of delight at the sight of a man literally fighting for his life. Norman Mailer, the American writer, remembers how Paret died with a half-smile of regret on his vacant face:

"Some part of his death reached out to us," Mailer recalled. "One felt it hover in the air. He was still standing in the ropes trapped as he had been before when he began to pass away. He went down more slowly than any fighter had ever gone down; he went down like a large ship which turns on end and slides second by second into its grave. As he went down the sound of Griffith's punches echoed in the mind like a heavy axe in the distance chopping into a wet log."

Paret's death caused changes to boxing safety rules and re-ignited all the arguments over the sport's worth. The same arguments blazed under emotive headlines when American boxer Chuck Wilburn died after a fight with the hard-hitting Aborigine Hector Thompson in front of a beery crowd of 700 at the Blacktown RSL club auditorium, in Sydney's west, in 1976.

It was the second ring fatality involving Thompson, who twice challenged for world titles — once against the same manic Roberto Duran who truly seemed to want to kill his opponents.

In the 10th round against Roko Spanja, in 1970, Thompson connected with a heavy blow on the point of the chin that rocked his opponent into unconsciousness. Spanja died in hospital.

Six years and two failed world title shots later, Thompson was behind on points against Chuck Wilburn when he began scoring heavy blows in round 10. The result was that Chuck Wilburn died in hospital leaving a pregnant wife and a five-year-old daughter.

"There was nothing particularly nauseating about the fight," wrote Peregrine James in *The National Times*. "It was just another club brawl. The only blood was shed by Thompson, who suffered the only knockdown, and the referee kept a close vigil on the tiring American."

Wilburn still died. Predictably, a lot of people voiced opinions one way or the other, calling either for a ban on boxing or tolerance of an ancient, honorable sport.

"Show me a man who enjoyed a fullsome life whom boxing saved or made," wrote Pat Farrell in the *Sunday Mirror*, "and I will show you or name you 20 it destroyed. And I repeat that today over Chuck Wilburn's battered body."

Boxing in Australia survived the Wilburn tragedy just as it survived the Archie Kemp affair and all the other ring deaths since the first boxing fatality in this country — in 1827, according to the book *200 Years Of Australian Sport*. Back then a 25-year-old fighter was killed "in a pugilistic contest in the neighborhood of Windsor."

More than 160 years later, boxing still lives. With Jeff Fenech throwing the punches, it thrives.

Fenech is so far a success story. But it's a curious fact that most of Australia's great boxing heroes have been tragic figures. Albert Griffiths, better known by his ring name of Young Griffo, was Australia's first recognised world boxing champion — a featherweight who preceded Fenech by nearly a century. Griffo was a drunk, even in his days as champion. He drank most of his earnings and died in New York in 1927, an impoverished curiosity of Times Square.

Despite the state of his liver, Griffo managed to outlive Les Darcy by a decade. Darcy died, aged 21, from infected teeth which were broken in a fight in the days before penicillin. Though only a middleweight Darcy often beat men of much greater stature. He was a crowd favorite in Australia until he decided to continue his boxing career to support his family rather than go off to die at Gallipoli. Branded a coward and traitor by the press, he died in Memphis, Tennessee in 1917. Once dead, Australia took him to its heart as a martyr.

Even a modern day Australian boxing hero like Lionel Rose, the first Aboriginal world champion at anything, a man who made $500,000 from the fight game, ended up broke and broken. Rose grew up in a bark hut and did not live in a house with electricity or water until he was 16. But he became the bantamweight champion of the world in 1968 and was made Australian of the Year. He was an inspirational hero.

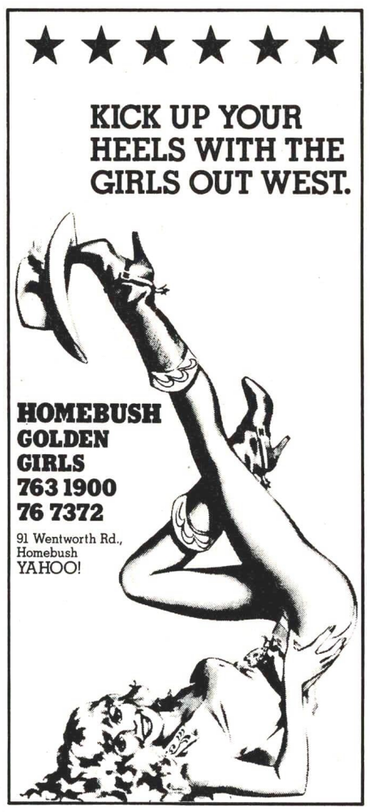
On April 13, 1983, long after he had spent most of his money on wine, women and song, police found him hiding behind a cupboard at a school in the Melbourne Suburb of Oak Park. He pleaded guilty to having been a trespasser with intent to steal and was fined $750.

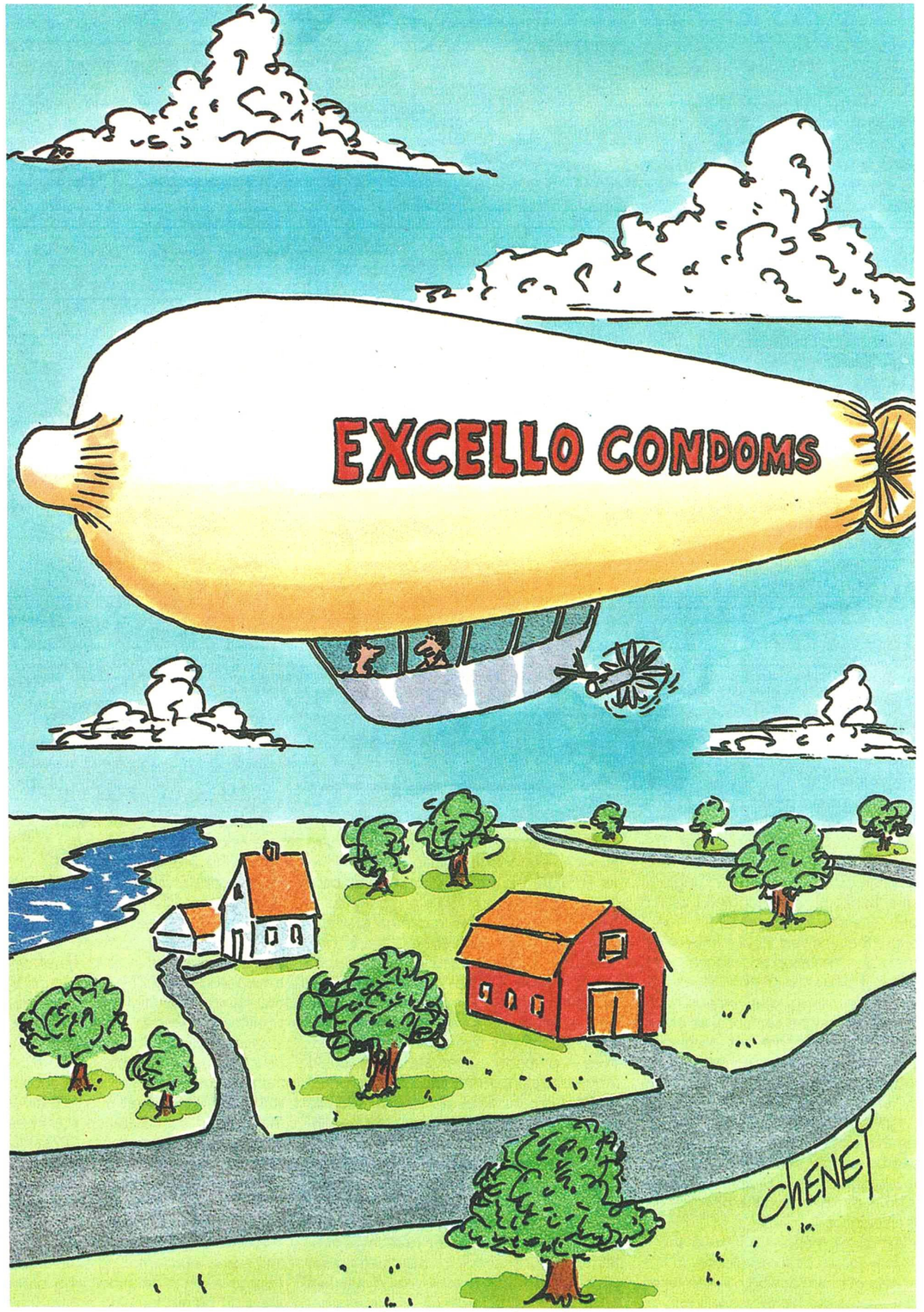
As Joyce Carol Oates wrote: "If boxing is a sport it is the most tragic of all sports because more than any human activity it consumes the very excellence it displays." By its nature boxing breeds tragedy. It is about taking something excellent, skill and heart, and destroying it with greater force.

In 1982 a moderately talented Korean lightweight named Duk Koo Kim suddenly found himself training to fight the tough American Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini for the world lightweight title. Kim had no need to fight Mancini. Unlike most Korean boxers he came from a wealthy family. He fought for the same reason men drive fast cars or jump from aeroplanes with nothing but a few square metres of silk between them and eternity. It was a fatal attraction.

Exhausted in the 14th round, Kim was hit with a left-right combination that tore a blood vessel in his brain. He died. Grief-stricken, his 65-year-old mother joined him in death by drinking pesticide.

When they were collecting Duk Koo Kim's possessions from his hotel room they came upon a sign he had written before the battle. He wrote it to remember the boxer's creed before the biggest fight of his life. He had scrawled the message in Korean and taped it above his bed. Its words summed up what the business of boxing is all about: "Kill or be killed." ○—





"I know it's a marvel of modern advertising, but I still *feel like* a damn fool!"

sex aids SURVEY

Continued from page 77

rectly on to your own, most don't provide any indication of what's in them. They are clearly not aiming for the intellectual market. The NSW Therapeutic Goods & Cosmetics Act states that the *active* ingredients need to be clearly stated on the label. That's pretty standard throughout the country. But if there *are* no active ingredients — in other words, if the product is completely innocuous — then failure to list them is not necessarily breaking the law. It's a dicey area.

You might reckon it would be illegal to claim that a product "helps prevent premature ejaculation" if it contains no active ingredients. Not true. According to John Lumby of the Therapeutic Goods Section of the NSW Department of Health, "You cannot claim that any medicine can *cure* a recognised medical problem like impotence. But if the product is supposed to be an aid, claimed to be able to *improve* sexual desire or performance or whatever, that's okay. If a product claimed it would give an erection to a man who hadn't had one in 25 years, then the Department would be very concerned."

So it's all legal and above board — but only just.

By far the most interesting of this bunch is **Forever Yours Prolong Creme**. Imported from the US and selling for $17 a jar, it claims to be "made with the finest ingredients. Apply sparingly. Numbs as lightly as a cool summer breeze. Designed to please and lengthen pleasure. You will be 'forever hers' and she will be 'forever yours.'" It's a pale green cream with a *creme de menthe* flavor and the full composition is actually stated on the jar. The lab analysis basically confirmed the stated composition. The two important ingredients are benzocaine, determined as 3.8 percent, and imidazolydinyl urea (although the analysis could only show that there was "possibly an imidazolydinyl derivative.")

Benzocaine is a local anaesthetic. AGAL says "it may be functional as an anaesthetic in helping prevent premature ejaculation." But at what concentration? Dr Igor Gonda, senior lecturer in pharmacology at Sydney University, says the usual concentration of benzocaine in local anaesthetic ointments is 5 to 10 percent, but can be as low as 2 percent for sore throat lozenges. "So 3.8 percent seems about right. It might have the effect of delaying ejaculation."

Imidazolidinyl urea — if indeed that's what it is — could be a real sleeper in this murky area of pharmacology. When taken orally, it dilates the blood vessels and so increases blood flow. According to Dr Gonda, "The penile skin is a very permeable tissue and so imidazolidinyl urea could be absorbed through it and produce increased blood flow into the penis. It's just possible that this is an active ingredient." And so we *could* be looking at a preparation that produces a fuller, firmer erection and increases staying power as well. For $17, maybe it's worth checking out. At good sex shops everywhere.

The only other product of passing interest is **Lotion D'Amour**, "a sensuous massage lotion that warms to touch and breath." It's a raspberry-flavored red liquid and it does contain glycerol, which according to AGAL "produces a warming sensation on the skin under the conditions described." If you really want to heat your meat, for whatever reason, Dencorub would do the job a great deal better and might increase blood flow to the penis as well. Then again, it doesn't need to be blown or touched to produce its effect, and Dencorub has a less romantic ring about it than Lotion D'Amour. You can buy the latter for $10.

> If you really want to heat your meat, Dencorub would do the job a great deal better

As for the rest — forget 'em. They're about as useful to the cause of lovemaking as an extra big toe. Three are practically identical: **Maximus** ("helps promote a large, firm, full organ imparting a warm, surging effect"); **Sta-Hard** ("helps prevent premature ejaculation"); and **Super Cool** ("helps prevent premature ejaculation and boost sexual confidence"). They're all alcoholic water solutions with tiny concentrations of organic acid derivatives — probably preservatives. You could argue that alcohol may impart a cooling effect by the process of evaporation, but you might as well pour a beer on your dick instead. It would be cheaper than the $12 you're expected to pay for this garbage.

Then there's **Long Lasting Love** and **Hot Love Erection Cream**, both selling for $12. The first claims to be a "specially prepared cream for men to delay ejaculation"; the second is "a balanced cream which assists men to achieve and maintain an erection. Apply freely 5-10 minutes before intercourse." The lab result for both: "Analysis indicates the product consists mainly of petrolatum (petroleum jelly)."

Feminine Stimulating Cream ($14) is labelled as "a gently warming cream. Massage with fingertips into the intimate parts of your body." The lab boffins didn't find anything in it that could produce either a warming or cooling effect; it's nothing but solvents, thickening agents, inorganic phosphates and preservatives. You'd think they'd bung in a touch of Dencorub or Deep Heat just to keep the punters happy. **Ladies Cream** ($5) is a more honest product: "Massage gently around the sensitive vaginal areas. Scented for greater stimulation." It's 95 percent petroleum jelly, 5 percent thickener, with a bit of perfume thrown in. You can probably assume that if it comes to the nitty-gritty, Ladies Cream tastes far better than Vaseline.

EDIBLE UNDIES

We had them analysed just for the hell of it. You'll be pleased to know that the list of contents: "Edisol-M water soluble film flour, sugar, citric acid, artificial color and flavor — no cyclamates" is pretty well accurate. They're not exactly health food, but in small doses they'll do you no harm. Enjoy your meal.

PHEROMONES

You've seen these advertised as the magic spray that makes men irresistibly attractive to women: "Aeolus 7 Female Attractant — Win Women The Easy Way." The "active" ingredient is androstenone, a boar pheromone which is also produced in the testes of humans and secreted by the sweat glands. The manufacturers reckon the answer to one of the great mysteries — why do some ugly men get all the girls? — lies in their capacity to produce androstenone.

The question is: does it work? A recent scientific paper produced by M.D. Kirk-Smith and D.A. Booth of the Psychology Department at the University of Birmingham suggests that it does. The stuff was sprayed on to a seat in a dentist's waiting room which was normally avoided by women. Three different levels of concentration were used. The study found that at the lowest and highest concentrations, significantly more women used the sprayed seat than before. "Women might be attracted to the odor of androstenone because of experience of its association with men," the authors concluded. Also, at the highest concentration men were repulsed by androstenone. "Possibly the strongest level suggests to men the presence of another man 'too close', making them feel uncomfortable. It is possible that such effects occur below full awareness."

Androstenone smells like dog's piss and a single uncontrolled experiment by a *Penthouse* staff member who bathed in the stuff before heading out on the town produced no remarkable reaction in a barful of bimbos. Maybe you'd be better off sticking with the Brut. ○+

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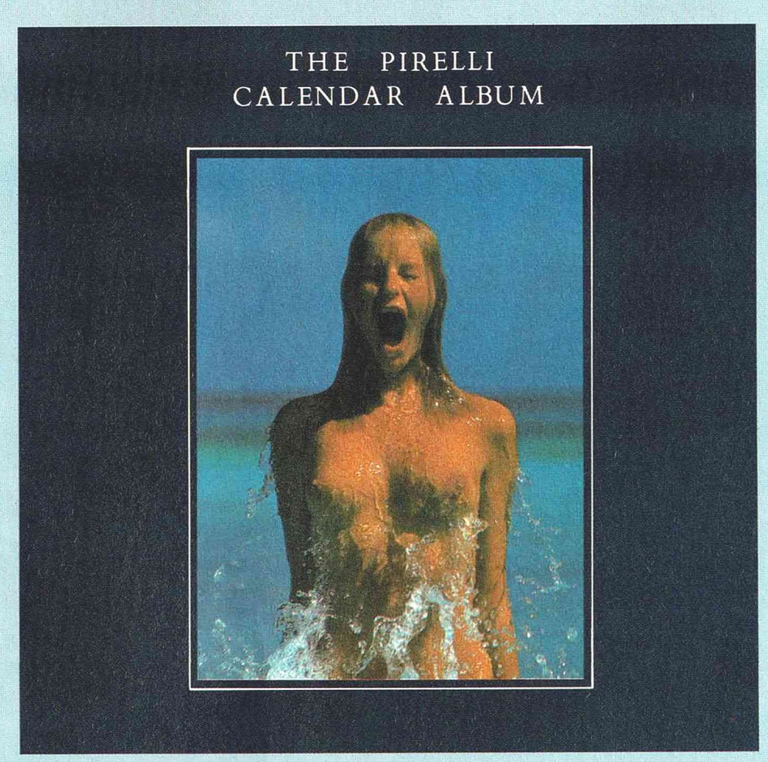

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the new underdogs

The racing Nissan Skylines have mountains to climb in '89

MOTORING BY PETER McKAY

Nineteen eighty-eight was the year that wasn't for Nissan. For a team accustomed to regular success, our bicentennial year brought little joy to Freddie Gibson's well-funded factory-supported outfit. High point: a modest second placing to George Fury/Mark Skaife in the Pepsi 250 enduro at Oran Park. Low point: the Tooheys 1000 at Bathurst, when both Skylines fell early to mechanical failure.

It was a not altogether satisfactory season. The heartaches were not altogether unexpected either, in light of the desperately late arrival of its much trumpeted new touring car weapon, the Skyline GTS-R. Originally scheduled to be up and running in December '87, it didn't hit the track until May '88, half way through the touring car championship. The frustrated Aussies simply couldn't secure the vital race componentry out of the Nismo (Nissan's motor sports arm) in Japan. All this left the disadvantaged local Nissan squad playing catch-up in the fiercely competitive touring car cauldron. Simultaneously racing *and* developing a new race car is not a funny experience. Nissan was doing its testing in a very public arena . . . in the touring car championship with millions gawking at the Skylines' progress (or, in some cases, lack of progress).

And the early races for the GTS-R often finished soon after they began. Still, by the Skyline's third competition outing, at Sandown, Fury was as high as third (behind the dominant Johnson team Shell Sierras) when a flat tyre pushed him back to eighth. At Amaroo, Fury took third and, at Oran Park, Glenn Seton was the fastest afield after a flat tyre on the opening lap effectively handicapped him out of contention.

So there were signs of promise, and reason for optimism. Nissan's strong suit has always been reliability. Gibson was confident the niggling development headaches would be banished before the team turned its attention to The Big One . . . Bathurst. He pointed to the dreadful '87 season that Johnson had to endure while he eliminated the development bugs from his Sierras. Turbocharged touring cars, with their sophisticated computerised engine management systems, are technological mountains to climb. Gibson and his team encountered their share of problems; progressively they were pin-pointed and addressed.

One insurmountable problem area was the gearbox. Imported from Japan at a cost of $28,000 apiece, there were several failures. And, under the regulations, Gibson was stuck with no alternative.

Then came the savage knee to the groin: during a media day at Mount Panorama just six weeks before the Tooheys 1000, Seton speared off the circuit at 250 km/h, extensively and expensively inverting the new Number 15 Skyline in a sand trap. It was a crushing blow, requiring the diversion of much of the team's manpower from important tasks in order to rebuild the battered Skyline.

Around that time Gibson detected a change in Seton, the young firebrand who'd been part of the closely-knit Nissan enclave since his teens. He was showing signs of impatience to get among the winners again. And he was resisting moves by Gibson to place him under contract for 1989 . . .

It should be understood that Nissan gave Seton his first big break at Bathurst, driving the front-wheel-drive Exa in 1984 (partnered by Gibson's wife, Christine).

Glenn and father Barry moved to Melbourne to work with Gibson at Nissan, building the Skyline race engines. They were "family." And Gibson endured plenty of flak when he tossed Seton into the touring car fray in 1986. Older drivers suggested Seton wasn't yet ready, and the criticism didn't go away when Glenn centre-punched Dick Johnson's Mustang in the first corner of his first touring car title race.

But Gibson believed in the kid. He persevered. And Seton developed into one of the fastest, and certainly one of the most spectacular, drivers in touring cars. He finished second to Jim Richards in the '87 touring car title series and second (to Peter Brock) at Bathurst in the same year.

Seton had raced with the team for several years on a word-of-mouth contract. However, with a substantial investment in the driver, Gibson thought it proper to tie down Seton with a contract.

Glenn continued to be evasive and just before the Tooheys 1000 last year, he dropped his bombshell. He told Gibson he would not drive for Nissan in '89. Gibson, shocked at first, listened while Seton explained he wanted to create a team of his own, involving his father. Glenn, never guilty of loquacity, even with friends, didn't seem keen on providing Gibson with the finer details. The type of car he would race (Sierra) and who would fund this costly operation (cigarette money) leaked out later.

Nissan had invested a lot in Seton. Time, money, the occasional bent race car. But Gibson refused to fight the decision: "I told him I thought it was a bad career move, but there was no attempt to change his mind."

The Setons, father and son, could follow

underdogs

their dream. Already Gibson was hatching a few of his own ideas . . .

First, there was Bathurst. Gibson hoped the problems would not affect the team's performance on the mountain. Glenn didn't have the chance to end his tenure at Nissan with a flourish. The suss gearbox in his car exploded as he nailed the throttle to the floor at the start. A short time later, the number 30 Skyline with Fury aboard shed a $12 fanbelt and cooked the engine.

Gibson was devastated. He described October 2, 1988 as his worst day in a 20-odd year stint in motor sport.

Philanthropy is not the reason automotive giants such as Nissan commit millions to motor sport. They know racing creates certain image and marketing benefits. As intangible as many of these advantages are, there's no doubting they are real enough. Look around. About every successful car maker in the world has a strong motor sporting stance. Ferrari, Mercedes-Benz, BMW, Jaguar, Peugeot, Ford, GM, Toyota, Nissan . . .

Nissan's Special Vehicles Division, which produces a range of distinctive limited-edition road cars, also has direct and ongoing developmental and marketing links with the race team. Regardless, the corporations tend to become impatient for success. Among the boardroom heavies there is not always an understanding of the difficulties involved in producing a successful touring car. The Nissan Motor Company is no exception.

There were rumblings that Nissan was becoming uneasy about the failure to register a win in '88. Gibson, though, remained confident he would have the necessary support when the company motor racing committee met to determine its motor sporting program for '89.

Gibson also put himself through a lot of soul searching. Could he have done it better in 1988? He concluded he couldn't. He refused to concede the year had been a waste of effort. "We've been behind the eight-ball with the Skyline all year. But we learned something at every race. No-one has ever taken on a new race car and turned it into a winner overnight."

So work went on relentlessly while he waited for Nissan to give him a decision on its plans for '89.

Gibson continued to look ahead positively. He struck an arrangement with Holden to jointly fund building a bullet-proof all-new gearbox, which he had approval to use from January 1 this year. Designed to cope with 550 horsepower, it should overcome any further breakages.

Gibbo knew what he wanted to do with the race team; he hoped he would have the budget to enable him to go full tilt, with three cars and a hectic development program that would give the crew little respite over the summer break.

He said at the time: "I'm going to make the Skyline GTS-R work. We will banish the problems. We will find more horsepower. We will refine its handling."

Anyone is only ever as good as the opposition allows them to be. However the potent Sierras are not going to go any slower this year. And there will be more quick Fords than last year, when Johnson's two cars blew away the opposition. Tony Longhurst, Colin Bond, Andy Miedecke and Allan Moffat all looked strong at the end of last season. And the Holdens can only improve too.

In any scenario, it has to be a tough year for Nissan, with the Skylines shaping up as underdogs. Gibson could well hanker for a season like 1987, when the old model Skylines were considered touring car anachronisms, yet they went within an ace of winning the championships and the Bathurst classic.

Tough year or not, Gibson wanted to

> It has to be a tough year for Nissan, with the Skylines shaping up as underdogs

push ahead. In 1990 a new racing weapon would emerge — rumored to have a turbocharged V6 engine and four-wheel drive. Gibson lobbied hard for the need to keep racing in 1989, to keep the team intact.

Nissan Racing's contract with its main sponsor, cigarette brand Peter Jackson, was to end at the conclusion of '88. The deal would not be renewed. Would Nissan be prepared to carry the funding burden virtually alone, or would another major backer be sought? Gibson wanted some indication from the appropriate executives, but in the meantime he initiated some talks in the corporate world.

In the midst of the uncertainty came the crushing news from Europe that the Federation Internationale du Sport Automobile, the sometimes unfathomable folk who control motor sport, had announced that the European Touring Car Championship would fold at the end of '89.

The ETCC was the most prestigious title series in the world and a prime reason for much manufacturer enthusiasm for touring cars. Its loss could lead to instability and uncertainty. Gibson already had enough of that.

All he could do in the circumstances was soldier onwards. There was the loss of the gifted Seton to be covered. An inspired move to snare the peerless Jim Richards was hatched in the Gibson lounge room one evening, and Christine Gibson, mum of two and not so long ago the Princess of Speed on Australian racing circuits, played a part.

Reviewing his team's difficult '88 season and seeking ways of improving the act for '89, Fred asked the rhetorical question: Who is Australia's best touring car driver? "Easy," responded Chrissie. "Jimmy Richards." Yeah, you're right again, agreed Fred.

So Freddie made sure he and Richards accidentally crossed paths. "Whatcha doing next season, Jim?" asked Gibson, ever so casually. "Nothing I'm locked into," replied Richards, who did have a few offers on the go.

Details were smartly thrashed out and three days later the deal was done. Richards agreed to spend 1989 at Nissan. Gibson was over the moon. "We have got probably the best touring car driver in the world," he proclaimed with enthusiasm.

Richards was delighted too. Gibson's race team operation is acknowledged as the smoothest in the business.

Before the contract could be signed, however, approval had to come from the top. Gibson remained on tenterhooks.

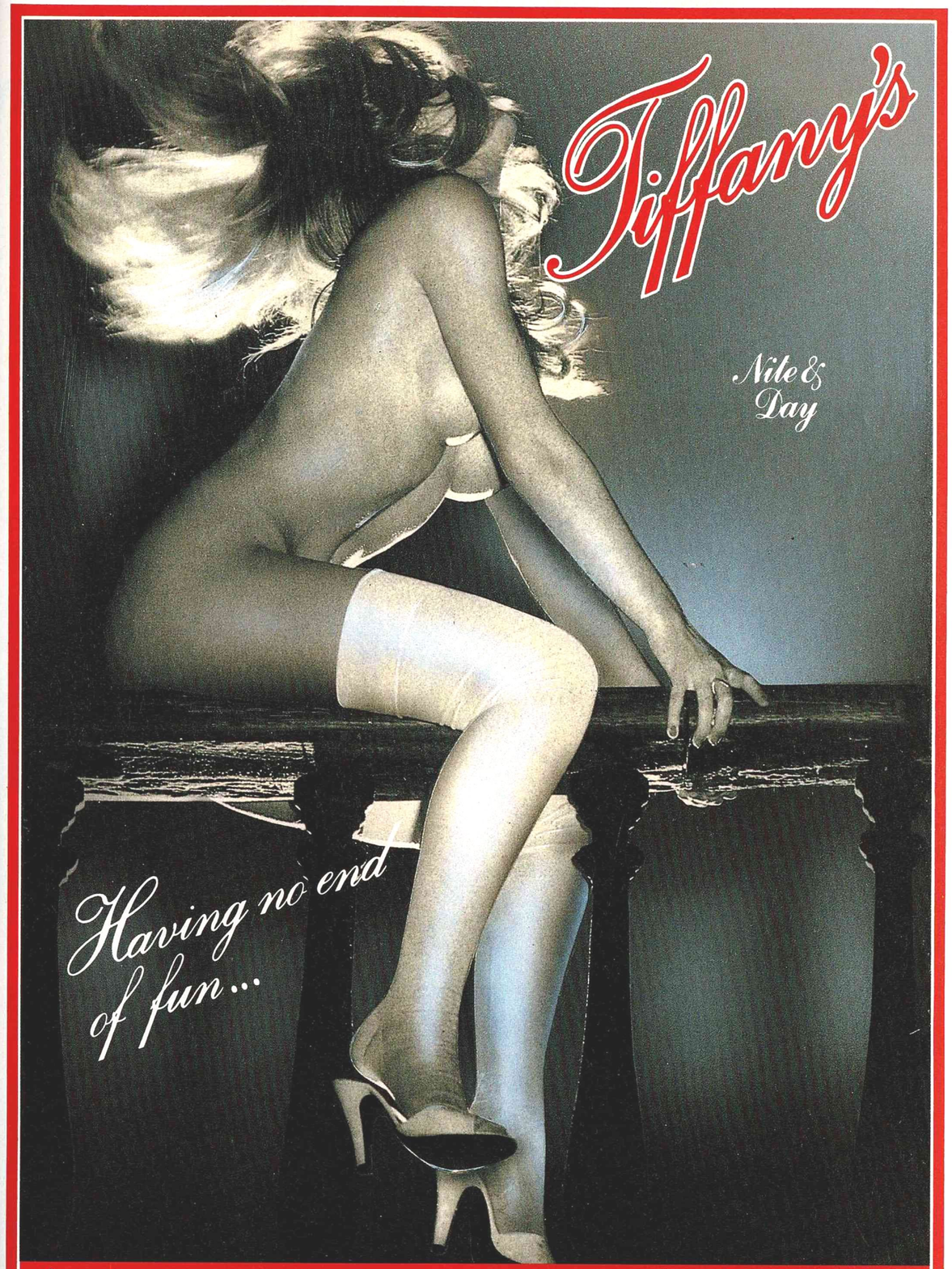
With Richards pencilled in, and Mark Skaife under contract for '89, Gibson had his provisional drivers' line-up largely in place. There were other drivers in the equation too, although how many he would require in '89 depended on the size of his budget. Would Nissan run one car or two in the touring car championship series? Would it tackle the AMSCAR series at Amaroo Park Raceway?

But with nothing etched in stone, Gibson spoke with Fury and with two other prominent names. "I'm just keeping all the options open," he said.

Gibson is an ardent supporter of young drivers. His policy has been to run a blend of youth and experience. In recent seasons that well-rounded combo has been Seton, now 23, and Fury, now 43. With Richards joining, and 20-year-old Skaife already aboard, rumors were rife that a place might not be found for Fury. "It depends on many factors . . ."

And, above all, everything hung on that fateful Nissan motor sport committee meeting.

* Late last year Nissan demonstrated its confidence in Fred Gibson by committing a "substantial" budget to a high-profile touring car program in 1989. Jim Richards is to head a new-look driving team. Nissan identification on the racing Skylines will be bolder than previously and the company has expanded its relationship with long-time supporter BP.



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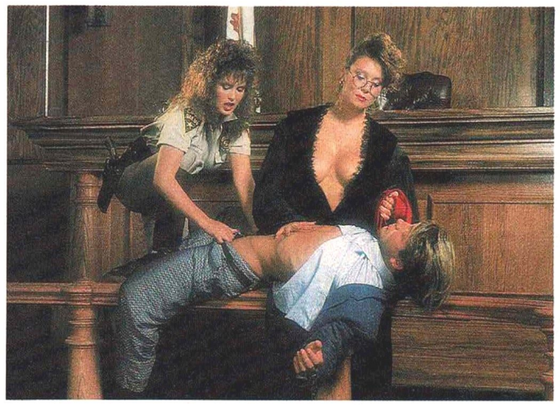
*Source: ABC Audit, 1st October, 1987 – 31st March, 1988.

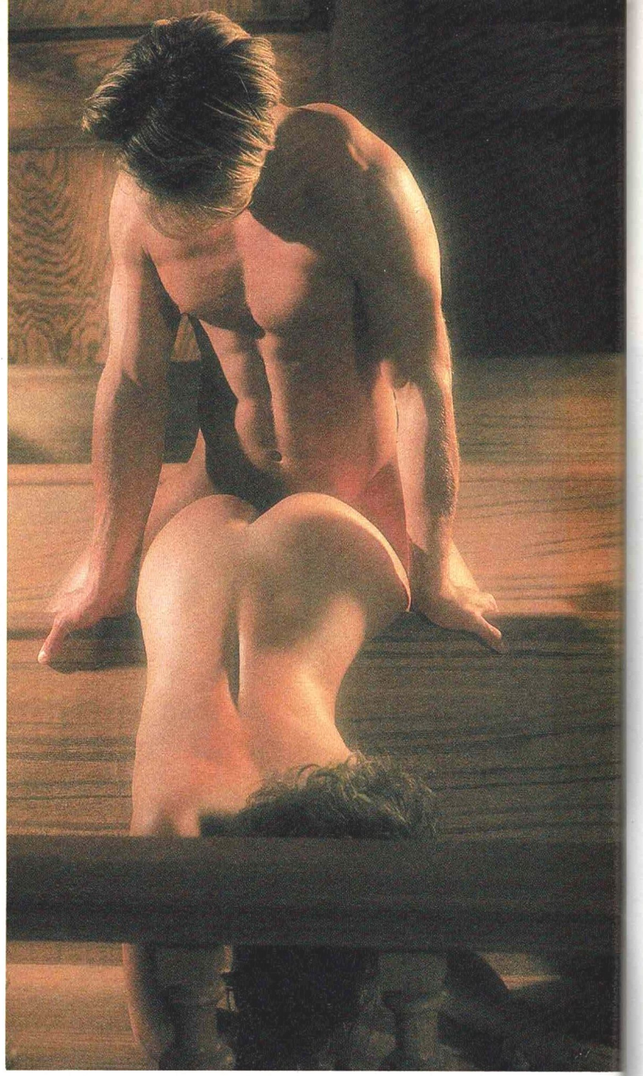
Jacka 1659 A

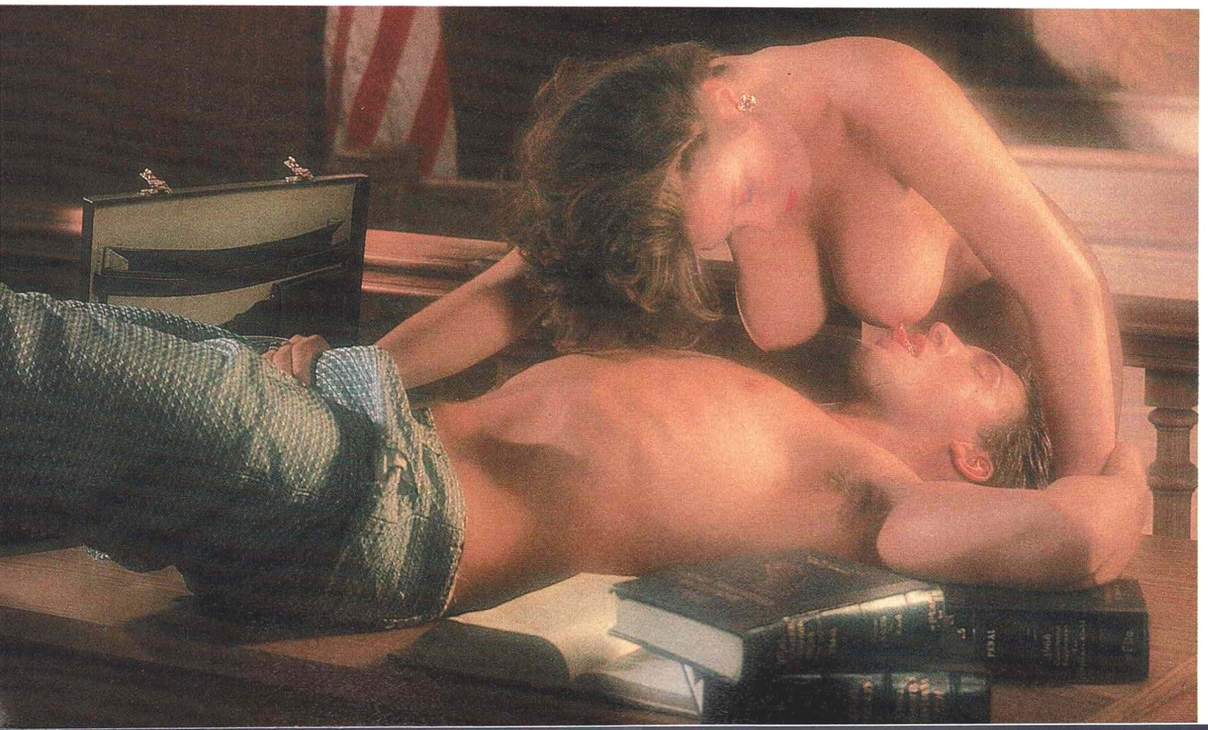
COURT ORDER

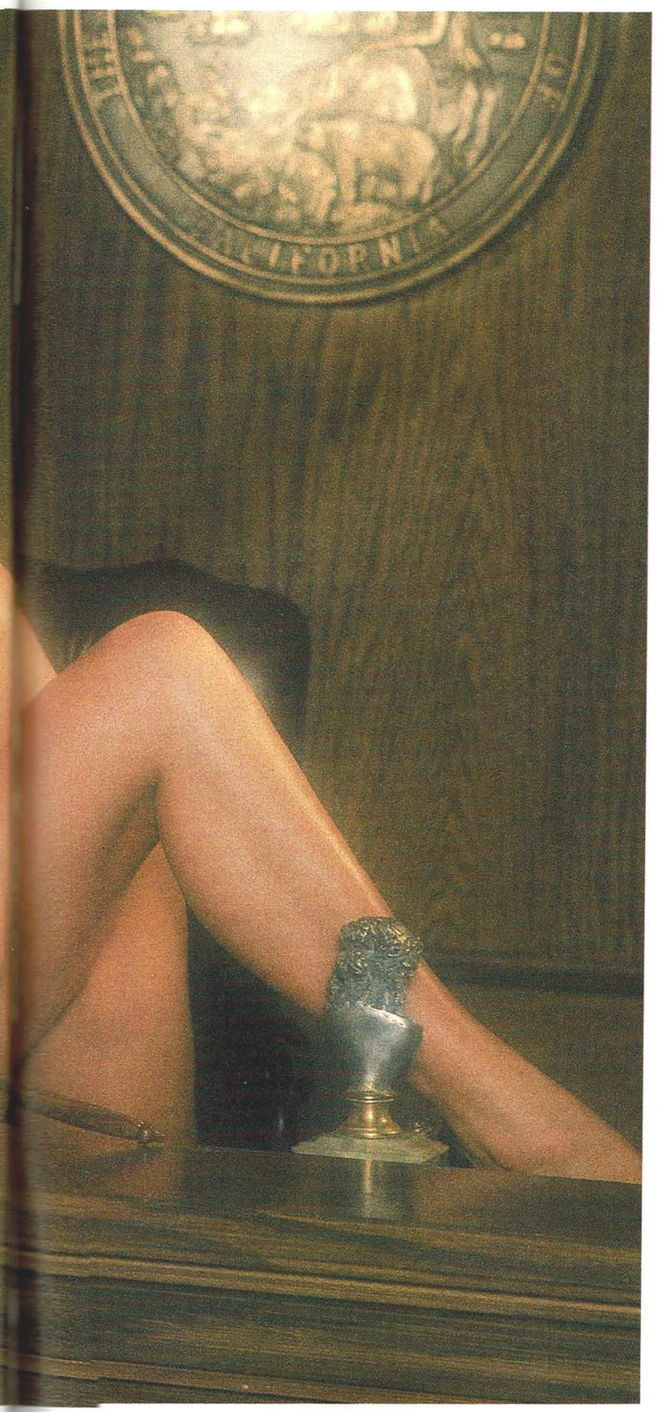
PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

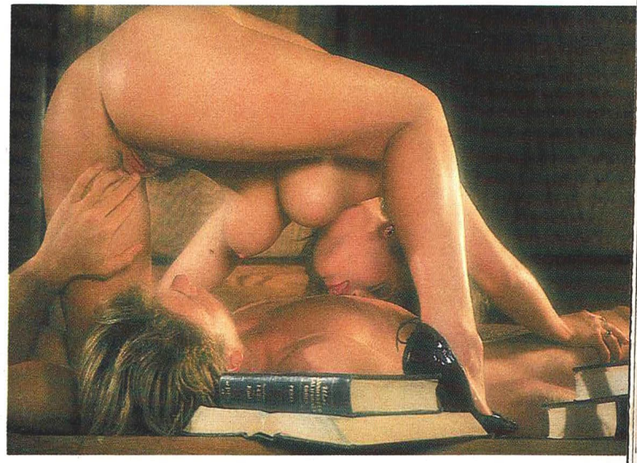
Nancy was getting tired of the usual cases that came through her courtroom, so when her sheriff Vera brought in a young woman who had been charged with being a Peeping Tom, she decided to give this case her personal attention.











With Vera's help, the judge persuaded Tom to confess his motives.

Tom was stripped of all his defences except one — and that one he raised in defiance of Her Honor's honor.

ALARMING BUSINESS

Continued from page 52

should be reliable, but if you do have problems with it you can't use the alarm until you replace it.

The most basic triggers are pin switches in the bonnet and boot, which together with the interior light pin switches on the car doors provide protection from entry to all parts of the vehicle. Trickier means of foiling the thief are motion detectors which trigger the alarm if the car is moved by an external force, voltage sensors which pick up a draw on the battery caused by an interior light, the ignition switch, or any electical device in the car that's turned on, and ultrasonic detectors which pick up movement inside the vehicle.

On many alarms, a trigger will also kill the ignition or starter motor circuits, so even if the thief is prepared to put up with the noise he won't be able to drive the car away.

A pin switch, particularly the one in the bonnet, can be foiled if the thief slips a screwdriver or similar implement under the bonnet to hold it down while he opens the bonnet and disconnects the alarm. Metal pin switches can also get stuck if they're not kept properly lubricated, while plastic ones can break if you shut the boot or bonnet with too much force, and some older model cars don't have pin switches in the rear doors to operate the interior light, so the thief can get in here without the alarm being triggered.

Motion detectors can trigger the alarm in a strong gust of wind, if someone sits on the bonnet or leans against the car causing it to rock, but sensitivity can usually be adjusted at the control module.

A voltage sensor can be triggered by condensation causing a short in poor wiring and by a flat battery, while an ultrasonic detector will trigger the alarm if you leave a window or vent open and air movement occurs inside the car, but both the voltage and ultrasonic detectors can also be adjusted for sensitivity at the control module.

Relying on the car horn to make a noise is pretty useless because it's easy to disconnect, so a siren, preferably with its own back-up battery, is essential. The louder the better: indulge in a bit of legitimate sadism and aim to inflict as much pain as possible. Indicators and or head/tail-lights will also flash depending on how the alarm is wired up.

If the alarm is triggered and the siren sounds, it should stop and re-arm within 90 seconds, and shouldn't go off again via the same trigger, even if that trigger remains "active"; ie the car door stays open.

False alarms are usually caused by faulty connections or wiring in the car or the alarm itself, or incorrectly adjusted sensitivity in the control module. Along with lawnmowers and domestic yelling matches, false alarms are now one of the established sounds of suburbia, and in most cases correct installation can prevent them.

There's no recognised technical course in NSW to train people in the alarm installation field — the industry has grown so fast that the need for formally qualified tradespeople has been overlooked. So while motor vehicle electronics have become extremely diverse and complex, many installers don't have the knowledge to properly understand what they're doing, and according to our salesman, most alarms go back to the installer once or twice for some "fine tuning" after initial fitment.

Choice magazine (the journal of the Australian Consumer's Association) featured car alarms in its April 1988 issue, and found many faults in the installation of the alarms it tested. All sorts of gremlins appeared: pin switches didn't work; relays buzzed; cars wouldn't start; the wrong alarm was fitted; false alarms couldn't be tuned out of the system; sloppy connections gave problems.

The most foolproof connectors are multi-pin plugs, or, in the case of a single connection, wires soldered and wrapped

Continued on page 144

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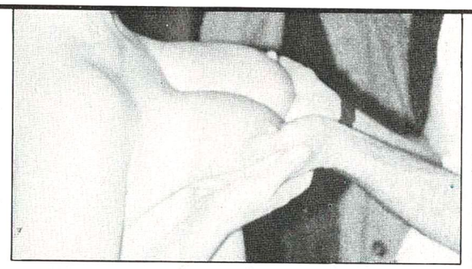

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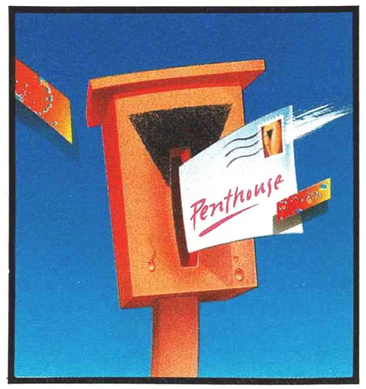

FORUM

Continued from page 16

Ron straddled above me pulling himself. I squeezed my nipples and ran my hands around my heaving breasts, which made him quicken his pace. I couldn't keep still, he was so exciting to watch. He threw his head back and spurted his cream all over me. My shaven lips were wet, my breasts, my face, everywhere. It seemed as though he would never stop.

He collapsed between my legs and smoothed it all over my body like an exquisite rare oil. His fingers slid down the smooth crevice to find a very hard pink clitoris. He spread my lips and teased it with his tongue. I couldn't believe this guy. His tongue was like nothing on Earth. He ate me faster and harder all the time. My nipples stood up like little red beacons when I felt this massive shattering orgasm shoot through my entire body. I squeezed my breasts and screamed a pleasurable pain, as I felt my juices trickle from me. Ron moved and lay beside me and we both fell asleep, knowing this was just the beginning of the evening. It was only 7pm. — *Name and address withheld*

Ride of life

I am a 43-year-old commercial traveller, and I cover a lot of kilometres on our country roads. It was a cool evening in May when I was travelling north to the Sunshine State. Just out of a major city on the coastal highway stood two young girls looking very cold. I normally don't stop for hitchhikers but they looked so dismal.

I asked them how far they were going. "All the way," was their reply. "Oh yeah, all the way to where?" I asked. "Wherever you're going, we're headed in that direction."

I told them where I was headed. "Great, we definitely want to go all the way," one of them said.

Diana, the dark-haired one, about 22, sat in the front, with Heather, the mouse blonde, in the back.

About 20 kilometres further on I heard a noise in the back seat that sounded familiar — fingers moving in and out of a wet pussy and constant heavy breathing. I reached up to adjust the rear view mirror so I could see what was happening; all I could see was two legs and a hand with fingers working very fast and a nice sloshing sound from a rather worked-up young lady.

Diana, sitting in the front, had started to loosen her clothes, as by now the heater in the car had made her warmer. She opened her slacks and slid them to the floor of the car, slipped her pants off and started to massage her own cunt with both hands.

Heather suggested that I pull over into the next parking area as I looked a bit tired and she didn't want us to have an accident. After stopping, Diana started to lay the front seat back. Heather was completely naked in the back and said she wanted to have a piss. She opened the left hand side of the car and stood with legs wide apart and just let it stream out. What a sight! Diana got out of the front and stood beside her and also relieved herself. Not to be outdone, I dropped my strides and aimed my cock at the ground between Diana's legs and let fire with a good stream.

We all clambered back into the car, rolling the driver's seat back and readjusting the steering wheel. Heather was all over me, sitting astride and inserting my cock into her very moist pussy; Diana was sucking Heather's tits and had her fingers lower than my balls, caressing me beautifully. It didn't take Heather long to reach her orgasm, leaving her juices all over me. Diana quickly changed places and within two strokes I had shot my load. Diana didn't care as she was eating Heather, who had climbed over us so that her cunt was in Diana's view and she could get a good go at it.

The inside of the car was completely fogged up with the heat from our glorious love-making. About two hours later we decided to drive on, very uneventfully, to the Sunshine State. I had my accommodation pre-booked at a fairly well-to-do motel. The girls said they would love to stay for a couple of days, and would gladly share the cost of the room. I said I didn't mind. The first night we were there the girls just stripped off and walked around naked all the time, so I thought I may as well join them.

They suggested a swim in the pool after 10 pm. Why not? In just our motel towels, we slipped down to the pool. I fucked them each twice in the pool.

About midnight a car came into the motel. It looked like a couple of young newly-weds, as there was a lot of writing still on the car. They went into the room next to ours. The girls and I picked up our towels, wrapped them around us and went back to the motel. Our balcony was separated from the young couples, by a single brick wall. We stood on the balcony listening to the husband pleading with the

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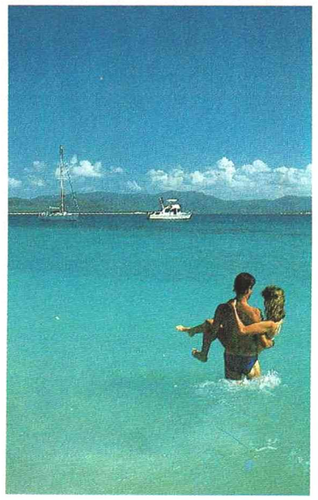

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wife for more. "Haven't you had enough for today?" was the young wife's reply.

Heather could not bear to see anyone suffer, so she climbed over the balcony wall and knocked on the front sliding door. She was standing there stark naked. We saw the curtain slide open and the light shine on to the balcony and Heather's naked body. I wish I could have seen the husband's face but we couldn't. Heather said: "If she won't give it to you then I will." "What the hell," was the young man's reply, so quickly Diana and I went round to the front door of their unit and knocked on it. Both of us were naked, my rather well-endowed member in Diana's hand.

The female half opened the door. She had on a flimsy negligee that hid nothing. "Heather wants to help your husband and we would like to help you." "Fuck off," was her reply as she slammed the door in our faces.

By the time we had got back into my room Heather was back from her escapade with the husband. "No joy. The young wife just stood there with her mouth open," she reported.

The next day the manager of the motel asked us to leave and for me never to book into his motel again. Who wants to? But it was one trip that I will never forget. — *Name and address withheld*

High times

I'm writing to tell you of an experience my girlfriend and I had a little while ago. It was a warm afternoon and we had time to kill so we decided to visit our favorite outdoor relaxation spot. We sat atop our usual rock and were enjoying the view of the valley and the river below when the scent of her began to get my blood boiling. Now Madeline is pretty quick on the uptake when it comes to turning me on and she knows how to keep me hot. I was busily burying my tongue down her throat while wrestling with her bra. She was by now giving me a gentle stroking through my jeans and I knew I was in trouble! I just had to fuck her, but where? The rock was too hard and exposed to passers-by. My dick was ignoring all these messages, it just wanted in!

By now I was fondling her beautiful lemon-sized breasts and could feel the moisture of the pre-come on the end of my by now rock-hard prick. Little did I know that Madeline's urgency was matching mine! She was wet and ready for me and I found the glorious wetness of her juice-drenched cunt. Suddenly we mutually agreed that something had to be done, and quickly!

Hurriedly we moved to a location further into the scrub where we were obscured from the view of sightseers. I turned Madeline around and bent her over, allowing her to lean her hands on a low rock ledge. I quickly dropped my jeans and released my aching tool to the cool afternoon breeze. With one hand I raised her skirt while I removed her knickers with the other, placing them in my jeans pocket for safe-keeping. Now her beautiful arse was shining in the sun and I rubbed my cock in her juices before thrusting into her. I thought I was going to smash her head against the rock with my lusty banging but Madeline was meeting my cock with a delicious upward movement. My balls were slapping against her and I was nearing the end. The sensation of fucking her brains out in the great outdoors was turning me on even more than usual and I knew I had no chance of prolonging the pleasure. I dug my fingers into the top of her thighs and blasted my juice deep inside her. After what seemed an eternal orgasm Madeline turned her head to check the look on my face. She must have seen what she was after because she gave me that silly smile she always gives after one of our fucking sessions. As I fell out of her the combination of our juices splashed on the ground. We quickly dressed to avoid detection and returned to our original viewing point. I highly recommend "outdoor activities" to everyone. — *Name and address withheld*

Dear Sir

I'd like to tell of an experience which took place a little while ago in Melbourne while I was staying with friends. I had travelled all night to get to Melbourne. On arrival I was greeted by my friends Tommy and Glenda; after breakfast and a chat Tommy had to go to work and Glenda went to play netball so I laid on the lounge, read and dozed.

When Glenda returned she was hot and sweaty and still pumped up from a physical game. She said that she was going to take a shower. I used the phone to contact other friends. The phone is near the bathroom door. I finished on the phone at the same time Glenda came out of the bathroom with only a towel around her (she's an extremely beautiful woman with a model's body). The towel only just covered her pussy lips with her white round arse cheeks being revealed from under the towel.

I couldn't stop myself. I picked her up by her arse cheeks and carried her to the bedroom, where I laid her gently on the bed. Lying on her back still wrapped in the towel, her only word was *no*! So I took hold of the towel and unwrapped her, revealing her splendid body. With this she opened her legs as an invitation. So I put my face into her freshly washed cunt and started to suck, kiss and gently squeeze her clit with my lips, until she came, after which I kissed my way up her body until she told me to kiss her ear, as she was about to come again. Pushing her knees over my shoulders and kissing her ear, I felt Glenda explode.

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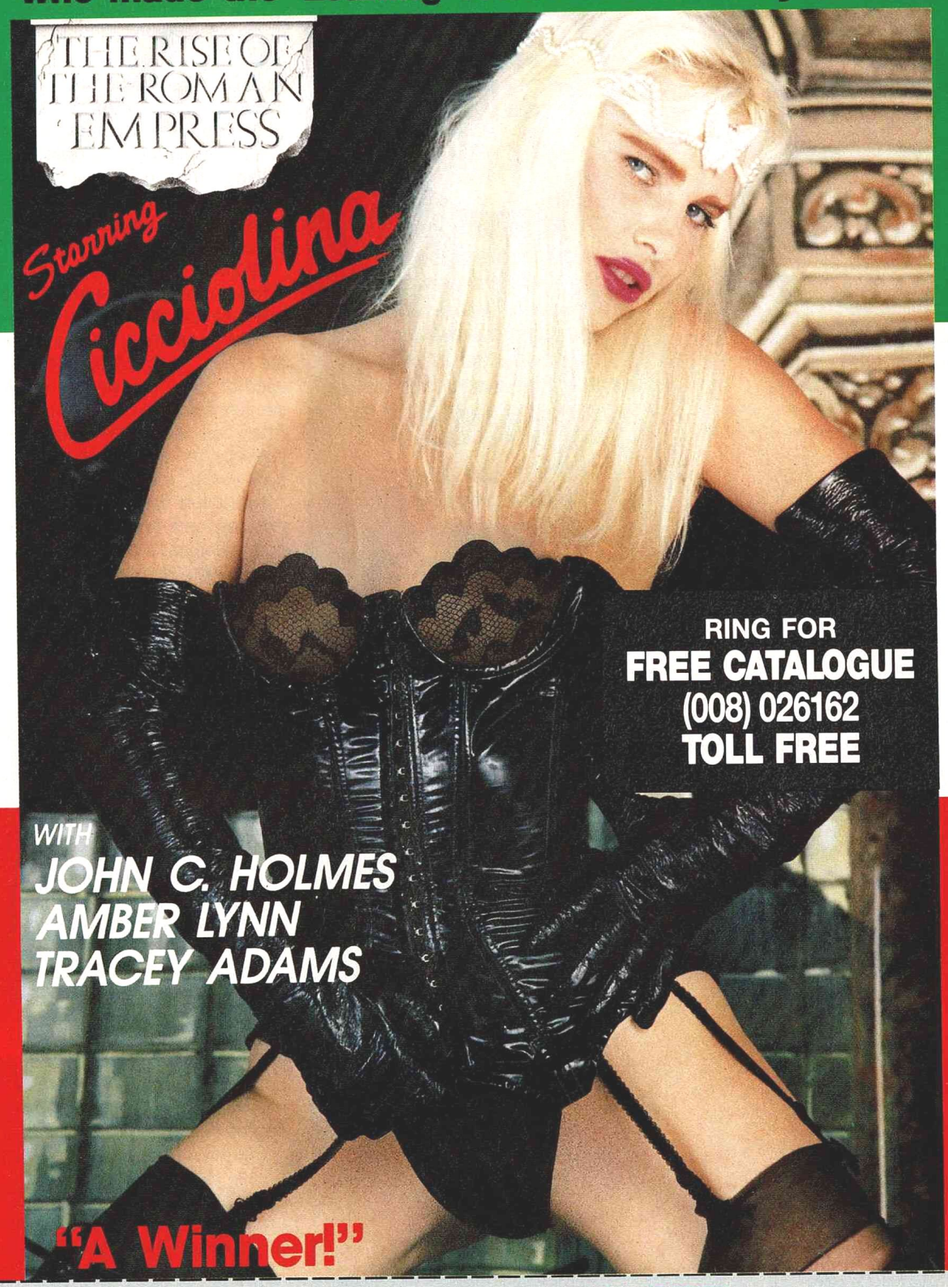

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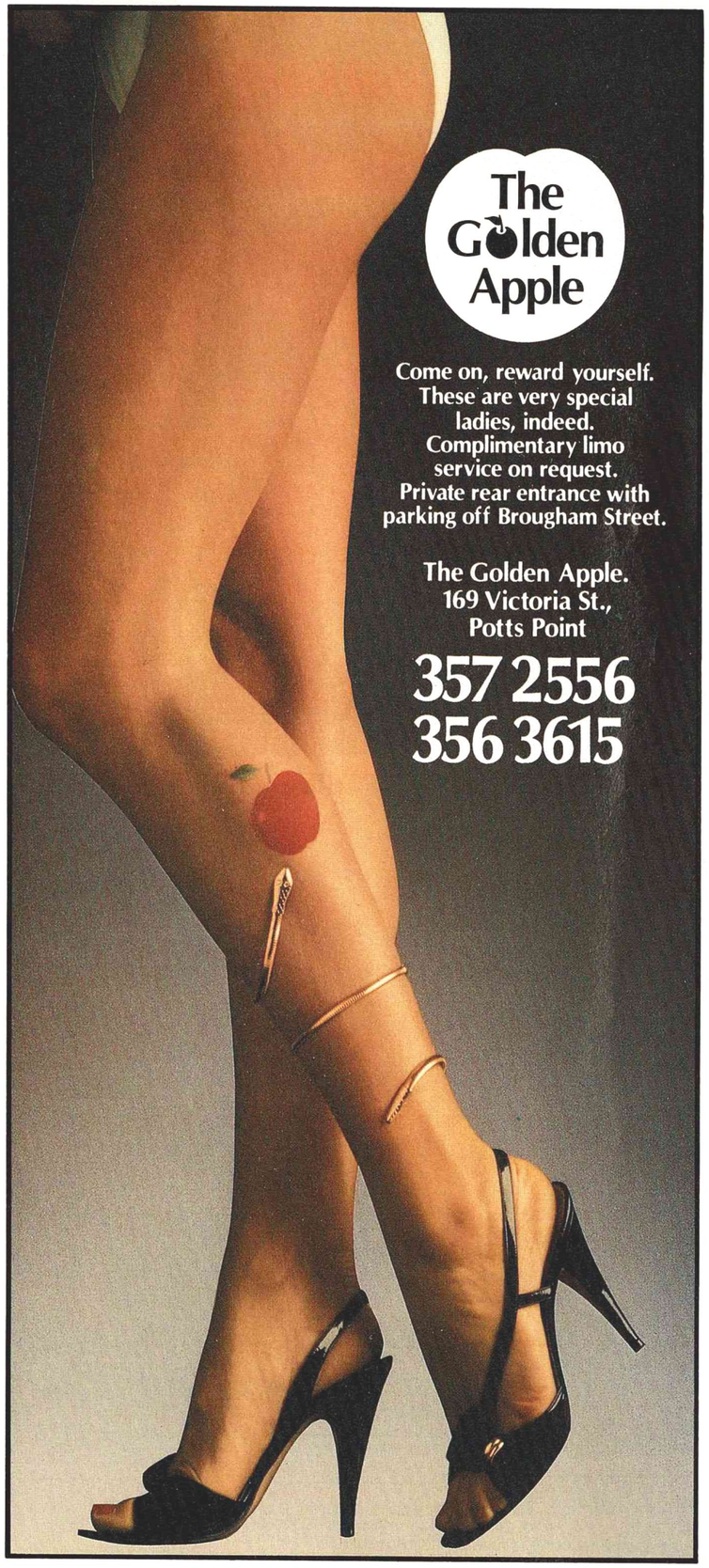
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We soon changed position to Glenda's favorite, which is a doggy. With Glenda's cunt in the air and tits on the bed I rammed her as hard as I could. Reaching through her legs, taking hold of her long blonde pubic hair, I'd let Glenda pull away; then I would pull her back. With all the excitement I couldn't control myself and started to squirt my hot juice up her cunt, which made Glenda come again. Soon we were collapsing in each other's sweat and come; we laid together and kissed and caressed each other's bodies before showering.

The next day Glenda took me shopping, with her wearing a see-through dress and a very tiny pair of knickers, which really got my blood pumping. On our return home we ate lunch, stripped each other, and ate each other — followed by a wild fucking section leaving both of us breathless. After we had several climaxes Glenda sucked our combined juices from my cock.

I returned to my home town the next morning and haven't seen Glenda and Tommy since. My wife spent a week by herself with Glenda and Tommy and I suspect she was given the same welcome as I enjoyed, because on her return home she was very relaxed and satisfied. — *Name and address withheld*

Firm friends

My wife is a very attractive brunette in her late 20s. We met and married at an early age and were both inexperienced in matters sexual. One evening a mutual male friend came over for dinner. At the time he was "between" girlfriends.

This friend had been attracted to my wife for years and she had told me the feelings were mutual. Rather than being jealous we discussed her feelings and fantasies to our mutual benefit. This became an integral part of our lovemaking, with her getting turned on and me getting all the advantages.

On the eventful night, we were all very out of it. Out of the blue, our friend offered my wife a back massage, and she accepted nervously.

She lay on the floor and loosened her dress. He knelt beside her; I sat and watched. He massaged her neck, slowly slipping the dress off her shoulders and pushing it to her hips. He then massaged her feet, moving upwards to her thighs, bunching the dress around her backside. His hands moved close to the edge of her panties but didn't initially touch. Her hips were grinding into the carpet and she lifted them towards his hands. He touched her gently through the material. Her hand reached back and caressed his erection through his trousers. He then slipped his fingers under the leg of her panties and they disappeared from my sight. She groaned with excitement.

I then joined them on the floor, helping him ease her dress and panties off. She remained face down, her eyes closed. We quickly removed our own clothes.

His hand again found the place between her legs and he kissed the crease of her buttocks. Her legs parted and she pushed herself back into the doggie position. He got himself behind her and entered her quickly. I manoeuvred myself so that she could take me in her mouth. She was hotter than I'd ever seen her before.

My friend came quickly. I then took his place, lasting just long enough to be with her as she came with a huge shudder.

No words were spoken. We went to bed and our friend left. If anything, however, it has made us all closer and certainly enriched our sex life lately. Our friend is now in another relationship with a beautiful woman and I don't feel at all threatened. — *Name and address withheld*

Meeting the in-laws

I'm writing this even though I can barely believe that it happened. I've been going around with this girl called Sophie for about a year. I finally proposed and she accepted. Two nights ago we went to her parents' place to tell her folks about it.

Her dad and I got along pretty well, and her mother was an easy-going sort of person. We all sat down and after coffee I finally told them the news. They could not have been happier for us.

We all talked for about two hours when all of a sudden Sophie's dad asked her if she had sucked me off yet. I could not believe he asked that and judging by the expression on Sophie's face, neither could she.

He nodded his head in disappointment and said, "I thought so." He was right. Sophie had never sucked me off even though we had had sex together. He asked me to come and sit next to him on the couch and told Sophie to get on her knees between my legs and observe what her mother was about to do to him.

He grabbed his wife by the hair, pushed her to her knees, and brought her mouth down towards the bulge in his jeans. She started to gently bite it, then undid his belt, pulled down his zipper and took his cock out. She started to stroke it, while at the same time, she ran her tongue all over it. When it was fully hard, she put it in her mouth, and started to suck it.

Her head bobbed up and down; each time, she was swallowing more and more of it until she was finally deep-throating him. All you could hear in the room were the slurping and sucking noises of his wife's mouth, since Sophie and I were still in shock.

He then looked at his daughter and told her to do the same to me, and to follow everything that her mother was doing. While Sophie was taking my prick out, he looked at me and told me that his wife had sucked his cock every day of their marriage and she had probably swallowed twice her body weight in come by now. By this stage Sophie had started imitating her mother's actions and was sliding my cock deep down her throat. As her head bobbed up and down I could feel her soft lips around my cock and her tongue pressing against it with each stroke.

Her mum started to lick the length of her husband's shaft and also to gently suck his balls. Sophie had continued imitating her mother and doing a good job of it, too.

Finally, Sophie's dad told us he was ready to come. He bid me to follow his actions. He stood up and grabbed his wife's head with both hands and held it firmly while he pounded his cock into her mouth. It almost looked as though he was hurting her, but judging by the moans of pleasure and by the way she wrapped her lips around his cock, she was enjoying it. I soon followed, doing the same with Sophie.

We both managed to come at the same time — and we each managed to unload a ton of sperm into each woman's mouth. They were glad to suck it all down, even licking us clean.

We then got dressed and Sophie's dad looked at her and told her that he had brought her up well and that she was going to make a fine wife. — *Name and address withheld*

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Since moving to the city, stunning 20-year-old Deborah Laufer has had some trouble adjusting to the change in attitude from her home town. "People here are so competitive," she sighs. "Back home, we all helped each other out. Nobody worried about being trendy or sophisticated."

Honest, open and utterly unaffected is Deborah. "I'm just a small town girl at heart," she says.

Deborah loves the feeling of being surrounded by water. "I'm a true Pisces in that way. One night I made love in a church courtyard during a storm. It was so erotic, with the thunder cracking and the rain on my bare skin . . ."

UNDER THE INFLUENCE

Continued from page 97

whispered to me on the side that she'd always been movie struck but had been tossed out of the Film & Television School for moral delinquency. She wielded the camera and directorial responsibility. De did most of his "hypnotising" to an empty chair and then left to go wherever it was dirty old men of leisure went. He said he'd leave us "two young people" to finish the job.

She must have made me walk over and pick up the water pistol a hundred times, but if you reckon seeing Shanelle in her dominant role, barking and snarling orders at me, did anything at all to cure my hots for her, man, you gotta be joking!

"You know," I said to her after she'd been hard at her editing for an hour or so, "this could be the first bank robbery in history to use a taxi as a getaway car. You, uh, ever driven one of those Ford automatics before?" She said she hadn't so I suggested right then might be a good time for a familiarisation drive.

She agreed. I gave her my keys and tried to hide my hard-on as I squeezed into the passenger seat beside her. She hacked around town for a while, then switched off in a dark street and said I could drive it back if I wanted to. I tried to remember De's lessons in mastery as I slipped my arm around her for a grope. She didn't respond, but she didn't knee me in the cods either. And with a bird like Shanelle that was definitely progress!

De staggered in late. Shanelle ran the video through for him. He said it looked all right to him. He ripped the tape out of the machine and stuffed it in my pocket for me to take home. Then, like he always did when he was crying drunk, he got out his scrapbooks and started whining about the good old days. "A full travelling show of 15 people, plus a couple of stooges picked up in each town — *Magic, Mirth & Mystery*. Two truckloads of equipment . . ."

I'd already heard the story a few times. Shanelle, I guessed, had heard it a few dozen more. I caught her eye. I could have almost sworn there was a twinkle of mutual understanding in it.

"D-Day!" De gurgled. "How do you feel?"

"*I'll* be all right," I said.

I hardly recognised him: the beard and moustache had gone and his hair was dyed blond. The "dear boy" tone had gone out of his voice, too. "I thought you said there was nothing to worry about," I said.

"Leave nothing to chance in this life," he said. He took the plastic water pistol out of his pocket and shoved it into my side coat pocket. "Don't lose that!" he laughed, patting it through the material.

Shanelle had an overnight bag packed and was wearing more clothing than I'd ever seen on her before: jeans and a top, even shoes. De said he had a mate standing by with a plane at a private airfield. Shanelle was to drive him there and then "us kids" could do whatever we liked. This kid had a mate's beach house standing by, where he was intending, with De's assistance, to abduct Shanelle for a couple of weeks or months of lying low.

Shanelle drove the cab to the taxi rank just up from the bank and the three of us sat there waiting. Right on 12 the head teller came out with his tongue hanging out and headed for the pub.

"Right," De said, getting out. He signalled the all clear to me from the doorway and I followed him in.

I pretended to be writing out a withdrawal slip while De was working his charms on the girl. He coughed loudly and then moved away towards the door. I took his place at the window.

"This is a robbery!" I said, pulling the pistol out. "Throw that bag of money to the door!" She threw it in a reflex action. "And the other one, and the other one!" I bellowed at her. She didn't move. She didn't seem to be hypnotised at all, although she did appear to be kind of mesmerised by something. My eyes followed hers down to the blue gunmetal barrel I was pointing at her.

A lot of thoughts went crashing through my head in that instant. Number one was that the cold eye of the security camera was at that moment immortalising me in the act of armed robbery. I aimed at the camera (giving it a great opportunity for a full facial shot), fired, and shot a chunk of plaster out of the ceiling. I would have shot a chunk out of the retreating back of De Mithras but he'd only put one bullet in the real gun when he sleight-of-handed it on me. I heard my cab screech away from the kerb and that was the last I ever did hear of it.

The tape I'd had under lock and key at home turned out to be *The Tom And Jerry Cartoon Festival*. The Armed Robbery boys got nearly as big a kick out of it as they did my story.

Things are not so bad now here at the minimum security farm. We've even got a color TV in the dorm, although you can't get anything on it but the local channel. Last night they were showing, of all things, an ancient De Mithras special from Kiwiland.

There he was merrily shoving skewers through a young Shanelle's boobs for all he was worth. It was just like old times, except for the fact that she was wearing a bikini for the cameras — and that he kept calling her "Mrs De Mithras." But if there's one thing I've learnt (the hard way) it's that you can't believe a word that prick says.

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FILM

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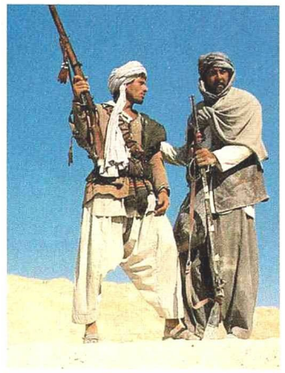

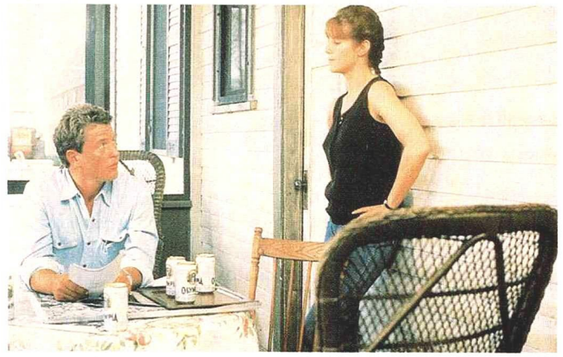

From the top: Afghan rebels and charbroiled Russian in scenes from The Beast Of War; Debra Winger and Tom Berenger in Costa Gavras' Betrayed.

The Beast Of War in Kevin Reynold's new film is a Russian tank that decimates an Afghan village and loses its way in the desert, becoming prey to the rebels whose relatives it just torched. The film has the gore and morals of *The Killing Fields* and the drama of *Mutiny On The Bounty*. But without the savvy of these earlier works, the theatrics seem merely trite. With solid performances by George Dzundza (*The Deer Hunter*) and Jason Patric (*The Lost Boys*).

Tom Hanks zips and shines as the sexy, serious, endearing, edgy and very funny stand-up comic in David Seltzer's **Punchline**. Sally Field, as the housewife also trying to break into big-time comedy, is gawky and irresistible when stumbling through her acts, though her at-home scenes with hubby and kids are a bit teary. Best scene: Hanks doing "Singing In The Rain." Gene Kelly, move over.

Director Costa Gavras (*Z, Missing*) takes on another political issue in **Betrayed**, about American neo-facism. Debra Winger, Tom Berenger and John Heard perform; but writer Joe Eszterhas has relied too much on the easy dramatics he used in *Jagged Edge* and *Flashdance*, giving us trite dialogue and diminishing the issue into sitcom standoffs.

Tucker, Francis Ford Coppola's latest, has all his usual grandeur. The screen is expansive and practically gilded with sunlight, as befits a story about a man who tried, 40 years ago, to build "the car of tomorrow" and refused to bow to the corporate/government corruption of his day. But like Coppola's less successful movies, the over-impressive film-making slows the plot to a confusing halt. With Jeff Bridges, Joan Allen and Martin Landau. Produced by George Lucas.

Mike Figgiss's first feature, **Stormy Monday**, has a glossy sense of style and unexpected subplots about Polish jazz ensembles, but the main storyline — crooked politicians deal with gangster businessmen — founders with predictability. Maybe Figgis, a veteran of experimental theatre, hasn't found his stride when it comes to plot. Sting, living up to his bounding reputation as an actor, sinks his teeth into his role as a shady nightclub owner, but Melanie Griffith wafts about with barely a part to land on.

Cast, camp and clothes are the reasons to see **Appointment With Death**, the latest Agatha Christie adaptation, directed by Michael Winner (*Scorpio, Death Wish*). A wealthy battle-axe (played with set jowls by Piper Laurie) is murdered on a Mediterranean cruise to the Holy Land in 1937, and the miraculously on-hand detective, Hercule Poirot, played by a paternal Peter Ustinov, ferrets out the guilty fellow from among a dashingly distinguished lot: Lauren Bacall, Carrie Fisher, Jenny Seagrove and David Soul, among others. John Gielgud and Hayley Mills make brief appearances. Christie's plots have become traditions, like Christmas — sit back and enjoy.

In **Bagdad Cafe**, a two-and-a-half-beer-can Arizona town finds itself host to a German hausfrau. The film is an affectionate satire of honkie and lederhosen with Marianne Sagebrecht as a slow-burning Mae West. This is art house fare not to be missed.

After last year's teary *September*, you'd think Woody Allen would give serious films a rest and go back to his usual line of acerbic comedy. Instead, he's ventured another drama, **Another Woman**, more pensive and appealing than *September* and where, thankfully, only Mia Farrow whimpers. The rest of the stellar cast — Gena Rowlands, Gene Hackman, Ian Holm, Sandy Dennis — look back at their lives from late middle age and ponder all the moves that seemed like a good idea at the time. Allen's directorial success and apparently mitigated sense of persecution have been calming his films for several years now. In this, his least adolescent film for some years, Gena Rowlands has never been more quietly elegant and Hackman never sexier as the affable nice guy. — *Marcia Pally*

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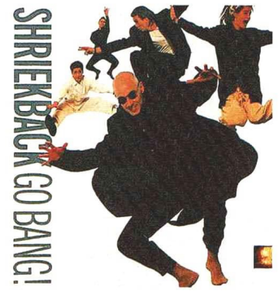


Clockwise from far left: Black Sorrows come full circle; Shriekback's brooding funk; Serious Latin grooves; Ladysmith Black Mambazo's latest.

Jo Camilleri and guitarist co-hort Jeff Burstin have come nearly full circle back to the Falcons' rhythm and blues base with the **Black Sorrows**' latest double effort, *Hold On To Me* (CBS). The Sorrows entered this world as a genial bar band full of accordian and acoustic strums. The accordian has been put on the back burner but occasionally they come out with some pure country picking — "Mercenary Heart" — with fiddle weaving in and out of its melody. Camilleri has tried his hand at numerous styles; in the last couple of years he has tried his hand at a big brassy disco beat ("Celebrate") but has probably sounded most at ease in the guise of the Sorrows with Burstin, co-writer Nick Snith and recently uncredited co-horts. Kicking off with a superb impression of Van Morrison ("The Chosen Ones") there are distinct nods in the direction of Robbie Robertson from The Band ("Fire Down Below"), Robert Cray, Tom Waits, Joe Cocker and even Blondie (but you'd need a healthy imagination for that one). Camilleri and his chosen ones turn these influences (which they are not frightened to let show) to good effect in their own compositions. They've found a safe harbor in their traditional roots of gospel rhythm and blues.

The Black Sorrows
Hold On To Me

Shriekback have their brooding funk stretched over several albums with notable highlights like the rallying cry of "All Lined Up", and "My Spine Is the Bass Line" and being the only band to use the word "parthenogenesis" in a chorus. They travelled to Nassau to work on their tans and record *Go Bang!* (Island) with eminent black soul music producer Richard Burgess. "This time we felt people needed to be bashed over the head instead of bitten on the ears," claims shaven-headed composer/vocalist/keyboardist Barry Andrews. A simple, powerful brass riff drags you into their own rhythmic brand of "Intoxication." In an obvious show of "Hey, we're a great fun pop band too!" they rework the old KC & The Sunshine Band's "Get Down Tonight." To their credit they avoid sounding like the nocturnal version of "Have a nice day!" Maybe they never had real animal aggression but they always manage to be mesmeric.

Dance funk and the city solution has come in numerous guises of late. Seriously Latin inflected grooves can be consumed from *An Introduction To Latin Hip-Hop* (Possum). Madonna made a lot of money out of this flavored beat so it's only right that its more full blown exponents have a stab too.

The improbably proportioned **Fat Boys** attempt their rap pastiche on tracks like "The Twist" and "Louie Louie." They attempt to wobble into shape, *Coming Hard Again* (Polydor) after each groove. From this Three Stooges show of fleshy defiance to serious political dialectic — try **Public Enemy's** jolly platter *It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back* (CBS/Def Jam). The chukka English MC telling a cheering audience to welcome Public Enemy somehow seems inappropriate as the spirit of the Black Panthers disco raps on.

Margaret Thatcher must be putting something in the water. **Big Audio Dynamite,** the sometimes dreadlocked bunch of potentially serious clubheads gathered around ex-Clash guitarist Mick Jones, chug out some serious boogie on "Esquerita" and manage a believable version of Lou Reed at his most gloriously banal with "Funny Names" on *Tighten Up 88* (CBS). Their hillbilly punk seems to be mellowing with music hall tendencies these days.

Maxi Priest's heavy duty reggae version of Cat Steven's "Wild World" is not as comprehensively mind-blowing as the heavily skanked version of the *"Neighbors'* Theme" doing the rounds. *Maxi* (Virgin) features the smooth jamming of that famous Jamaican duo drummer Sly Dunbar and bassist Robbie Shakespeare. Robert Palmer's "Some Guys Have All The Luck" also gets a chance to be re-emphasised.

Those understated cool groove merchants the **Modern Jazz Quartet** are back in cahoots *For Ellington* (East West) — paying homage to the tunes of that old master.

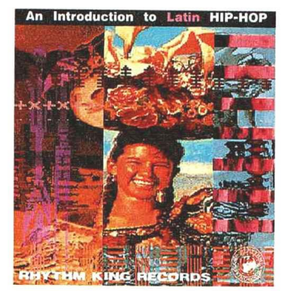
An apparently potent duo from the 1920s enjoyed a reunion in 1961. Aged 64 and 74 respectively, *Alberta Hunter With Lovie Austin's Blues Serenader* (Riverside) is a rerelease from the Chicago — The Living Legends series. It's essential Dixieland gospel blues.

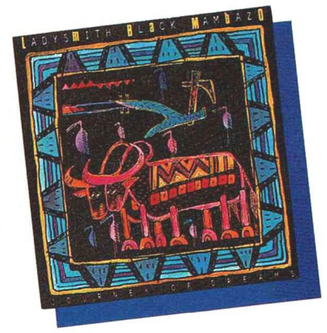
The extremely talented multi-instrumentalist **James Morrison** along with drummer brother John and pianist Gary Dials have allowed the extremely popular artist Ken Done to inspire tacks for *Postcards From Down Under* (WEA). Bright, vibrant tea towel music.

Little Feat are back as close to their collective roots as they can get without their original spark Lowell George. On *Let It Roll* (WEA) accordian and shuffling boogie good times sometimes capture glimpses of their original chemistry on tracks like "Hate To Loose Your Lovin.'"

The intriguing **Gentlemen Without Weapons** (except a bank of sampling synths) give their inaugural *Transmission* (A&M) with song titles like "Buddha's Monkey." Pop tunes the aim, but first sample the dolphin of your choice.

As always the uplifting voices of **Ladysmith Black Mambazo** take us on a *Journey Of Dreams* (WEA) with their latest offering.
— *Jeremy Cook*



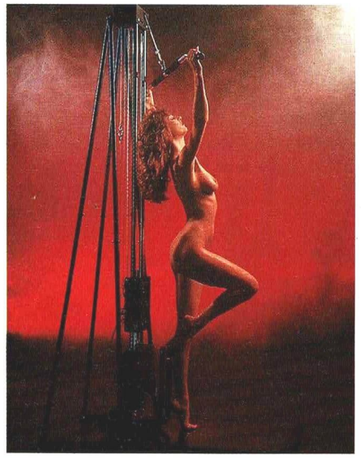


IN FOCUS

The new Dynax 3000i camera by Minolta (i for intelligent) brings all the advantages of SLR interchangeable lense quality with the ultimate ease of a point and shoot autofocus camera. The Dynax 3000i autofocus system features a focus area four times larger than those of conventional SLRs to allow greater precision with moving and low-contrast subjects. The camera retails for around $900 at selected camera outlets and has a range of lens and flash accessories to suit your needs.

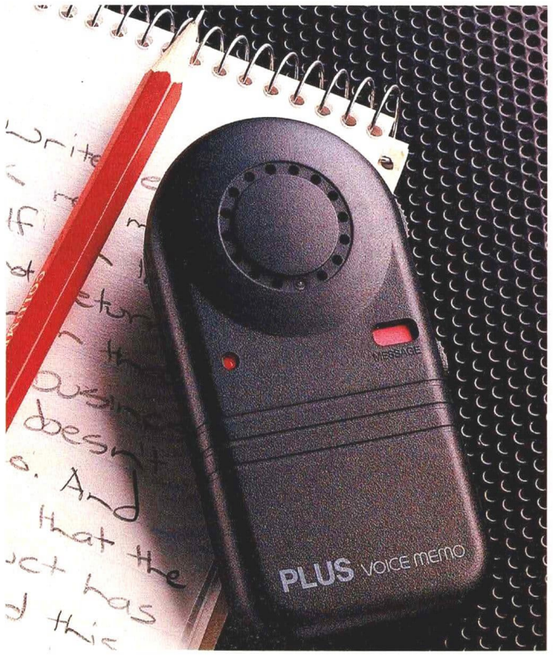
GLAM CAM

If you've ever been intrigued by the behind-the-scenes goings on of photographic shoots — where the results turn out something like those displayed here — here is the video for you. It's called *Shooting A Glamor Calendar*, a brand new quality production that takes you to the other side of the camera and shows step-by-step how it all happens. Top photographer Harry Ormesher starts with advice on cameras, film, lighting and techniques. An art director then joins Harry for the casting of the models — an impressive line-up. You'll learn there's lots more to it than a flash and a set of mammaries. It's available on VHS only and can be purchased from Photomotion, PO Box 1145, Bondi Junction, NSW 2022 for $49.95 (postage paid).



VOICE MEMO

Size and simplicity make this Voice Memo a must for the businessman without the time to scratch himself. With this device, he can record a memo and scratch himself at the same time. But the best part is yet to come — this number will only set you back $29.95. It can be purchased through an outfit called Speedsafe directly over the phone. This way, the price includes postage and handling (all credit cards accepted). The number to ring is (02) 597 7277.

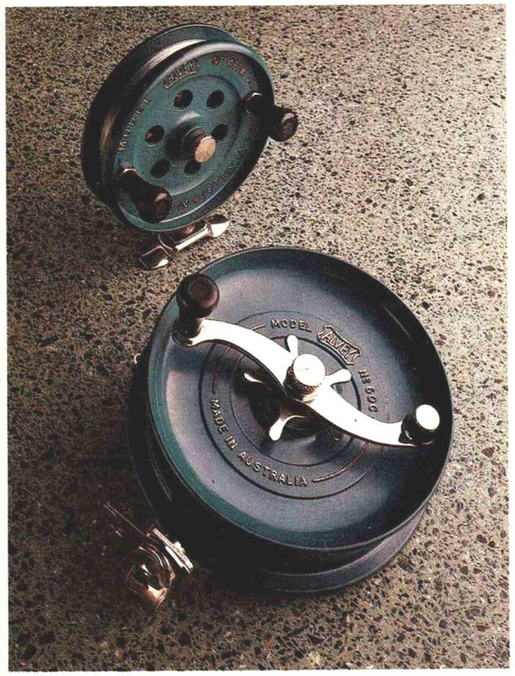


NEW TIMES

The latest collection of Swatch watches for the Australian summer consists of a big, big 47 models — 30 of which are completely new designs, including leather and metal numbers. The Heavy Metal Swatch collection comprises three models — Heartstone, Heartbreak and Golden Sphere — in stainless steel and gold on the traditional pliable plastic bands. The new Love Field range features four leather and metal Swatches with the old time flying themes. $70 and $80 at jewellers and department stores nationally.

BIG, BLACK AND BEAUTIFUL

The amazing Mirage M-1, regarded worldwide as one of the most exceptional loudspeaker systems ever created, is now available in Australia. Though a price tag of around $10,000 puts the Mirage out of the reach of many, audio purists are guaranteed spectacular performance for their money. These exceptional speakers feature a bi-polar configuration said to be superior to conventional technology in that it provides both a hybrid panel-like design with all the advantages of a planar speaker. The bi-polar panel uses six dynamic drivers in front and rear panels, giving a perfectly spherical radiation pattern. As appealing to the eye as to the ear, the Mirage has to be experienced to be believed. More info from NZ Marketing (02) 997 4666.

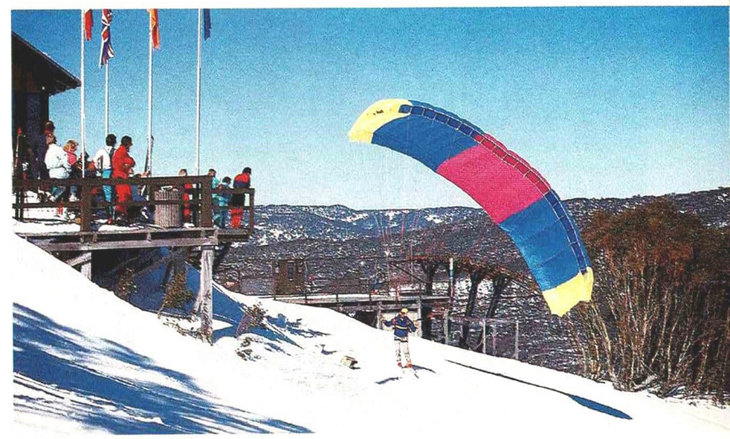


REEL TRADITION

Since 1920, Alvey has been turning out the fishing reels favored by the serious angler — for very good reason. An Alvey is simplicity itself; there is less that can go wrong. They don't make them out of wood as they once did; if you have one, the word is to hang on to it as they'll last forever. But the contemporary models are certainly no less functional and reliable, all injection-moulded fibreglass and all Australian parts and know-how. Pictured are two of Alvey's hottest properties: the smaller model is the answer to every nigger-killer's prayers, the 475A52, available also in a sidecast version. Its weight is the lightest yet, and retails (recommended) for a very reasonable $55.85. The other is the 60C5: lightweight, in plain and star drag models, ideal for estuary and light beach work, and available with an rrp of $86.70.

PARAGLIDE

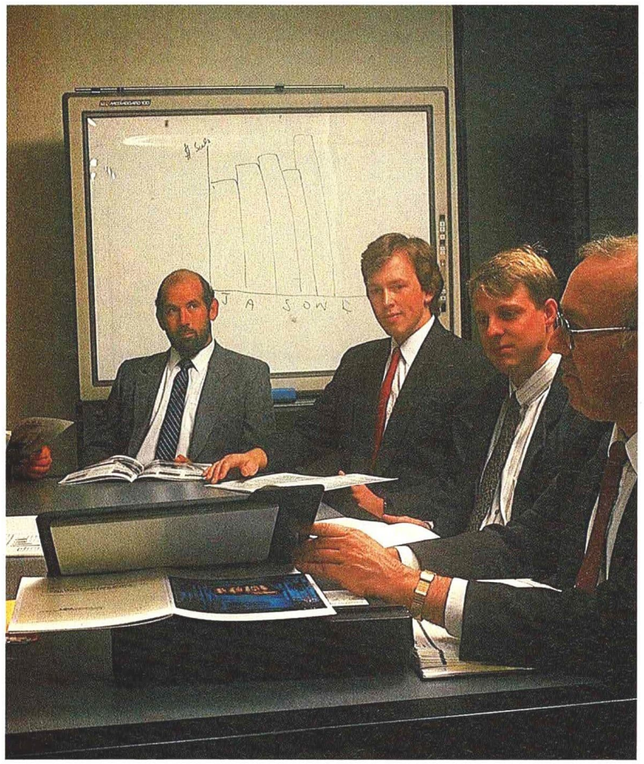
The latest buzz in the world of the adrenalin charge is paragliding, fresh upon Australian shores though it's been all the rage in Europe for the last few years. Exciting design advancements give a stiffer parachute material a greatly enhanced gliding ability. The idea is actually closer to hang-gliding than parachuting, as there's no freefall involved. Basically, it has the aerodynamic capability of one of the earlier model hang-gliders. If conditions are right, flights of more than an hour are possible. It's a big hit in the snow, wowing them down at Thredbo last season, but these devices can basically glide wherever a hang-glider can. The big advantage for the thrillseeker is that he can carry the thing with ease as it packs up to no more than 6kgs. A bushwalker can set off to find the ultimate mountain without worrying about the logistics of Leyland Brothers-style expeditions. Glide Force is the range by Parachutes Australia, with four models ranging in price from $1500 to $2500. Training courses are available through the same outfit, which you can contact on (02) 519 1333.



LOOSE ENDS

PHOTO FAX

Facsimile machines would have to be the most revolutionary single piece of office paraphernalia since the stapler. Now one of Australia's leading suppliers of telecommunications equipment, The Telephone Supply Company, hopes to do the same thing for the small businesses of the world — a fax machine which doubles as a photocopier. It's the model FX-E500 by Nitsuko. It skimps on neither task and is also portable for the man on the move.

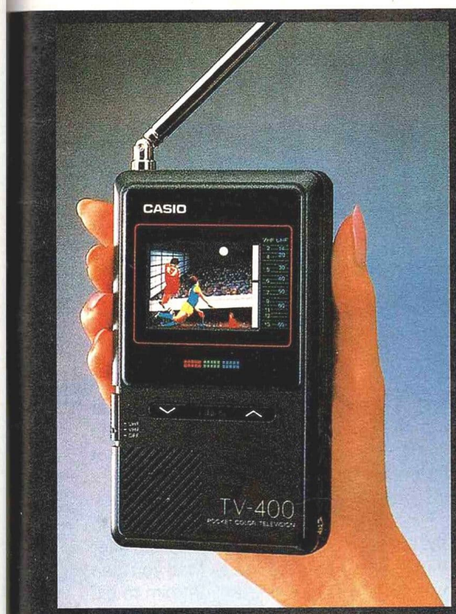


CUTTING A DASH

For those who like playing it fast, safe *and* fashionable this ski and matching buoyancy vest by HO Extreme will have you truly cutting a dash on the waterways. The championship ski retails for around $750 and the vest will set you back in the vicinity of $120 at Waterskiers Warehouse in Sydney, or skiers supply shops nationally.

WET AND WILD

Suzuki's Wetbike was conceived as the world's first personal hydrofoil, a jet-propelled craft which planes on water. It steers from the front, recreating the feeling of being born to be wet and wild. This isn't a toy — 798cc engine delivers speeds up around 55ks. It's brand new and one hell of a lot of fun. Check it out.



WINNERS CAN SMILE

The smiles will be broadest on the faces of the following persons, who were not only smart enough to subscribe to *Penthouse* but were also lucky enough to collect themselves the prize of one of the superb Casio Mini TVs. They were: Ms Stoke of Hobart; J. Watson of Woy Woy, NSW; W. Hoogenboom of Shay Gap, WA; and A. Waterhouse of Kambah, ACT. Congratulations all.

SNORE NO MORE

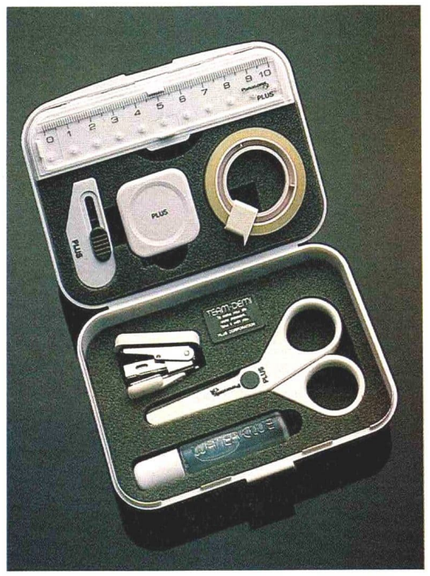
A simple anti-snoring device may be poised to change the lives of thousands of Australians. According to its Adelaide designer, Dr David Wright, snoring is a major medical and social problem affecting between 600,000 and 700,000 Australians. Having observed that snoring is basically caused by people breathing through their mouths, Wright designed a mouthpiece that effectively regulated airflow through the snorer's nose. Made of soft plastic material, Snore-No-More moulds to the mouth like a conventional mouthguard. Safe, comfortable and effective, the device sells for $35.95 at chemists and dentists.

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

A new era in affordable home entertainment systems is represented in the latest Marantz MX 683 — a mid-sized audio system which can also be used as a sophisticated audio-video centre. The system is ready to accept the signals from soon-to-be released CD-Video and Digital Audio Tape (DAT) formats — and it can also bring cinema-style special effects into the living room with Dolby Surround Sound. With a host of revolutionary components, the system is crying out to be played with at Marantz dealers.

SET FOR LIFE

These quality pen and stationery sets make great gift ideas — or special treats for the exec who follows the credo "A place for everything, everything in its place." Both can be found in the better and larger department stores around the nation.



COMING IN MARCH AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Sex Magic — Tantra, the Indian teaching that concerns the physical manifestations of sex, is the most potent stream of Indian philosophy. It consists of highly refined techniques which not only improve sexual intercourse, but can lead to higher states of consciousness — a nice bonus in any man's language. Read about Tantric sex in March *Penthouse*.

The Game's Not The Same— When are they going to leave sports alone? Rule changes in cricket, tennis, rugby league, iron man contests, and other sports — mostly for the benefit of TV viewers — have inevitably led to confusion, anger and frustration among the players and the true fans. *Penthouse* presents the case for sending all the meddlers to the sin bin — permanently.

Semi-Precious — Serious *Penthouse* readers will recall the acerbic wit of fiction writer Susan Geason, who returns with a spate of classic one-liners as her protagonist chases a runaway schoolgirl nymphomaniac and ends up in the heart of the biggest drug syndicate in Chinatown. Don't miss it.

Lights, Camera, Action — When Pam Mann makes her appearance in these pages next month, the accent is definitely on the action. Pam talks about the thrill of disrobing for the camera, knowing that thousands of men will be admiring her. Not an inhibited girl. Not to be missed.

ALARMING BUSINESS

Continued from page 122

in insulation tape. Male/female connectors and clip connectors aren't sufficient.

Unqualified installers, and the rush to keep up with demand, often mean a less than completely thorough job. In 1986, when car theft reached a peak and the alarm business took off, our salesman was flogging ten alarms a day from a modest suburban outlet, and whereas there were only a few brands on the market five years ago there are now many, so a lot of installers don't understand the car or the alarm they're fitting to it well enough to get it right the first time. The fact that they're also in a hurry doesn't help.

The best bet is to get an installer to fit the alarm at your place. Most retailers offer this service, and it means that you can watch the installer at work, get him to explain the alarm properly and demonstrate how to activate and trigger it.

Recommending a particular brand or model of alarm isn't possible in this story, but as a general rule an alarm with its own power source (back-up battery in the siren), remotely-activated and with pin switch, movement, voltage drop and ultrasonic movement triggers, plus an ignition cutout, offers the best protection. A flashing light on the dash should be fitted, but don't put a sticker on the window which displays the brand of alarm — a professional thief may well know how to disarm that type.

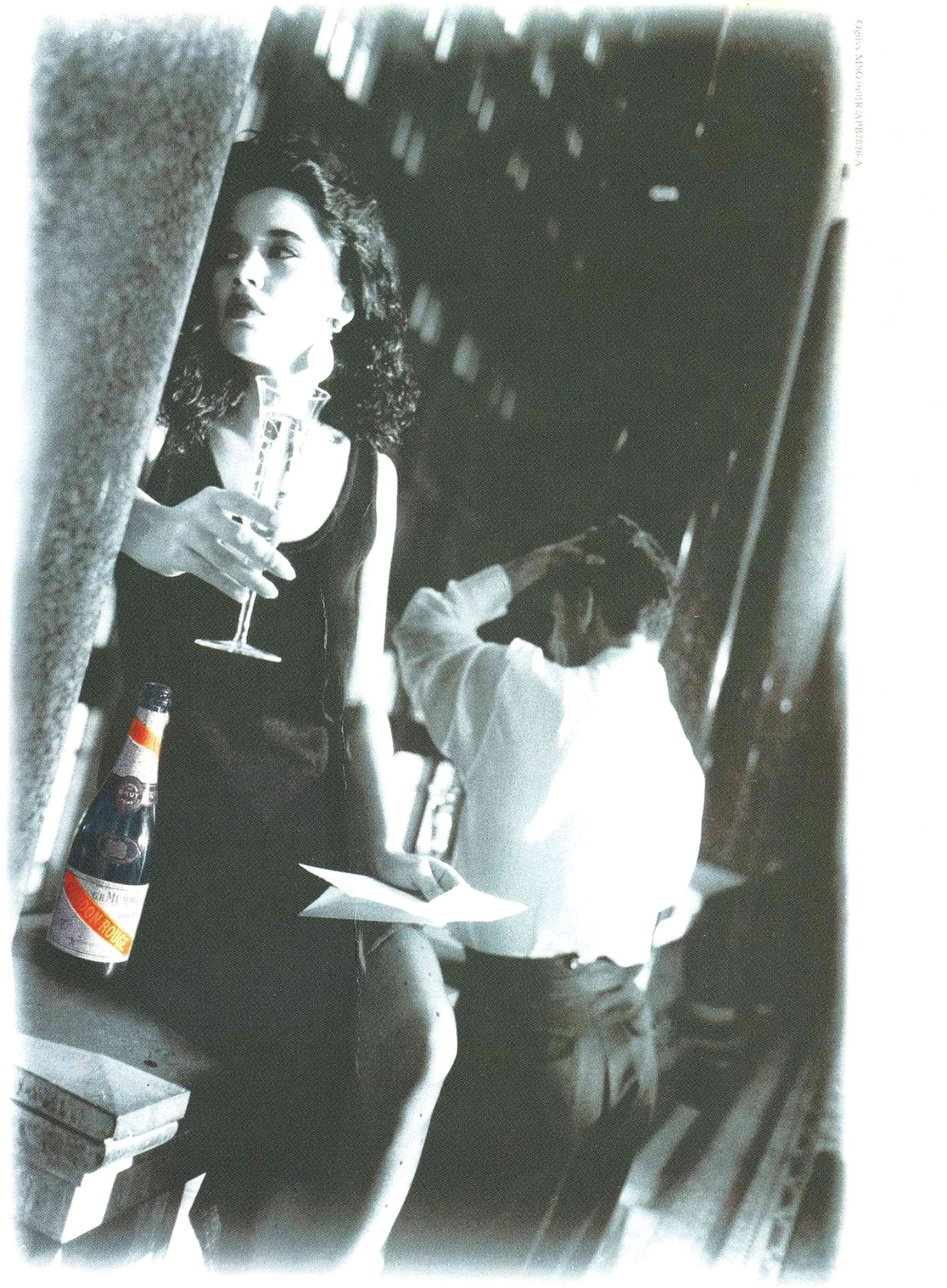
Although the alarm fitted to my Commodore did its job on the occasion of the big Saturday morning swipe attempt, the low life mightn't have bothered to break into the car if he'd been warned by the flashing light, which wasn't working.

The poor wife has been stranded in the middle of Parramatta Road peak hour traffic a few times going quietly out of her mind (she couldn't hear herself screaming because the siren was so loud), as the car suddenly stopped and the alarm turned itself on due to a wiring problem.

She's now developed a real Pavlov's dog reaction when the subject of car alarms is raised — she instantly puts her hands to her ears and starts shrieking at the same pitch as the siren. It drains the battery with monotonous regularity, at which point the back-up comes in, and the siren starts making feeble electric fart-type noises (I guess it's a bit flat, too).

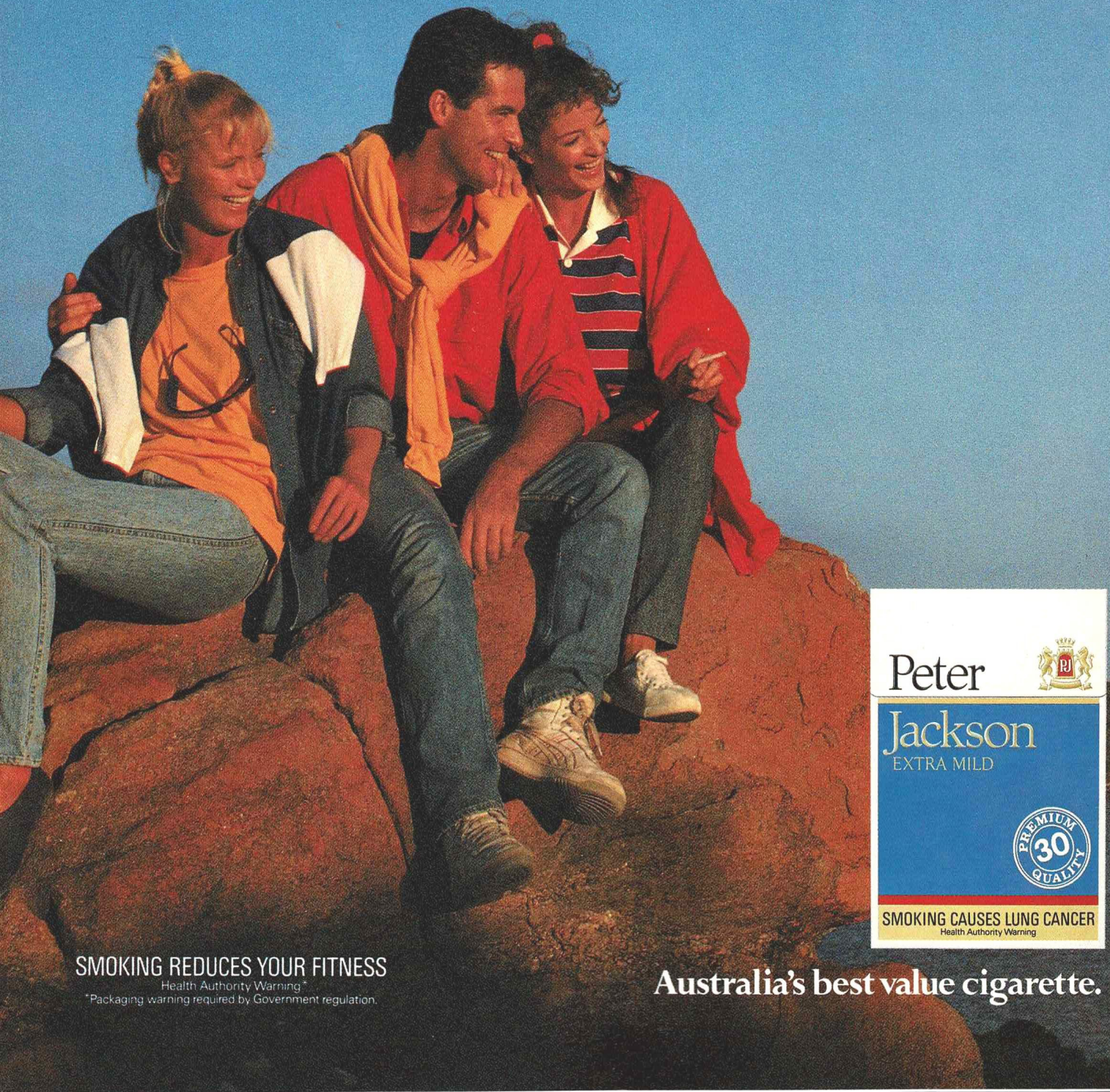
I don't even bother to turn the bloody thing on anymore to tell you the truth. It's too much of a pain in the arse. Don't let this put you off. A properly installed alarm will reduce the risk of having your car stolen — insurance companies have already acknowledged that as a fact.

I hope you have better luck than me, though. Now, which wheel will I pull off the Commodore tonight?



Peter Jackson 30's.

You're laughing!



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